DEC 23 1926

Ladies

Pae Lo is irritated!

GONE the lazy South Sea days, when he could sleep undisturbed while the brush wood fire under the copra drying pans slowly grayed to ashes. Gone, too, the quick activity of getting the fire blazing brightly before the boss overseer returned.

For the overseer has installed a "black box" that unerringly tells him just when the fire has been going and how hotly it has been kept blazing. And Pae Lo's lazy life is over. And Pae Lo is irritated!

The ever watchful "black box" is a *Tycos* recording thermometer. As it speeds up production and improves the product in the far off South Seas, so it functions in the highly efficient activities of thousands of plants in America.

Tycos instruments for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity are widely and favorably known throughout the world. *Tycos* fever thermometers and diagnostic equipment are used by exacting physicians and hospitals everywhere. *Tycos* thermometers and meteorological instruments are faithfully keeping watch of weather conditions in every clime. *Tycos* service and quality are world wide.

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NEW YORK

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Harper's Magazine

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Information about the authors whose contributions are printed in this issue of the Magazine will be found in the Personal and Otherwise department.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 956. Issue for January, 1930. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York.

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America

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SAMPLES MAILED

Seen in the Galleries

"Fishing." An etching by Charles H. Woodbury. Size 10¾" x 8¼". $25.00. Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company.

Jane Loring

will be glad to help you in the selection of anything you may wish from the New York Art Galleries.

"Dije." A Haussa girl of Katania, North Nigeria. One of a group of water-colors by Erick Berry, depicting West African types and market places, to be exhibited at the Milch Galleries from January 20 to February 1.

"The Meet at Blagdon." An English Sporting Print in color, from the plate engraved by Lupton after J. W. Snow. Plate size, 31" x 22". $24.00. Courtesy of The Old Print Shop.

"The Maverick." A bronze by J. Clinton Shepherd. 21" high. $500.00. Courtesy of the Fifty-Sixth Street Galleries, where an exhibition of Mr. Shepherd's work is to be held in January.

Scotch Terrier Book-ends in bronze by Marguerite Kirmse, famous for her etchings of dog subjects. 8" high. $90.00. Courtesy of the Gorham Company.

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***Paintings by* NELSON C. WHITE**
***Water Colors by* ERICK BERRY**
January 20th to February 1st

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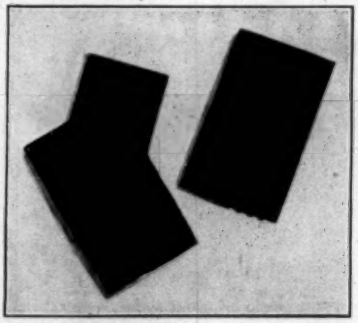
Bon Voyage

FOR the traveller the shops offer a wide assortment of gifts designed to carry good wishes and add to the pleasure and comfort of the trip. *Jane Loring* has chosen a few from the many tempting things and will gladly have these — or anything you wish — sent to any train or steamer. And if you don't know just what you want simply send Miss Loring a check for the amount you care to spend and tell her something about the recipient — she will do the rest. Address her at Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.



FOR anyone planning a trip this season a 1930 diary would be an appropriate remembrance. And any traveller would welcome one of these marvelous little English diaries, bound in blue leather, with pages of fine blue rice paper making them very light and thin. In two sizes, the *Featherweight*, 5½" x 3¼", priced at $2.50, and the *Wafer*, 4¼" x 2¾", $2.00.

Matching the *Featherweight* Diary is a very smart "London, Paris, New York" address book — a splendid gift for anyone going to Europe. $5.00. All postpaid. You may have gilt initials put on any of these for 15 cents an initial.

ONE always wants a spoon in one's travelling case and certainly one that, when not in use, folds to just about the size of the bowl of the ordinary teaspoon is ideal for this purpose. And when it is hand-made of hammered sterling silver in one of Georg Jensen's always lovely designs it becomes a gift to treasure. $12.00.

A small fruit knife in matching design, with both blade and handle of sterling, would be a welcome gift also. $5.25. Both postpaid.

FOR the friend who likes to play bridge en route, here is the perfect gift. A travelling bridge set — with a difference. A moiré case, in green, Alice blue, tan or black, compactly contains two packs of fine cards, score pad, pencil and table cover to match the case. And — here's the difference — the cover may be had in the regulation square or in a

size to fit a pullman table! When folded up for packing the set with the square cover measures only 12" x 8"; the pullman set, 10" x 7". $10.00 the set delivered to trains or steamers leaving New York. For steamers sailing from Hoboken or Brooklyn there is a messenger charge. Outside New York, express charges collect.

MOST people, however affable otherwise, are fussy about their coffee. As proof we offer the fact that of the many Louis Sherry packages sent to every sailing, a large number contain the famous Sherry liquid coffee. This is the same coffee as sold in the Sherry restaurants, bottled in air-tight bottles immediately on making, and hence suitable for use after an indefinite period. The table steward will place the bottles in boiling water until thoroughly heated and then serve. In splits, pints and quarts, priced respectively at 25, 35, and 70 cents each. A carton containing a dozen pints, as illustrated, boxed in the inimitable Sherry manner, makes a delightful gift. $4.20. Postage extra outside New York City.

A MOST popular Bon Voyage gift is a book and magazine basket, and an exclusive specialty shop gets up a particularly nice one. The basket is really a soft woven raffia bag with two handles, in either blue or orange, and, filled to overflowing and attractively tied with contrasting ribbon, makes a gay gift indeed. And the bag would prove most useful afterwards — always a good point. Filled with two books, six magazines, tin of wafers, jar of peanut glacé, cigarettes and candy grapes, the price is $15.00. Filled just with magazines and edibles, $10.00.

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BON VOYAGE DE LUXE

For those
going Palm Beachward . . .
to the Mediterranean and around the world

Sherry's Lavender Box . . $35

3 Well-chosen Books
1 Air Cushion
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J.P.H.

Travel Gifts

Say *"Bon Voyage"* with a *Magazine Bag!* Bag of silk moiré, with two handles, filled with current magazines. Colors: green, black, navy or brown. $8.00, delivered to any steamer leaving New York.

Jeanne P. Hodgman
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Jane Loring Jottings

Off-the-face hats, off-the-face hair — exceedingly smart, these new fashions, but admittedly a bit trying. Eyes and brows are ruthlessly exposed, and nowhere does age show more than in and about the eyes. Recognizing this, but realizing also that intelligent care can outwit age, Madame Helena Rubinstein, world-famed Beauty expert, has prepared treatments and preparations designed to keep your eyes ageless.

You may give yourself this care at home, 'though if possible it would be well to have at least one Salon treatment, where, while deft fingers are removing all traces of strain and leaving you refreshed and rejuvenated, the treatment will be intelligently explained to you. For home use there is a 5-minute treatment for young eyes, a more elaborate treatment for ageing eyes, special eye movements; and the preparations, a soothing lotion, a youthifying cream, a fascinating eye shadow, etc., are all delightful. Madame Rubinstein will welcome your inquiries, which you may send either direct, or through Jane Loring.

Whether it's easy or hard
to say good-bye,
the best way to say it
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Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of the vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent. Bon Voyage Book Boxes are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20.

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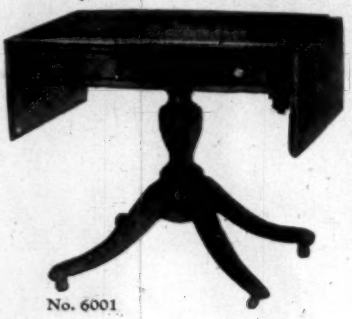

No. 6001

Duncan Phyfe Drop Leaf Table

An unusually attractive mahogany table with drop leaves. Has reeded base and four legs tipped with brass paws. Size 54 in. wide, 20 in. long, 30 in. high. (11 in. drop leaves)

Price $70.00

Kindly send $20.00 deposit with order, balance to be paid when the Table is received. Safe arrival of Winthrop Furniture is assured. Freight allowed to all points in U. S.

For Folders descriptive of the Winthrop line of Early American reproductions, kindly address Dept. P, specifying the type of furniture in which you are particularly interested.

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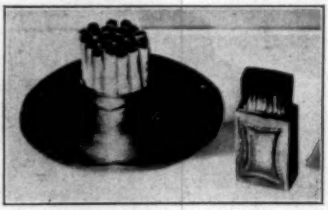

Pewter Cigarette Holder-Ash Tray $3.00

Match Box $1.25

Catalog

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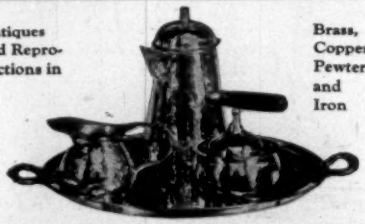


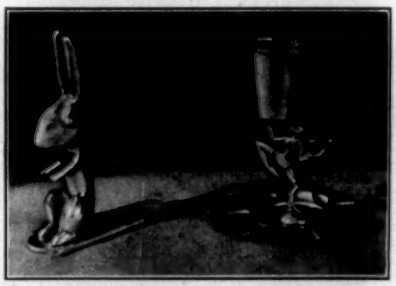
Brass, Copper, Pewter and Iron

No. PC113 — This interesting coffee set for two. Made of hand-hammered brass or copper. The pot holds 9 demi-tasse cups. The tray is 12″ in diameter. This set is pewter lined so it actually can be used. Set complete **$5.50.**

B. PALESCHUCK
"The House of Metal Ware"
22 Allen Street New York City
Send for catalog P6

Brass and Copper

THIS is the style of candlestick used in the old Temple of Jerusalem, and it is certainly most decorative. Of solid polished brass, each of the seven branches may be turned to any desired angle, making possible a variety of effects. Made in two sizes, these are effective either singly or in pairs. Size 18″ high x 12″ across, $5.50 each; 12″ high x 9″ across, $3.00 each. Express charges collect.



A NEW kind of animal door stop is this solid brass *Bunny*, with a base which fits under the door. Particularly appropriate for the nursery or playroom, and they may also be used in pairs for book-ends. 5¾″ high. $4.00 each. Postpaid.

A unique cigarette holder and ash tray is of brass, with a 4-notched tray and a figure supporting the holder. There is also a rest for one's current cigarette. 6″ high, $2.00. Postpaid.

A RUSSIAN *vodka* jug, of copper, has been exactly reproduced by hand, and makes a graceful and unusually interesting ornament. And of course it may be used for water or a few flowers. 7″ high and 7″ in diameter, the price is most reasonable — $4.75. Express charges collect.

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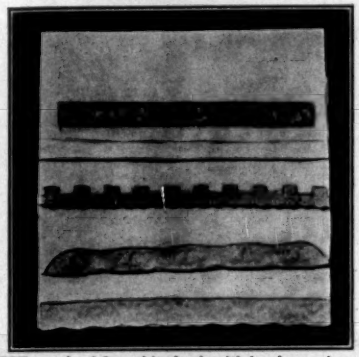
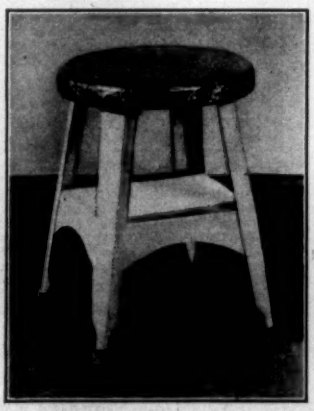
For the Bath or Dressing Room



GUEST towels of fine white huck with borders or insertion of Swiss drawn work embroidered on by hand, are dainty and always in demand. The top towel has the insertion; the border of the next is a conventionalized flower design in pale green, pink and peach; the third border shows a ship design in white, and the fourth, also white, a design of deer. All 15" x 24" and $3.00 each. Postpaid.

OLD Waterford glass has been the model for this quaint and attractive dressing table set of sparkling clear crystal. The bottles are 6½" high, the powder jar 5" wide, and the set is priced at $5.00. Express charges collect.



THE day of the hospital-white bathroom has passed and now your bathroom stool may harmonize with your chosen color scheme. The stool is of metal, painted white, with a colored porceloid top of green, blue or orchid. 15" high, 11" diameter, $5.95. Postpaid.

MIRRORED JARDINIÈRE

Beautiful and Distinctive
6 inches high
$3.75

MIRROR PLATEAU
to match $3.00

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Cosmos 35c
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Lily of Valley 20c
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Sweet Pea 10c

Modernistic
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Distinctive in its dull silver finish and unusual star effect . . . and most useful because the five separate trays are removable. Groove holds each tray firmly in position.

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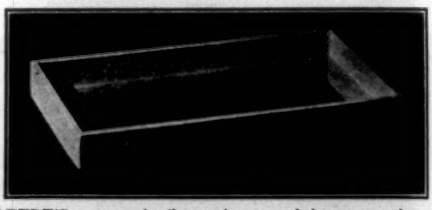
For Indoor Entertainment

AN 18th Century tea stand, with its convenient handle and charming "clover leaf" shape, has been faithfully copied in solid mahogany, making a most decorative tea-time accessory. $35.00.

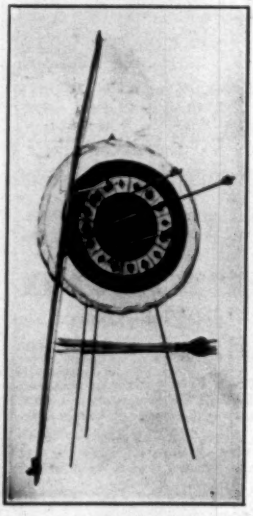
The lovely fluted sterling silver plates are Irish reproductions, exquisite in their simplicity and fineness. 9½" in diameter, $26.00 each. Both postpaid. Both the stand and the plates are exclusive with a Fifth Avenue Jeweler and Silversmith.

ONE need not be addicted to solitaire to enjoy the advantages of a *Solitaire* table. It is equally amenable to Cross Word Puzzles, reading, writing, or luncheon served for one. The leg folds under when not in use, the table is adjustable to any height and the top measures 27" x 20". Mahogany finish, $7.50. Express charges collect.

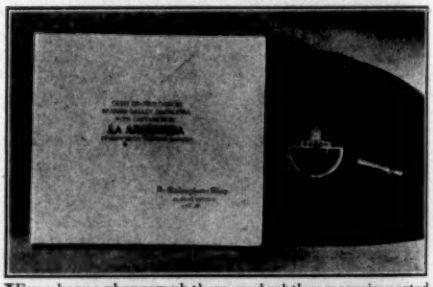


HAVE you seen the new *round* playing cards? A novelty imported from England, they are easy to hold and see, and have no corners to become bent and worn. Box containing two decks, with gold design on dull blue and red backs, $4.00. Postpaid.

HERE'S a new cocktail tray that appealed to us greatly. A picture doesn't do it justice, for while it is exceptionally practical it is nice looking too. Of wood, the sides (high enough to keep glasses from obeying the law of gravity) are lacquered red or green, while the bottom *inside* is of copper, which is impervious to liquids, and the bottom *outside* is of felt — all advantages which we are sure the host or hostess will appreciate. Size 12½" x 7" x 1½", and moderately priced at $4.25. Postpaid.



HERE is a perfectly grand new game called "Archery Poker," which cleverly combines skill with the gambling element. It may be played indoors or out by any number of persons, the ideal range being about 20 feet. Now that oil burners have made cellars presentable, the "cellar party" is a popular form of entertaining, and demands just such games as this. The target is divided into 52 spaces corresponding to the cards of a poker deck, the joker is the bull's eye — each person shoots 5 arrows, high poker hand winning. Set consisting of bow, 12 arrows, target and 3-foot target stand, $12.50. Postpaid.



IF you have a phonograph there are doubtless many imported records you have difficulty in obtaining. In which case you will be glad to know of *The Gramophone Shop* which has every good record made. Typical of their offerings and of particular interest just now are 8 Spanish dances, played by the Spanish Ballet Orchestra with the castanets by *La Argentina*, Spain's most famous dancer, who has so captivated her American audiences. These are of the latest type of electrical recording and bring you the pulsating rhythm of old Spain. The four 10" double-disk records come in a special embossed album for $7.00. Postpaid anywhere in the U. S.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

THE MAGIC CORNET

MAGIC! that is how it seems — to suddenly be an expert Cornetist.

Although the Cornet plays from a music roll, it is not an automatic player — only the selection of the tones or notes produced by the music roll is automatic. Every other factor in the rendition of the melody — the control of volume, of tempo and all the feeling or expression is under the player's control — in exactly the way it is with the Cornet in the hands of a trained musician.

CORNET WITH 2 MUSIC ROLLS — $10

A wide selection of music rolls of the popular song hits, classical and old-time favorites to choose from!

Additional music rolls, 40 cents each

In our new store (9 East 57th) you will find the most complete display of high class Playthings, Toys, Games and Gifts (for grown-ups as well as children) . . . gathered there from the mastercraft shops of Europe and America.

Mayfair Playthings Store
9 East 57th Street, New York

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These unique coffee pots in a wide range of gay color schemes are Mrs. MacDougall's exclusive importations. $3.75 each, including postage. Many other beautiful gifts to choose from. Send for catalog.

Alice Foote MacDougall IMPORTS
6 West 46th Street New York

festive place-markers

fill the drums with candy or nuts. of cleverly carved and painted wood, set of 6 — 9.00. in pairs for polka-dot matches 3.00 pair

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presents a few more unusual items:

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This is so cleverly made that every drop of the fruit juices can be saved. It is not only a fruit reamer, but combines also a pitcher and strainer for serving orange, lemon or fruit juices. Heavy silver plated. Holds approximately 1 pint $6.00

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Utility Box

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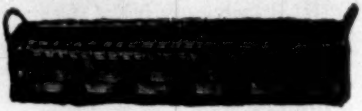

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WRITE FOR WHOLESALE CATALOG

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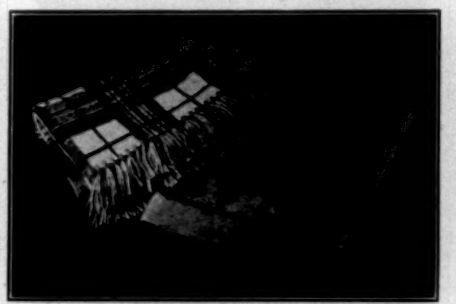

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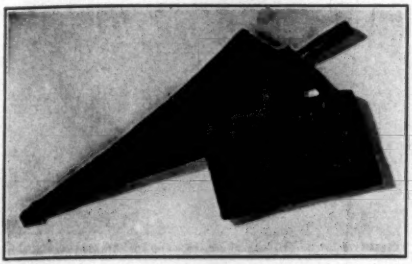

IN Stewart's luxurious new modern store we selected this good-looking umbrella and handbag. The umbrella is of silk or umbrella taffeta with a handle of Thuyaburl wood set with a composition quartz in colors to match the silk. May be had in various colors, priced at $10.00.

We were greatly taken with this envelope bag of Rodier fabric in tan with a smart turned wooden clasp. Silk-lined, of course, and finely made, it is a good average size and extremely chic with the woolens that are so important a part of one's daytime wardrobe. $15.00. Both postpaid.

FOR men — imported wool golf hose in three smart designs. Scotch Argyle plaids come in gray and green, tan and blue, Oxford gray and white. $8.50. The solid color hose are English and come in green, light, medium and dark blue, camel, tan, brown, light and Oxford gray, black or white. $6.00. The third pair are of Scotch Cashmere in smaller Argyle patterns, in black, gray and white; light and dark blue and black; and a tan mixture. $12.00. All postpaid.

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How you can obtain a leading book each month for only 42c

by CHARLES R. DANIELS

BOOK clubs have definitely taken their place in modern publishing methods. Such clubs have their advantages and disadvantages, as everyone knows.

It is difficult, however, to find any drawbacks to the *newest* idea in book clubs. It goes one courageous step ahead of any similar plan, benefiting author, publisher and reader.

The reader is perhaps benefited most of all. For this new book club not only gives him the month's outstanding book selected by a distinguished Editorial Board — *but cuts the price to 1/6 the usual cost!*

It is called the Paper Book Club. And how this club came into being is in itself a fascinating story.

About a year ago a publisher and a group of editors and writers met to discuss a plan for reducing the price of good books. It was noted that many of the most significant names in literature, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Hugh Walpole, James Branch Cabell, Jacob Wassermann, etc., were in the best-seller class. "There can be no doubt," one critic argued, "that Americans will read any amount of good literature if it is put within their reach."

The publisher said: "If enough buyers can be assured in advance, it is possible to sell outstanding new books for only 42c a volume."

And it is upon this theory of mass selling that the Paper Book Club is founded. By replacing heavy board and cloth bindings with special Art Stock paper covers, the books are made lighter and therefore much less expensive to handle. This reduces the price to the reader considerably. Thus, the demand for these books is enormous, resulting in a saving of more than 80% *to you.*

I have before me now one of the Paper Book selections, "Frederick the Great" by Margaret Goldsmith. Members of the Club received this fine book for the unbelievably low price of 42c. It contains as many words as the average $3 or $4 volume — and is printed in regular size type, clear and readable. In England this fascinating biography sold for $3.00 (12s. 6d.). The Paper Book Edition contains 22 new illustrations and sells for less than 1/7 the price!

The first volume sent out to subscribers of this remarkable new book club was a romantic novel, "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry. This book became so popular that shortly after publication an extra edition of 15,000 copies was printed to meet the large demand. A recent selection, "Dewer Rides" by L. A. G. Strong is a powerful novel which has been widely discussed in England, where it received unusual critical praise.

"Prosperity: Fact or Myth" by Stuart Chase is another outstanding selection of the Paper Book Club. Stuart Chase is well-known as co-author of "Your Money's Worth." His new book is even more timely and valuable. It is a fascinating and daring exposé of the American money problem.

It is hard to believe that important new books like these, among the best in fiction and non-fiction, can be beautifully printed and designed — and sell for only 42c a volume. Yet this is exactly what the Paper Book Club is doing every month. Already tens of thousands of men and women have become members of this unique literary organization. For $5.00 a year they receive on the 25th of each month some leading book never before published in America and selected by a committee of well-known literary men.

Credit for this remarkable new publishing innovation must go to the members of the distinguished Editorial Board: Padraic Colum, famous Irish Poet and story teller, Everett Dean Martin, celebrated educator, Lincoln Colcord, eminent critic and reviewer, Louis Untermeyer, outstanding American editor and poet, Horace M. Kallen, Rockwell Kent, Art Editor, Elmer Adler, director of printing, and Charles Boni, the publisher.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

IN ONE of the old operettas which is in imminent danger of revival, now that we have come back to the costumes of the nineties, there was a song proclaiming that "War is a bountiful jade." The growing number of books dealing with war and its generals seems to indicate that, whatever the spirit in which authors approach it, war is still a fascinating subject. The new war novels have made such a strong impression that they need not be cited by title; the war plays are most successful; finally, among the new books the biographies of men who carried a sword seem to hold their own with men who used a pen. At this very moment a heavy volume called *Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American*, by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, weighs down my desk; beside it is *Foch*, by Major General Sir George C. Aston; not to be outdone by Sherman, his senior officer appears on the scene in *The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant* by J. F. C. Fuller; then we have *Pilsudski and Poland*, by Rom Landau; *Lord Lansdowne* by Lord Newton—and he gets in because he was war minister; more remote in fighting is *Peter the Great* by Georges Oudard. *Bolivar, the Passionate Warrior*, has been written by T. R. Ybarra. What with Emil Ludwig's *July '14*, and C. Hartley Grattan's *Why We Fought*, it would seem hard to get the mind off war and war leaders; in fact it makes me wonder just how Edward Wagenknecht came to write *The Man Charles Dickens*, and Harry Salpeter to decide to describe once more *Doctor Johnson and Mr. Boswell*.

WAR AND GENERAL SHERMAN

The new book on Sherman is imposing. *Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American* comes from the pen of the military correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, who has also written *Reputations: Ten Years After*. His study of Sherman is carefully done; he has consulted records, archives, and previous publications; he has the fine historical sense of the English writer who is detached and yet quite sympathetic to his subject. This is not iconoclasm, nor does it fit into what one biographer has called "the age of detraction." Conversely, it seems to make of Sherman a man of greater stature than he is ordinarily considered. Perhaps that was necessary, because the South hates him, and the North, so thoroughly committed to the greatness of Grant, does not realize how much Sherman did to help Grant win his final victories. Sherman was, in the eyes of Capt. Liddell Hart, the first modern general. He put into effect what later was used to defeat the Germans—he cut the arteries of the enemy. I do not know in how far this was original with Sherman, but certainly he first used it on an extensive scale, and he was sensitive to the effect his acts had in the country of the secessionists. The punitive sense was strong in Sherman; he thought the war ought to be brought home to the Confederacy, which he pictured as ignorant of the actual progress of Northern arms. I am not in a position to judge the military criticism of this author; but he seems to have a fine understanding of Sherman's objects and difficulties. He points out how and where Sherman hedged, how he changed his viewpoint as conditions

changed. He frees him of the charge of intentionally burning Columbia and explains his policy of attrition, which was intended to deal the enemy the most severe blows without great loss of life to his troops. The type of warfare in which he engaged was not as spectacular as the battles of the Wilderness but it was effective; and results were what Sherman was after. The author explains at length Sherman's detestation of politicians and his opposition to the radicals, out of which grew his estrangement with Grant, which, however, was based more on misrepresentation than anything else. A stormy petrel, it is obvious that Sherman was not always tactful, and his independent attitude toward democratic pretensions, his lack of religious faith, and his ability to retort in plain language to criticism earned him much unpopularity. The writings dealing with Sherman's side of the war are voluminous, yet the popular estimate of his military reputation puts him far below Grant. I should call Capt. Liddell Hart's book a "restoration" of Sherman. It is detailed and compact. How far he has been overly generous, how far he has given Sherman more praise than is his due, I shall leave to other commentators to determine; for in any controversial subject such as this, history is apt to have a verdict based more on sectional and political bias than on facts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

KATHARINE BRUSH
Author of "Young Man of Manhattan"

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH PENNELL

One of the best-printed books of the year is *The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, issued by Little, Brown and Company. This comes in two volumes, illustrated with photographs of Pennell and reproductions of drawings and etchings. All books with which the Pennell name has been associated have this typographical distinction. His demands were always exacting, but the result was a worthy book. Years ago the life of Whistler and the *Whistler Journal* did as much for Pennell as they did for Whistler, and more recently *The Adventures of an Illustrator* recalled those productive years in the nineties when Joseph Pennell was drawing and Elizabeth Robins Pennell was writing for the old *Century Magazine*. Pennell was a curious mixture. He was always snarling at his age and had no use for modern art, but he, nevertheless, had a deep affection for his country and was never quite able to keep out of the current of daily events. The very exaggeration in the biting letters reproduced in this biography defeats itself. The book permits us once more to get a glimpse of that artist life in London and on the Continent which now belongs definitely to the past—to the time when Whistler, Beardsley, Wilde, Walter Crane, William Archer were in their prime.

But Pennell's life went beyond their age—he was drawing for the government during the War and he found excellent subjects for his restless pencil and etching tool in the great wonder of work round about—the Panama Canal, for instance, for which he became the pictorial historian, and the physical side of the expanding industries found everywhere in America. Joseph Pennell was in every sense an individual, and he encouraged individualism in his pupils.

The Whistler period is not treated fully in the new biography, probably because it has been given such generous attention at other times. The discussions of contemporary art movements, and Pennell's judgment on his fellows, some of them still living, are given more space in compensation.

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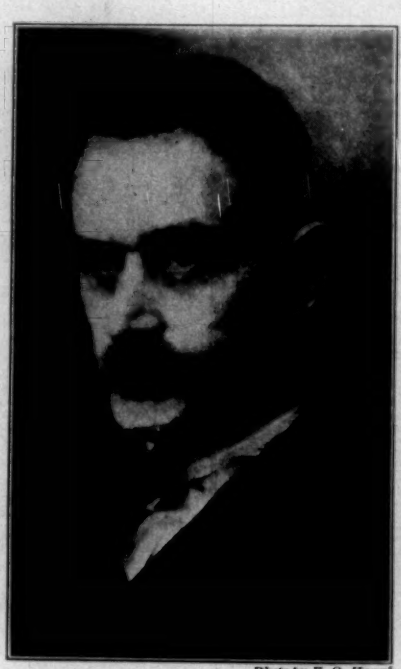
Siberian Garrison by Rodion Markovits (Liveright) bears the stamp of authenticity. Here is another aspect of the cruelty and horror of war. A Hungarian officer gets caught early in the struggle and is transferred to a prison camp in Siberia. Here he lives with other officers. For four years he suffers all the degradation and misery of soul that comes to men under these conditions; but it takes two years more before he wanders aimlessly into his village, his sense of responsibility shaken, his life ruined. The story is told progressively, like the unfolding of a diary, until the reader gets a clear comprehension of the hardships these men faced. As officers, they do not favor the upheaval of political government preached by the Bolsheviki, and the Red *tovarish* who appeals to them finds no sympathy. Yet they are bewildered men, questioning the why and the wherefore of their war hatreds. The worst comes when the civil war between the Reds and the Whites affects even their camp, and the horrors of Cossack cruelty to the poor boys who betrayed the czarist cause are spread out before their eyes. Even the prisoners' ranks are decimated, for suspected complicity, and many fine men who escaped the war at the front go to their doom a thousand miles from their homes. Beating back is even harder. The fear of contagion makes them unwelcome in border towns, and only by a ruse does the hero of the story get across to Austro-Hungary. *Siberian Garrison* is told objectively; it does not search one man's soul, but records the common experiences of the group of which the hero is a part. It adds its vital chapter to the history of the most cruel and senseless of all wars.



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Mr. Salpeter emphasizes the fact that Boswell made Johnson greater as a personality than he was in his own right, largely by drawing him out and recording his best colloquial comment, something that Johnson's classical attitude in writing did not permit him to give expression to. And he suggests that a phonograph might have been valuable in preserving the famous voice, as posterity will have the voice of Bernard Shaw.

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"EUROPE IN ZIGZAGS"

Sisley Huddleston's rambling and discursive writings have entertained many who want to know more about Paris than one gets in guidebooks. His *Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios* gave glimpses of painters, writers, political leaders, and the haunts of the artistic world of Paris. He has now compiled *Europe in Zigzags* (J. B. Lippincott Co.), which is as rambling as the former volume, and discusses international affairs as well as international figures. The reader here observes the Continental journalist at work; he has opinions on all the political moves of his time, and estimates of all the leaders; strangely enough, greatness, or high position, does not impress him. "Those of us who frequented international conferences after the War," he writes, "met the rather shabby journalist Benito Mussolini." At Cannes, it seems, "nobody took any particular notice of him." In this blunt way Huddleston proceeds across Europe, observing crowned heads, members of the nobility, and artists, whom he invariably respects. His writings are pages from a personal notebook, rather than final verdicts on foreign affairs. And making allowances for his personal bias, the reader will find Huddleston highly entertaining. There is a sidelight on Thomas Mann which will particularly interest readers, now that Mann has received the Nobel prize for literature.

SUSAN GLASPELL
Author of "Fugitive's Return"

"CHURCHES OF FRANCE"

This is a splendidly printed book giving reproductions of fifty-one drawings by John Taylor Arms, with several pages of descriptive text to illuminate each drawing, written by Dorothy Noyes Arms. The collaboration is unusually successful. French churches are naturally a paradise for the artist, and sooner or later he draws their outlines and brings them to book. The adventures that befall him cannot be ordinary adventures—they are colored by the imagination of the artist. Mr. Arms did not go out of his way to draw obscure churches for his book. He takes them as they come, beginning with the greatest of the metropolitan churches, Notre Dame de Paris; viewing from several vantage points that most individual of piles, Mont St. Michel, and following in the footsteps of Henry Adams to Chartres, I found that Mr. Arms, like the Pennells before him, has visited also Le Puy and sketched its shrines, high on pillars of basaltic rock. This was once described by the Pennells as the most picturesque place in the world, but Mr. Arms writes, "I find that Le Puy, with the notable exception of its exquisite oratory, appealed strongly to my mind and stimulated my imagination, but it left my heart untouched." This book would make an extraordinary gift. (Macmillan.)

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EDITH WHARTON'S NOVEL

Edith Wharton's new novel, *Hudson River Bracketed*, is most likely to please those who do not recall her as the expert historian of New York society, and who do not demand repetitions of *The Age of Innocence* and *The House of Mirth*, to say nothing of *Ethan Frome*. It is a long-and powerful story, but although it contains very evident truths, it shows that Mrs. Wharton is at her best in an atmosphere with which she is more familiar. (Appleton.)

Her theme is that of the individual artist who is working with the materials of his everyday world and yet stands apart from that world; who has an inner life not shared by those around him, and yet is influenced by contemporary manners, thought, and economic demands. The title refers to a style of architecture which grew up along the Hudson about one hundred years ago and may be seen exemplified in Washington Irving's house at Sunnyside, Irvington-on-Hudson. A mixture of aspiration and utility; an attempt to adapt the older Gothic with Chinese gingerbread on American foundations and American incomes—that seems to be the significance of the awkward title.

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world of New York she is more at home, although her literary parties are strangely unlike those described in Edmund Wilson's *I Thought of Daisy*.

A naïve youth of talent moving among the parasites and the vultures (in this case editors, publishers, and members of the literary fringe) easily becomes an object of pity, and thus we seem to see Vance Weston through most of the book. His disability is increased by his sad little wife, Laura Lou, whom we observe mostly in an ailing condition, leading to her eventual death, due largely to her desire not to irritate or burden her moping husband. She seems to represent Vance's unsophisticated beginnings, just as Halo Tarrant, wife of the editor who publishes Vance's story in his magazine, represents his intellectual widening, his metropolitan side.

Yet Vance Weston is curiously unlike any novelist in contemporary fiction, in that his inexperience does not embitter him, nor lead him to write challenging, revolutionary novels. The more life impinges on him the more bewildered he becomes; his problem is complicated by his poor earning power, and his inability to get more than a stipulated sum out of his publishers. Here Mrs. Wharton touches on an important subject. So long as Vance Weston is groping about, trying to plumb the depths of his own mind and emotion, and failing to put down on paper something really salable, no one feels impelled to spring to his aid. Finally he sells himself in the market, and decides to write publicity. But that compromise comes too late to be really effective and we leave him, bereft of wife and ideals and as bewildered as ever.

"HILL OF DESTINY"

Hill of Destiny, by Jean Giono, is a prize book. Brentano's offered a prize for the best French book selected by its committee, with the right of reprinting it in the United States. The prize went to *Colline*, now translated by Jacques Le Clercq as *Hill of Destiny*. It is an unusual and astonishing book.

Redolent of the French soil, completely removed from the psychological studies of sophisticated groups, it goes back to the superstitions of simple people—the peasants of Haute Provence, whose lives center around a hill, Lure, which dominates their lives as it dominates the landscape.

Despite the poverty of the land, they look on Lure as their most cherished possession, but when nature proves niggardly with her gifts they suspect a strange, inexplicable malevolence in the hills, the presence of an evil which dries their streams, kills their herds, burns up their grass, and leaves them with fever and unwholesome fears. Like primitive people, they seek omens in their surroundings and capitalize the general distress to vent their personal hates.

The story lives in this mystic influence of nature on the inhabitants of the little hamlet of Les Bastides Blanches. What befalls them from day to day is the burden of the tale: the hill becomes a living thing, the trees, the winds, the elements all acquire a personality that gives the style a poetic quality far removed from modern prose. When the greatest calamity of all comes—the fire that burns up trees, brush, and grass and threatens the very town itself—it is easy for Jaume to blame the machinations of Jadet, the old one, and to demand his death, as all primitive people have turned upon those who knew more, but actually did less, than they. Fortunately he has already died, so that apparently their conquest of the mountain coincides with the decease of their powerful antagonist.

Hill of Destiny is most unlike the current output, which may, or may not, be a recommendation. At any rate it is original and leaves a lasting impression.

"HOW TO BE A HERMIT"

How to Be a Hermit, by Will Cuppy, should not be overlooked in the rush of fall publications. It is delightfully written, has humor, an engaging style, and no end of information about the life of a man of literary attainments on Jones's Island (pronounced Jonezez), which is off Long Island, and a playground for clams. Cuppy says he has no idea who built the shack he lives in. It lacks every essential mentioned in Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, but still he likes it.

Although various literary and historical personages get entangled in Cuppy's narrative from time to time, his chief concern is with housekeeping and what to eat. Hence this book becomes one of the most amusing discussions extant on living from can to mouth, including the way to prepare and serve the sardine, how to make condensed milk sandwiches, poor man's duff, able seaman custard, and Cape Hatteras pie, which was once baked by Shanghai and turned out to be "a spoon food." But the most rapturous confessions have to do with spinach, in the Socratic dialogues in which Cuppy and

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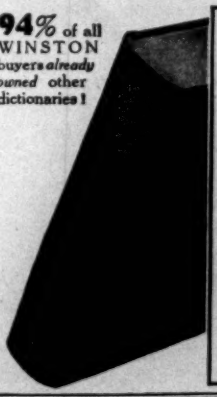

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Isabel Patterson also play around with art, science, literature, *Roget's Thesaurus*, and the *Book of Knowledge*. But there are many digressions for the wayfarer who likes sand in his shoes. Cabbage gets a chapter—so does Christmas—so do lettuce and the frying pan.

Unfortunately, Jones's Island is to become a state park, blessed with Fords, families, banana peelings, pop guns, tin cans, and firecrackers, bringing, as Cuppy expresses it, sunlight into the lives of the masses and disrupting what is left of his reason. He suggests that his shack be made a literary shrine, "the only one featuring a reviewer of detective stories." . . . "My shack doesn't pretend to be Poe's cottage or the last resting place of Alice and Phoebe Cary; still I see where they're fitting up a memorial for Henry Thoreau, who lived for two years by a mere pond in Massachusetts, and, if you ask me, he was only fair to middling." And, counting his attractions, Cuppy decides, "I'm not woodsy, like Thoreau and Burroughs, but I can wiggle my ears." Several of Cuppy's chapters will deservedly appear in generations of anthologies. (Horace Liveright.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

The book *Ultima Thule* has been the cause of discussion between Mrs. Maud Paterson, Newark, N. J., and her friends, both the meaning and the pronunciation. The meaning as given in *Funk and Wagnall's Practical Standard Dictionary* is: "Literally, farthest Thule; the most northern land in the world as known to the ancients, perhaps Norway or Iceland; hence any far-away, mystical, or unknown region." The correct pronunciation is also solved by this dictionary. It is Ultima Thule with the last word in two syllables as if it were THU-LE. . . . From Bradford, Vt., Mrs. F. H. Bickford has written for information about the novel *Birds Got to Fly* by Ruth Blodgett. This is published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, who will forward copies of criticisms, and sells for $2.50. We feel that our correspondent will enjoy reading this book. . . . Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y., will send any information available to Mrs. N. H. Boyd, Punxsutawney, Pa., concerning the life of Stephen Vincent Benet and his book *John Brown's Body*. We believe that they have various reviews, etc., on the book which will help Mrs. Boyd in the work she is interested in. . . . A list of bi-

Among the New Books

ographies on Richard Wagner in English, either translations or by English or American writers, is requested by Harold Broughton, New Westminster, B. C., Canada. From the following list no doubt our correspondent will find some which will answer his questions: *My Life* by Richard Wagner, new edition, $5.00, Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Richard to Minna Wagner, Letters to His First Wife*, edited by William Ashton Ellis, two volumes, $7.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Richard Wagner: His Life and Dramas*, second revised edition, by W. J. Henderson, $3.50, George Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City; *Richard Wagner as He Lived* by W. Wallace, $2.00, Harper & Brothers; *Personal Recollections of Richard Wagner* by A. Newmann, G. Schirmer Co., 3 East 43rd St., New York City. The price of this last book is $2.00. . . . A letter addressed to *The World*, Pulitzer Bldg., New York City, N. Y., asking for the review of Francis Hackett's *Henry the Eighth*, written by Harry Hansen on April 12 of this year, will answer the request of Mrs. Wiltz Ledbetter, Shreveport, La. Horace Liveright, 61 West 48th St., New York City, the publisher of this book, will also furnish a copy of this review on request. . . . In answer to Miss Hazel Macomber, Brooklyn, N. Y., we suggest that she refer to several articles which appeared in the *New York Sunday Times* in January of 1928. These are the articles on Napoleon's son, known at various times as the King of Rome and the Duke of Reichstadt and made more familiar to the general public in Rostand's play "L'Aiglon." The *Times* no longer has copies of these editions available, but suggests that our correspondent consult the *New York Times Index* covering the period January–February–March, 1928, in the New York Public Library or the library nearest our writer's home. If she wishes to own copies of these articles she may send to the *New York Times* Photostat Print Service, Times Square, New York City. The dates on which they appeared are January 22 and January 29, 1928. This service will give information as to the charges for the copying of a page of this kind. . . . Our next correspondent has not found the last lists of plays which we have given in several issues of HARPER'S quite adequate, for she would have a course of study in drama, both modern and classical. If we repeat a few of the modern dramas given in previous issues we hope that

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we are forgiven, but we can only give those that are published and which seem to us to answer best the questions asked. In answer to Miss Laura E. Heine, New Brunswick, N. J., we suggest that the following list of plays will not only add materially to the small dormitory library, but will be very interesting as well as useful: *The Tragedies of Æschylus* and *The Tragedies of Sophocles*, both edited by Edward Hayes Plumptre, $1.50 each, published by David McKay Co., 604 South Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.; *Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan*, edited by F. and J. W. Tupper, $2.00, Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City; *The Oxford Shakespeare*, cloth binding, one volume edition, $2.25, also an Oxford publication; *Sheridan's Dramatic Works, 1775–1799*, edited by Joseph Knight, in the Oxford World's Classics Edition, 80 cents; also the Mermaid Series of Dramatists put out by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York City. This series contains the best plays of the old dramatists, such as: Beaumont and Fletcher, two volumes; George Chapman, William Congreve, John Ford, Christopher Marlowe, one volume each; and Ben Jonson, three volumes. These books sell for $1.25 each volume. More modern books are: *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, first series, Student's Edition, $3.50, Cambridge Edition, $5.00; *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, second series, Student's Edition, $3.75, and the Cambridge Edition, $5.00. These volumes are edited by Dickinson and are published by The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass. Also, *Contemporary Plays, English and American*, edited by Dickinson and Jack Crawford, Student's Edition, $3.50, and Trade Edition, $4.50, also a Houghton, Mifflin publication. More modern still we have: *The Best Plays* of 1922–23, 1923–24, 1924–25, 1925–26, 1926–27, 1927–28, and 1928–29, which has just been published. All are edited by Burns Mantle and published at $3.00 per volume by Dodd, Mead Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. Nor can we overlook the *Collected Plays of John Galsworthy*, one volume, $2.50, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York City, and *The Collected Plays of James M. Barrie*, one volume, $5.00, also a Scribner publication; and the plays of Bernard Shaw, which do not come in a one-volume edition but are priced at $2.50 each volume, some of which contain separate plays and others only a single play. A list of these and their prices

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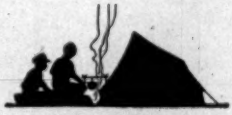

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VOLUME 160 JANUARY 1930

Harpers Magazine

THE CRISIS IN MORALS

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I FEAR that I suffer from many disqualifications for expressing any judgment on the subject of morals. For one thing, I am sixty and, therefore, in the opinion of some critics disallowed from the outset. I am a paterfamilias and, therefore, accustomed to a hypocritical use of authority. Then again I am an unmitigated highbrow, and do not understand the feelings of ordinary healthy men.

On this last point I do rather feel with my supposed critics. I agree that the traditional thinking and theorizing about morals, as about most other things, has been done too much by the people who happen to like thinking and theorizing, people of mild passions and sheltered lives, who scarcely understand the lusts and angers of ordinary humanity or the tough squeezes of the struggle for life. Yet there is no help for it. Thinking must be done by the people who do not mind thinking, however badly we do it. And the lowbrow may comfort himself with the knowledge that, whatever we think or write, it is he who will always govern us.

I wish to write, then, on the crisis in morals. But is there any crisis at all, or is the whole suggestion a silly newspaper scare? I think there is, and I will give one or two reasons for the belief.

The Japanese Government has recently published an Annual of Japanese Art for the year 1927, a beautiful book. In it there are two main schools represented, one which follows the native tradition and one which has fallen under the influence of Europe. I wish I could show my readers the pictures in question, for without them I cannot convince anyone who differs from me. But, as a student of history and civilization, I feel confident that if the two styles of art given in that book had been found by excavation on some ancient site, every critic would have said, "At this point it is clear that the old and fine civilization of Japan was overrun and almost destroyed by a peculiarly low type of barbarian. It is just what we find in the fall of the Minoan Empire, or in the collapse of Roman Africa under the attacks of the negroes."

Again, I notice in advanced Liberal

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journals, both in England and America, not merely a desire for legal reform in certain sexual matters where reform is probably overdue, but a sort of disinterested enthusiasm for sexual misconduct in all its forms, from obscene language to unnatural vice. A word of condemnation for such things produces a storm of protest. This tone recurs pretty often in history, but is unusually marked at the present day.

Lastly, I can appeal to the authority of so able an observer as Mr. Lippmann in his *A Preface to Morals*. He is convinced that among the young of the richer classes in America, at least, there is an exceptional state of moral anarchy. The point is well put by a friend of mine, writing about Lippmann's book: "I have much sympathy with this young generation. It has seen so many myths exploded around it: not merely the Christian myth, but such things as self-denial, altruism, public spirit, that it believes in no myths at all. And you need to be very tough indeed to be able to do without *any* myths." The writer uses the word myth in a peculiar sense, meaning, I fancy, what St. Paul meant by Faith, a belief not exactly proved nor provable, but held because of some general bias of character.

This is well put. You will generally find the same thing put crudely by people who have not the habit of considering the meaning of the words they use. There are people who say they are "unmoral"—which would mean that they saw no moral difference between, say, murdering their mother for a dollar and earning the dollar by an hour's teaching; or that they believe in "no general principles whatever"—*e.g.* that two by two equals four or that fire burns; or they mean to take nothing for granted but to try everything by experiment—*e.g.* to see if arsenic really poisons them. These statements and a thousand others like them, which you can find published in abundance, are of course utterly clumsy and inaccurate. The truth is, they express desire rather than thought. But that is natural; one of the surest symptons of anarchy is the substitution of desire for thought.

Now the first great point to remember is that the Rebellion of the Young against the Old is normal, both biologically and sociologically. Biologically, there is a period during which the mother feeds the child, a period when the parents support and protect it and, therefore, control its actions, and a period in which it breaks loose from control and insists on standing upon its own feet. Birds, who take their parental duties very seriously, slave to feed and defend their young for a few months, and then at the suitable moment turn them out of the nest and peck them if they try to get in again. Birds know their business. Biologically, the rebellion is right. It is also right sociologically. Modern psychologists have pointed out that man's attitude towards the Moral Law, or towards the approved conventions of his society, is one of what they call "ambivalence." That is to say, he has at the same moment, or at two successive moments, contradictory emotions towards it. As a representative of the society which imposes the convention, he feels indignation at the breach of it; as one of the individuals on whom it is enforced, he feels a certain hostility towards it and a wish to elude it. And in general one emotion or the other preponderates in a man according as he has most to gain or to lose. In the sphere of property the young man likes to take his father's handkerchiefs, collars, studs, golf clubs, tennis racket, and anything else that may suit him; only a very spirited father retaliates by stealing his son's things, and then to no purpose, for he has to pay for them. In the sphere of sex the young unmarried woman likes to pursue her natural prey unhindered and uncriticized; the married woman has secured her prey: it may be very limited in value, but she is content to ask for no more if only other women will not try to rob her.

This general clash of interest and emotion between the young and the old, between the attack and the defense, those who want plunder and those who want security, is practically speaking eternal in human society; and it is a little ridiculous for either party to profess pride or horror at it in the twentieth century. It occurs in all literature, especially in all comedy, and it always had in it an element of unreality.

With the stupid, passionate, and greedy young doubtless the rebellion takes form in action. With the intellectual young, if I may judge from my contemporaries at Oxford in the 'eighties, I should say it was almost entirely an intellectual rebellion, but it served the purpose, when necessary, of shocking our elders, and thus giving us ourselves a feeling of superiority. In actual conduct I should say the whole of our set at college was free from vice and we thought it the worst possible form to indulge in obscene language. But in speculation we were ready for anything, from the absurdity of the marriage laws and the anti-social influence of a belief in God to the desirability of encouraging suicide—on which I myself wrote a persuasive essay. I have little doubt that the same game was played by the clever undergraduates of previous generations, and is continued briskly at the present day. And I should like to say emphatically that the undergraduates, both men and women, whom I now know as pupils or friends seem to me every bit as well-behaved as we were, and perhaps a little more public-spirited and intelligent.

These considerations suggest that a great deal of the supposed "crisis" is not a crisis at all, but a normal and regular difference of attitude between the old and the young of the same period. But I think that would be to go too far. I think Mr. Lippmann is right in saying that the present difference is greater than normal and in some ways peculiar in character. Let us consider some of the causes that have been at work to produce it.

II

On some I will touch very lightly. There is the Great War with its shattering effect on custom and character, and its severing of actions from their natural consequences. But of that I have written elsewhere.

There is the rapid and widespread emancipation of women, and their entry into all fields of economic and intellectual work. This revolution must necessarily affect sexual morals, as the independent woman, earning her living by her own exertions, cannot possibly keep up the same extreme sensibilities as the protected woman nor indulge in the same helplessness or narrowmindedness.

In America there seems to have been a certain breakdown of religious orthodoxy; in Europe this occurred at least a generation ago, and did not, as far as I can see, have a bad effect.

Lastly there have been what I may call two discoveries and one false theory. The two discoveries are, first the sudden and startling advances made in the science of psychology, and second the wide dissemination of knowledge about methods of birth control. Psychology has taught us that much of our traditional moral language is based on false premises—for example that phrases like "unselfishness," "honor," "purity" need a great deal of analysis before we can attach a definite sense to them; and has at the same time familiarized us with information about the springs of human conduct which, however helpful it may be if taken in the right spirit, often produces a paralyzing effect on the character and sometimes provides an excuse for depravity. Birth control, and the widespread familiarity with the idea of such control which we must now take as a fact, have profoundly altered one side of the problem of sexual conduct. The greatest non-moral deterrent to promiscuous intercourse throughout history has been the fear of pregnancy: that deterrent has now, to a great extent, been re-

moved, and those people—whether few or many—who were deterred from promiscuity only by fear of social punishment are now almost free from that fear. All these influences have had a dissolvent effect. All of them in the first impression on an untrained and unphilosophic mind are destructive of morality; and we must always remember that most minds are utterly untrained and unphilosophic.

Lastly, there has been the false theory: a theory which has already done a vast amount of harm in education and is still running riot in the sphere of art. I mean the worship of self-expression. I will leave art aside for the present, but in education I believe this vicious dogma is approaching its unlamented burial. No doubt it had some psychological excuse for coming into existence as a protest against an excessive authoritarianism which tried to turn out all pupils according to one pattern. It was right to consider each pupil's character and personality and train it in appropriate ways. But to suggest that the pupil's whole duty is to express himself, and the teacher's whole duty to help him to do so, seems to me to be the direct contrary of true education. What I as a student have wanted to receive—and what as a teacher I have tried to give—has been always in different contexts the same thing: I wanted to get into contact with minds superior to my own, and thereby to become capable of seeing things which I could not now see, and appreciating and enjoying things that were now above me. We all start life with an extremely limited appreciation of the greatness and beauty by which we are surrounded, and also with a pretty confident opinion that a thing which does not happen to please us is not up to much. I cannot imagine an education which for me personally would have been more utterly damnable than to teach me to be contented with my existing beliefs and powers and just express them—to take the raw, untrained Australian boy called Gilbert Murray as the measure of the universe, and simply encourage him to go ahead. I trust however that this nightmare will pass.

I have suggested, then, that the Crisis in Morals is due largely, though of course not exclusively, to a certain number of causes. I will now say a word about the real conclusions which I think should be drawn from these causes.

Of the false theory I will not speak. The way to deal with a false theory is not to believe it. Of the War I will not speak either. We must recover from it and learn, now that we have leisure, its true lessons. As to the emancipation of women, I think that so great a revolution has naturally produced some confusion of thought and conduct. As this confusion clears away, I think we shall find our current rules of sexual conduct, which were framed to suit one set of conditions, partly rewritten to suit another. They will be written, as they usually are, by women. They will probably be more sensible; but I see no reason to suppose that they will be lower or more lax in their demands on human nature.

But what are we to say about the advances in psychology, especially the theories of Freud, so much and so incompetently disseminated? I think there is no doubt that the first effect of the spread of these theories has been bad. It is rather like the first effect on medical students of the dissecting room and the operating theater. Some are horrified, some are brutalized, many are nervously upset. The action is twofold: first there is the shock of disgust at being thrown into familiar contact with things which ordinary social instinct, from primitive times down to the present, treats with extreme reserve. Second, there is the abrupt discovery that much, and perhaps all of our emotional and spiritual nature has a physical and often a grossly physical basis.

What should our attitude be to

this new danger? Well, apart from exaggerations and follies on which I need not dwell, I think there is nothing to be frightened of. Surely we all knew all the time that our higher nature has a physical basis, and a very large number of our noblest emotions actually have a sexual basis? The fact remains that they are by now miles away from that basis, and there is no reason for dragging them back to it. If Shakespeare was descended from some sort of anthropoid ape, that does not mean that "Hamlet" is only a mass of monkeyish gibberings. The important fact is the fact of development: the rise, intellectual and spiritual, of the thing that was an ape into the thing that is Shakespeare. The new psychologists talk much of the Internal Censor and delight to show us the unpleasant objects which he has attempted to hide. But the most interesting thing that they have proved is the actual existence of this Censor and all that his existence implies. The suppressions and disguises of which they speak so much are only his failures: they form the fringe of a much greater and more effective activity, rejecting, conquering, sublimating, or compelling change. And the very fact that a Censor within us does wish to reject certain things—however ineffectively he may sometimes do it—is of great psychological importance. It proves that there is, deeply implanted from time immemorial in man's nature, this instinctive determination not to be content with oneself as one is, but somehow to be cleaner and higher; to suppress and reduce to nothingness the sort of things that drag one down, and to concentrate attention and effort on the higher parts of one's being. It does not invalidate this consideration to be told that in cases of mental disease the Censor's work has to be undone. That is only to be expected in cases of disease. The point is that man, who has risen from the ape, has apparently done so by the help and guidance of this inward spirit which rejects filth and denies it. It is not Victorian prudery, it is not Christian asceticism, it is not even the Hellenic tradition, which dislikes uncleanness, physical and moral; it is something that springs eternal in the nature of man.

On birth control I will say only a word or two. I have no sympathy with that form of social timidity which would keep from those who need it most, under due medical advice, information which is easily accessible to all the upper and middle classes and a mere commonplace among those who practice vice. But our question here is not whether the general knowledge of contraceptive methods is desirable, but, granted that it exists as a fact, what effect it ought to have on our moral beliefs and actions. The suggestion often made, and emphasized for instance by Mr. Lippmann, is this: since intercourse can now take place without any serious danger of pregnancy ensuing, not only is it much easier to escape detection, but the action itself is of much less social importance. It is sometimes added, on the same line of thought, that if the danger of venereal disease were also eliminated the action would become entirely unobjectionable from the ethical standpoint—as harmless as lawn tennis or dancing.

Now is this so? I put to myself two questions. First, when I have, on occasion, felt instinctive disgust or disapproval at hearing of some lewd behavior, was that feeling in the least degree dependent on the probability that the actions in question would lead either to venereal disease or to the birth of illegitimate children? I think, not in the least. I think the dislike was predominantly a feeling of fastidiousness, an æsthetic repulsion.

Second, I ask myself whether the removal of these dangers would have had any effect on my conduct, or whether the fear of them was ever consciously a working motive leading me towards one course of action or another. Again my answer would be, as far as I can judge, not in the least.

If that is so—and of course it is a matter on which we are all liable to self-deception—I think it will probably turn out that the moral or æsthetic sense of mankind, or at any rate of the progressive part of mankind, utterly rebels against the treatment of sexual intercourse as a mere matter of physical pleasure without spiritual meaning: a principle which does not necessarily lead to monogamy, but does at least destroy desultory lewdness.

And here we strike, I think, on a very important observation. Social conventions change: the particular actions calculated to suit them change with them, as, *e.g.*, if the rule of the road were changed in England we should drive on the right instead of the left. But the quality required for the right action does not change. It is just as important to drive carefully and considerately whatever the law of the road may be. The driver who says, "First they say 'left,' then they say 'right.' It is all a mess and I am free to be a road-hog" is indulging in a false argument. So monogamy and polygamy are social conventions; but whichever you live under you can behave well or ill, you can be chaste or unchaste. This is not "mere Christian dogma." It is a matter on which all the progressive races for the last three or four thousand years have felt strongly and observed very closely. For it is a great mistake to suppose that people did not observe character before they had invented the proper scientific terms to describe it. Many an old nurse is a far shrewder judge of the psychology of a child than many a professional psychologist, though she could never put her knowledge in scientific or even in clear and consistent language. The psychological terms of ordinary speech, though scientifically elusive and often inconsistent, are as a matter of fact based on deep instincts and on sensitive observation. Social conventions may change; I think, as regards the marriage laws they will change and ought to change. But I have little doubt that the value of chastity and the need for chastity will remain, like the need for self-control, for fair dealing, for courage, for honesty, and for a number of other simple matters which can be felt better than defined.

III

And what is to be our attitude towards the Crisis itself? Many people, of course, will fly to supernatural sanctions, and seek to re-establish morality on the basis which has already collapsed beneath it. No doubt make-believe will do a great deal, but it is a treacherous foundation on which to build one's life; and I feel in this tendency a kind of infidelity to the very cause which we are trying to serve, using insincerity to persuade people to be sincere. But my chief objection is a practical one. I believe that the accepted morality, though always open to criticism, is in the main solidly based on the experience of the human race. There are hardly any social facts so well ascertained as the main moral principles of society; and I think it absurd to base these well-ascertained principles on dubious dogmas or revelations about matters which are beyond the limits of normal human knowledge. Let me make my point clear. I am not denying the dogmas: it may be true that Lazarus rose from the dead or that a certain experience of Professor Eddington is really a contact with God; but neither of these propositions is anything like as sure and well attested as, let us say, the social desirableness of honesty or sobriety. But I need hardly labor the point further. Fallible man is always trying to provide himself with weapons which shall be infallible.

The weapons which we really possess are of course imperfect. That is one of the essential conditions of the conflict that we call human life. Still, in the first place, we can put a good deal of trust in the normal reaction of society to anti-social vagaries. The corrupt young person gets him- or herself disliked.

Even if inside a particular set it is considered admirable to be, let us say, drunken, lewd, and dishonest, the members of that set will in course of time find that people outside the set are numerous and powerful; that it is awkward to go on doing things which they despise; and that perhaps after all they are right.

How far, again, can we trust to experience itself, since I say that our moral principles are based upon experience? Of course, not completely. The experience of the race extends over thousands of generations with millions of human lives in each. It can swamp the exceptions in the general rule, and it can wait to the end of a process to see the result. The individual cannot. Still he can observe and he can imagine. Experience is a very subtle drug, and a small dose of it can often make us understand and digest whole masses of observation and of precept. We learn to live by a mixture of the three, as we learn to walk or talk or play baseball.

And in the process of learning or failing to learn, how can we help those who in any way look to us? Here I have little to add to that which most sensible citizens know already. There are some mistakes to avoid. We should avoid being frightened. We should avoid hypocrisy. We should avoid the pursuit of edification at the expense of truth. We should avoid identifying the moral law with our personal interests or preferences. We should avoid preaching and finding fault, or trying to satisfy our own idealism by insisting that our sons and daughters should be perfection. All these are truisms. I believe that to people of my generation and that which has succeeded it it is more important to lay stress on the need for discipline. My generation neglected it. We were eager to be sympathetic and enlightened. Perhaps we were timid. We liked to regard all naughtiness as a form of illness. We made the cruel mistake of keeping the child or young person protected against the natural consequences of his actions; we prevented his learning the indispensable lessons of personal experience. We made on him the monstrous demand that he should supply all the necessary discipline of life from within by his own unaided virtue. I think, as a generation, we have reaped our natural reward.

Punishment is a blessed thing. I pity the young who have grown up without it. I pity the old, the masters and mistresses of households, whom nobody dares to contradict, who are never, never put into the corner or whipped as they deserve. I pity the kings and emperors who have gone murderous-mad because no one stood up to them or made them behave themselves. But punishment is of no positive value; only negative. For any positive help towards living a nobler life, apart from the influence of friendship and of education, I can only fall back on that real and widespread possession of the human race of which we have already spoken: that instinct which shows itself in the existence of the Internal Censor. It is an instinct both moral and æsthetic, which rejects things both because they are bad and because they are ugly, and pursues things both because they are good and because they are beautiful. Philosophers insist on drawing a distinction between these two, but I confess that I never can feel it very real. As far as I can analyze my own feelings, I should say that the motive which keeps me from a bad action is a feeling that as I contemplate it I do not like the look of it or the smell of it. I feel it to be ugly or foul or not decent—not the sort of thing with which I want to be associated. And, similarly, the thing that nerves me towards a good but difficult action is a feeling that it seems beautiful or fine, the sort of thing that I love as I look at it and would like to have for my own. Though not infallible, this moral or æsthetic instinct is a true fact. I believe it to be generally very strong in young people, at any rate in those who have real life in them, and, though often

misdirected while they make their usual experiments, it has a way of correcting its own errors and ultimately finding its right course. It, and perhaps it alone, answers the most troublesome of all questions which the cynic can put to the moralist: "Granted that it is useful to society that I should be honest, why should I mind about society if I can find my own profit in stealing?"

I refuse then to be frightened, though sometimes no doubt I feel concerned. We are passing through a time of strain and change, and managing the necessary readjustments on the whole with good success. I trust for the general maintenance and gradual raising of the moral standard in a society such as ours: first to the influence of the facts of life and the lessons taught by experience; next to the social instincts and the reaction of a well-organized society upon its members by example, education, and training, by liking and disliking, admiration and disapproval; and most of all to this inward Censor of whom the psychologists tell us, this inborn moral or æsthetic instinct, the ineradicable heritage of humanity, by which men have from the very beginnings of civilization rejected and denied what they feel to be vile within them, sought what they love, and imitated what they admire.

INTERSECTION

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

THE strange light of the evening on your hair,
The shadow of a star within your eyes,
And seeing you, I neither know nor care
If there be angels left in Paradise.

You pause a moment where the traffic streams,
With lifted head, untouched by fate's decree
That keeps us twain; lost in your own rare dreams,
So beautiful, and yet unknown to me.

For destiny with unimpassioned will
Decides the point where your path crosses mine:
The lines, through time and space, with faultless skill
It draws, and then destroys the old design.

THE PRANK

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

IT WAS so beautifully cool in the very early morning that Mr. Dunder acquired the habit of waking with the young light and walking about the wet washed deck in his pajamas and bare feet. To-day, being on deck before the invasion of deckwashers, he discovered that there was another passenger even more matutinal than himself. His rival was a young woman, and she drooped forlornly against the rail, looking thirstily at the streaked dawn. When he approached more closely, he saw that it was only Miss Foss. Poor Miss Foss, a pretty, flushed, plump young girl, apparently the kind of girl who is known as jolly—apparently the kind that "gives back as good as she gets" to jocose third officers—apparently the kind that usually, alarmed, despised and withdrew from the mincing, precise Mr. Dunder. Apparently, but not actually. For in this instance the withdrawal was on Mr. Dunder's side. The poor girl was cut off from the world by a shocking stammer. Her essential jollity was completely thwarted—cut off at the main, as it were. No third officer had ever had a chance to laugh at the jokes she might have made. Inside her there must have been a perfect turmoil of fermented, repressed jokes. She expressed herself only in explosive hisses, and those who dared to converse with her were obliged, after a nervous, polite pause, to utter for her the answers to their own questions, to supply both quip and repartee themselves—a double duty that almost immediately palls.

Mr. Dunder had not dared to speak to any of the girls on the ship. He was a thin, shy, shortsighted creature, forty-eight years old, numbed by long residence in Malaya with no recreation but to read the works of the Established Great as they came out in a democratic shilling form labelled the Mustardseed Library. Now, when he saw Miss Foss airing her rough, sleepy curls in the romantic, cool dawn wind, he thought, "If it had been any other girl—or even if this girl could speak—it might have been rather a romantic moment." However, there it was—just his luck—it was only Miss Foss.

The regiment of deckwashers suddenly crowded the deck. A barrage of writhing waters sprang from their artillery of hoses. Mr. Dunder turned up his pajama trousers and stood firm in a doorway, enjoying the fierce cool snarl of the water. Miss Foss, perched on the high threshold of her deck-cabin door, watched with her plump, thirsty smile that never could explain itself.

The men who were washing the deck seemed to communicate with one another by means of hi's and ha's and ho's exclusively. They were English, but they might have been Zulus, for all Mr. Dunder could understand of what they said. However, obviously it was all good-natured and even witty. "Ha, ha—ho, ho," shouted one, and the others, "Huh—huh—ha, ha." A perfect chime of hi-hi's and ho-ho's suddenly pealed from the detachment of washers at the far end of the deck; something had

interested the ingenuous creatures—a cockroach, a distant whale, a little mechanical predicament. At any rate, there were all the sailors at the far end of the deck. Miss Foss looked naïvely after them.

Mr. Dunder, standing barelegged in the urgent torrent of water that spewed from the nozzle of the nearest hose-pipe, suddenly gave way to a wholly senseless impulse. Before he could dispute the matter with himself, he had seized the nozzle and directed its forceful stream straight through the window of the nearest deck-cabin. There was a frightful silence in the cabin while one might draw a breath, and then the squealing began—wild squealing—squeal upon squeal.

Mr. Dunder's whole body turned to ice as he dropped the hose and sprang backwards through the doorway. He fled to his cabin, almost crying with horror. What in the world had possessed him to do such an incredible, irrevocable thing? Not *possessed* him, really, for there was no hospitality, no open door at all in his nature for such an idiotic prank. Even at the age of seven he would not have done such a thing. His hands had done it by themselves—his hands, maddened by the violence of that snake of water. He sat on his bunk and looked at his hands—they were mad, surely—yet how was he to disown them. If someone had seen him—if that Miss Foss had seen him . . . He could hear the squealing still going on, and the sound of stewards running. He jumped into bed, trembling, and rang for the steward.

"What's that squealing?"

"It's the lady in Number Ten, sir. Someone turned the hose on her through the window."

"Who?"

"There's no saying that, sir. Must have been some young gentleman's idear of a joke. Her heart's weak and she's all of a dither. Going to complain to the Captain, she says."

Mr. Dunder's teeth chattered. Miss Foss *must* have seen him. She was quite close by when it happened. He began to dress himself; he cut himself badly while shaving. His hand trembled so—well, it was a mad hand. His cut chin bled so persistently that he decided to give time to its staunching and go down very late to breakfast. His allotted seat was at the Captain's table, and he hoped that the Captain would by now have breakfasted and gone. Supposing the Captain already knew of the attack on Number Ten. What a fool—that Number Ten woman—making such a fuss, getting respectable civil servants into trouble. So Mr. Dunder, perspiring coldly, went down cautiously late to breakfast. The Captain was late too. He sat looking annoyed.

"Perhaps you can help me, Mr. Dunder," said the Captain. "I hear you were on deck early. It seems someone got hold of the hose while the men's backs were turned and shot a lot of water in at one of the deck-cabin windows. The doctor says it might have had serious consequences—lady passenger with a weak heart. Did you see any larky young fool sneaking about on deck?"

With the same horrifying unaccountability as his hands had shown when they went mad this morning, Mr. Dunder's tongue went wily. "Yes, Captain, I saw Miss Foss," he said—and he said it in just the right terse, unwilling voice—the voice of a chivalrous man reluctant to get a young girl into trouble. He put just the right significant, chivalrous full stop after his admission.

"You mean you saw—well . . . *that* girl? I always said she *looked* a jolly, bouncing piece, up to any mischief; but she *behaved* as though butter wouldn't melt . . . Miss Foss . . . Well—I'm . . ."

"What in heaven's name is the matter with me?" the astounded Mr. Dunder asked himself. But immediately he justified his lie—the original outrage he could not justify—could

scarcely reconstruct in his imagination, though it seemed to belong to the realms of delirious imagination rather than to those of actual memory. To tell the Captain that . . . Well, in a way, though if one read it in a story it would sound rather mean, yet uttered by one's own lips, it must be acknowledged that it was reasonable. An afflicted and pleasing young girl couldn't be so severely reproached, so deeply disgraced as an elderly civil servant with a solid reputation to keep up. Besides, morally, he was not guilty of the crime.

On deck after breakfast, the Captain, making his jokeful daily round, was attacked by the victim from Cabin Number Ten. Number Ten, it now appeared, was Mrs. Mallet—a born, inveterate public butt, grotesquely fat and shrill, dressed in bursting scarlet—the kind of incredible creature that is seen only in public places like ships, hotels, or private views of bad paintings.

"It's an outrage, Captain," she squealed from behind her mountainous bust as she lay prone on her deck chair. "I might have died. Peacefully asleep like a baby, and then to be woke up like that . . . I tell you, Captain, you must put the man in irons once you find him; it would have been manslaughter aforethought if I'd died. And I nearly did die. I simply crumpled up and fell into the steward's arms. He told me he said to himself, 'Good God, Mrs. Mallet's done for.' . . . I tell you, Captain, if nothing's done, my husband'll sue the company for damages."

The hearts of all the chivalrous men within earshot all down the deck hardened. The Captain's heart hardened. Even a victim needs charm. A charmless lamb can be more hated than the most aggressive butcher. The Captain, his kind face pink with anger, murmured remote reassurances in a sour voice. He drifted away. Mrs. Mallet continued to squeal after him. He drifted round the corner of the deck, swallowing an innocent sailor's oath. He came upon Miss Foss, plump, neglected, thirstily watching a men's shuffleboard foursome. None of the players spoke to her for fear lest she should try to answer. The Captain laid his hand on her arm. Fresh from his encounter with the victim, he felt strangely tender towards the aggressor. "You naughty, naughty, naughty gal," he said in a portentous voice and wagged his finger with a somber archness in her face.

"P-s-s-s-sh-k-k-k" sprayed Miss Foss.

"What you ticking the poor gal off for, Captain?" asked a chivalrous shuffleboarder.

"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies," said the Captain. "She's a naughty, naughty gal." He winked and rolled away. Within half an hour it was known all over the ship that that Foss girl had turned the hose on the Pink Balloon. Ha-ha. Hee-hee. Wouldn't have thought she had it in her. . . .

Mr. Dunder heard the news in the smoking room and felt dimly resentful, cheated, envious of the heroine's fame. "So easy for young people to get away with things," he thought. "People never give a man over forty credit for any spirit or sense of humor."

And at the dance that night, as he sat in a corner, too shy to ask anyone to dance with him, he glowered upon Miss Foss as she danced round and round, enjoying the fame that should have been his. She was much in demand to-night, she flushed continually to veiled, roguish flatteries. She was a new girl. She punctuated her hisses and splutterings with fluent squeaks of appreciation, with smackings of arch protest. Her stammer was now felt to be a sly disguise for sportiveness; she was "deep" but a "good sport." Every young man asked her to dance and showed himself glad to answer on her behalf his own questions. And as she danced past Mr. Dunder for the twentieth time, she suddenly caught sight of him through her mist of happiness. Her eyes dwelt on his for a second or two with a look of the most genuine and obsequious gratitude.

WHOM DOES CONGRESS REPRESENT?

THE PROBLEM BEHIND THE LOBBIES

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

FOR more than a year newspaper headlines have been snapping with electric alarms over lobbies in Washington. The most moral nation on earth is in confusion respecting its morals. Senator Bingham places the Secretary to the President of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association on the pay roll of the Senate and introduces him, as an "expert" on tariff schedules, into the sanctuary of the Republican finance committee in charge of the tariff bill. In this action the Senator sees no impropriety. "Nothing was done," he says, "contrary to good morals or senatorial ethics." Senator Bingham is a scholar and a gentleman. He is the son of a clergyman; he was brought up in a moral atmosphere, educated at Yale and Harvard where morals are strong, and seasoned in the moral climate of New Haven. If he is not a good one hundred per cent American, then the species is extinct. Those who know him best bear witness to the rectitude of his intentions in public and private life. At most they would be merely willing to admit, with one of his Connecticut constituents, that "the Senator has been a leetle bit careless."

And yet the Senate of the United States, after full debate and by a considerable majority, censures Senator Bingham, declaring that his action is contrary to good morals and senatorial ethics, and tends to damage the honor and reputation of that august body. Great as is the authority behind it, this resolution does not dispose of the issue. When does the innocent and accurate representation of economic interest in the Senate become immoral? As Wendell Phillips once remarked, a majority settles nothing; one man on God's side may be right and prevail. Hence the incident merely illustrates the confusion that exists in the mind of the most moral of all nations.

Now Senator Norris, who led in censuring Senator Bingham, is undoubtedly a gentleman also and a hundred per cent American—from an agricultural state. He was born in Ohio, educated in American institutions of learning, and early imbued with the doctrines of Abraham Lincoln. He is one of the most useful members of the Senate, acknowledged by foes as well as friends to be beyond reproach in public and private life. Over the long years of his service hovers not a single cloud of suspicion. The fierce glare of scrutiny to which powerful opponents have subjected his character has revealed no flaws in it. He was not educated at Yale and has never written any books, but the authenticity of his Americanism cannot be questioned. This is the good citizen who finds that other good citizen, Mr. Bingham, guilty of conduct contrary to morals and senatorial ethics, and sets the whole country at work talking about its conscience.

The moral chance medley thus created was further addled by the frank declarations of Mr. J. R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, before the Senate subcommittee investigating lobbies. Manufacturers, he said, had raised a large sum of money

to help elect Mr. Coolidge and a larger sum to help elect Mr. Hoover; the Republican party pledged itself to high protection; the people approved that party; and manufacturers were entitled to the benefits contemplated when they made their contributions of cash.

If necessary to gain his ends, Mr. Grundy would lay his hands upon the sacred muniment handed down by the Fathers—the Constitution of the United States. He openly said that it was a misfortune that the Fathers had given each state two Senators. He insisted that the states in which industries have been largely developed and the tariff is best understood should control in the making of tariff schedules. "The backward states," as he called them—Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Idaho—"shouldn't be allowed to throw the monkey wrench into the machinery twenty-four hours a day." He remarked that if "the volume of voice" of these states in the Senate were reduced to the proportion of their tax contributions to the support of the Government, some of them would have to use an amplifier to be heard at all. Mr. Grundy saw no "impropriety" in Mr. Bingham's action which the Senate censured. In short, he was businesslike. And many good people, especially Democratic editors, were shocked to hear that the manufacturers wanted political power graded somewhat according to the size of their economic stake in the country. To philosophers of this direction, Mr. Grundy seemed positively immoral.

II

Why this confusion in morals, this opposition of good men, tried and true? What is the Congress of the United States anyway? Whom and what does it represent? What principles or forces should control the action of the statesmen who compose it?

These questions cannot be answered by mere reference to yesterday's tabloid newspaper, nor to Senator Sugarbeet's last Fourth of July oration, nor to Senator Pigiron's eulogium at the tomb of his colleague, Senator Citrusfruit. A quest for the answer runs deep into the history, theory, and practice of representative government; and those who cannot bear the thought of such a dusty search must forego the pleasure of illuminating the daily headline grist.

Representative government originated in Europe in the Middle Ages, in the necessity of kings. They had to collect money to pay for their wars and support their courts. When their private purses ran short, they invited the various classes of potential taxpayers to send delegates to some central place to speak (*parler*) with the king about the amount and manner of their coming taxation. In calling on his subjects for financial aid, he invited only the possessors of goods to take part in elections and representative assemblies. There was no use asking anybody to vote or serve as a delegate who had no property out of which to contribute to the royal chest.

If Mr. Bingham and Mr. Norris were sitting in King Edward III's parliament instead of the Congress of the United States, they would frankly represent and speak for the commercial and agricultural interests respectively. For all parliaments, in their origins, were mirrors of the estates of the realm—clergy (as proprietors of lands and goods), baronage, landed gentry, burgesses, and sometimes free peasants. Broadly speaking, land and commerce was each given "a volume of voice." People who had no land or were not engaged in business simply were not heard at all. A member of the English House of Commons from London in the days of Elizabeth and Essex was an agent of the merchants of the metropolis, openly and without sense of sin. In his speeches he did not feel bound to refer every few sentences to "the majesty of the people."

When the representative system was transplanted to these shores the old English practice of associating representation

with property came with it. To be sure, there were no estates in Colonial America—clergy, barons, and burgesses—in the legal sense, but there were men with different degrees and kinds of property, to use James Madison's accurate phrase. These people alone could vote and sit in colonial assemblies in the great year of grace, 1776.

And the principle was continued in the first American state constitutions. For example, Massachusetts distributed representation in her senate among the towns on the basis of tax contributions, and gave the vote only to men who held land or personal property worth so much a year. Against fundamental changes in this perfect order John Adams and Daniel Webster, one looking to the past and the other to the future, lifted their voices high in the Massachusetts constitutional convention of 1820. Even the Better America League, as well as Mr. Norris, would have to admit that the Fathers connected representation with taxation.

III

But just at the very moment when the Fathers were setting up their first state governments on the foundation of property, on the age-long assumption that only the possessors of goods should have a "volume of voice" in representation, a new doctrine was spreading throughout western Europe. Though ancient in its origins, this new gospel was strikingly presented by the French radical, Rousseau, in his flaming diatribe, *The Social Contract*. In brief it may be outlined as follows: Human society began in an original contract made between free and equal men, and the true and moral source of all political authority is the general will of such men. In the formulation of this will all individuals (men) share alike.

With logical vengeance, Rousseau carried this theory to mathematical finality: if there are ten thousand active citizens in any society, then each citizen has one ten-thousandth part of the political power. But what if they cannot all agree? Rousseau anticipates this possibility: the general will is expressed by the majority—in some cases, by an extraordinary majority of three-fourths. What of the minority outvoted? Rousseau has an answer. "When," he says, "the opinion contrary to mine prevails, it only shows that I was mistaken, and that what I supposed to be the general will was not general."

In this scheme of politics there is no property, there are no classes, groups, or estates. All heads are, for political purposes, equal and alike; each individual has the same amount of power; the voter is an abstract man, a disembodied spirit; he is not engaged in agriculture, or in running a factory, or in speculating on the stock market. And this order is based on "natural rights," on the dignity, worth, and value of the human being as such.

A revolutionary doctrine opposed to the "divine right" of kings, Rousseau's creed served well the French people in the lurid days when they were levelling the ancient monarchy to earth.

Searching in old English writings, Thomas Jefferson found a similar doctrine and elaborated it with fundamental distinctions of his own. As Professor Chinard points out in his recent book on Jefferson, the Virginia philosopher may not have known Rousseau's theory. At all events, in the Declaration of Independence he starts with the fundamental proposition that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is to be noted that Jefferson did not include "property" among the unalienable rights. Nor was this omission due to inadvertence. Years later when Lafayette laid before Jefferson his "Declaration of the Rights of Man," containing among them "the right to property," the Sage of Monticello suggested the elimination of property from the list.

This did not mean that he was opposed to private property, but that it was not to be included in the program of natural rights strictly considered. Here is the root of that Jeffersonian philosophy which "exalts the man above the dollar," which assigns people with little property "a volume of voice" louder than that of their money (even though cash may talk in subterranean places).

In the long contests of parties and states, surging up in wars and revolutions, the doctrine of "free-and-equal men," associated with the names of Rousseau and Jefferson, triumphed throughout the Western world as the accepted talking-point of politics. And indeed it was not all window-dressing. It became a force in itself: ideas as well as facts influence the conduct of human beings. It softened the sharp edge of propertied classes by imposing upon them moral obligations running counter to pure self-interest. It inspired whole movements and great programs of humane legislation, assisted of course by agitations and revolutionary threats on the part of propertyless persons.

In spite of the contempt poured upon it by the spiritual heirs of Alexander Hamilton, it has become so enshrined in American traditions that it is safe to keep copies of the Declaration of Independence in public school buildings and to read it to immature school children—except in times of war and rebellion when the exigencies of public safety make it inexpedient. Whatever he may think, no candidate for Congress would now dare to say openly in any part of the Union that those who own the property of the country ought by rights to govern it. Of course, Mr. Grundy may bluntly assert, in effect, that the manufacturing capitalists ought to make the tariff schedules, but doubtless the Senator and Representatives from his state look upon his statement as a *faux pas*, if nothing worse.

As a matter of fact, the general structure of the American government is apparently reared on the "free-and-equal principle." Members of the House of Representatives are apportioned among the states on the basis of their respective population—free-and-equal heads—not on the basis of the amount of property owned or taxes paid. They are elected by the head-counting process. In the House all heads are equal on roll call. If two Senators are assigned to each state, irrespective of their populations, this is a historic concession to political entities, not to any rights of property. The arithmeticians of politics have pointed out that during the fiscal year ended in June, 1929, the state of New York contributed to the Federal Government in income and miscellaneous taxes more than twenty-eight times the amount contributed by eight of Mr. Grundy's "backward states" combined: Arizona, Arkansas, Idaho, Georgia, Mississippi, Montana, North Dakota, and South Dakota. In short, according to outward signs, the Congress of the United States is based on free-and-equal heads and free-and-equal states.

IV

Did the Fathers who framed the Constitution and set up this Congress really believe in Jefferson's free-and-equal doctrine? The answer is emphatic: most of them certainly did not, least of all James Madison, who succeeded Jefferson in the presidency. Did classes, groups, estates, property owners, and economic interests disappear when government was turned over to free-and-equal heads, irrespective of their goods? The census returns give a negative reply. In the ample days of Andrew Jackson, when white manhood suffrage practically triumphed over property, there were still in the country planters, freeholders, manufacturers, bankers, mechanics, factory operatives, farm hands, and many other orders and estates. No doubt, the owners of goods were at first somewhat afraid lest "horny-handed sons of toil" despoil them of their possessions by political processes, but their alarms were ground-

less and they managed to hold to what they had. The only great expropriation that has taken place in America since that day is the confiscation and emancipation of the planters' property in slaves (about four billion dollars), and that high act had the sanction of Northern manufacturers and farmers—all property owners.* No; the shift in political creed meant no fundamental changes in the distribution of wealth and the structure of economic society.

And to some extent this outcome was due to the fact that the framers of the Constitution did not believe in Jefferson's free-and-equal creed but concerned themselves extensively with projects for preventing its strict and logical operation in politics. In other words, the creed proclaimed for popular uses did not correspond to the realities of life and politics as seen by the Fathers. Eleven years after the Declaration of Independence, James Madison, in a number of the *Federalist* pleading with the voters to ratify the pending Constitution of the United States, pointed out the perils of majority rule—government by head-counting. More than that, he showed that the principal business of legislation was the regulation of various and interfering economic interests and that the various and interfering economic interests affected by it (favorably or adversely) would have the making of such legislation.

Let Madison speak for himself: "A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views." Here, says Madison, is the prime source of political parties and factions. Of course, no sacred Republican or holy Democrat would admit it to-day, but such was the view of an influential framer of the Constitution.

*Perhaps the destruction of the property of the liquor interests should be mentioned under this head, but it merely adorns the tale.

And Madison goes on remorselessly to add: "And what are the different classes of legislators but advocates and parties to the causes which they determine? Is a law proposed concerning private debts? It is a question to which the creditors are parties on one side and the debtors on the other. . . . Shall domestic manufactures be encouraged, and in what degree, by restrictions on foreign manufactures? are questions which would be differently decided by the landed and the manufacturing classes, and probably by neither with a sole regard to justice and the public good." Mr. Grundy was anticipated.

Leading members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 foresaw that a conflict of economic interests, especially between commerce and agriculture, would always run through the politics of the Federal Government, whatever obeisance was made to "free people" or "backward states" as such. Moreover, they believed that in the long run head-counting on the principle of equality would not create equality in political power and "volume of voice," no matter how firmly established in legal declaration.

On this ground, Gouverneur Morris advocated giving one branch of Congress, the Senate, directly and frankly to the concentrated wealth of the country. He was convinced that if no distinction was made between the Senate and the House, if both branches were elected by general suffrage, the rich would control both of them. It is true that he feared the masses, perhaps as much as Hamilton, but he feared also the classes.

To obviate danger from this source, he proposed to give the masses their own legislative chamber and the classes theirs; he thought that, by recognizing economic facts in our constitutional system, moral confusion would be cleared up and public business would be conducted on the philosophy of "as is."

"The rich," he said, "will strive to establish their dominion and enslave the rest. They always did. They always

will. The proper security against them is to form them into a separate interest. The two forces will then control each other. Let the rich mix with the poor and in a commercial country they will establish an Oligarchy. Take away commerce and the democracy will triumph. Thus it has been all the world over. So it will be among us." Under Morris's scheme, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Eyanson's chief (not Mr. Eyanson, the hired man, or Mr. Bingham, the scholar) would be in the Senate. They would not have to resort to lobbying, propaganda, and back-stairs methods to gain their ends. They would not be subjected to charges of violating the "ethics" of the Senate. But the Morris project failed in the Constitutional Convention.

So did all other schemes for frankly bringing economic interests to a focus in various branches of the Federal Government. A proposition to apportion representation on the basis of wealth was defeated; it would have put agriculture in the saddle in 1787 and, besides, it ran counter to the vested interests of politicians in the small states, bent on equality. At one time the convention carried a motion instructing a committee to fix property qualifications for members of Congress. Only one delegate spoke against it on principle. Benjamin Franklin, who was familiar with Pennsylvania politics, said that "some of the greatest rogues he was ever acquainted with were the richest rogues." The convention adopted also a resolution favoring a property qualification for the presidency; Pinckney of South Carolina (state of Tillman and Blease) thought that this was highly desirable. Gouverneur Morris wanted a property qualification put on voters. A careful student, S. H. Miller, who has examined all the evidence on these points, correctly concludes that the lack of property qualifications for office in the Constitution is not owing to any opposition of the Convention to such qualifications *per se*.

The absence of such property qualifications is certainly not due to any belief in Jefferson's free-and-equal doctrine. It is due rather to the fact that the members of the Convention could not agree on the nature and amount of the qualifications. Naturally a landed qualification was suggested, but for obvious reasons it was rejected. Although it was satisfactory to the landed gentry of the South, it did not suit the financial, commercial, and manufacturing gentry of the North. If it was high, the latter would be excluded; if it was low it would let in the populistic farmers who had already made so much trouble in the state legislatures with paper-money schemes and other devices for "relieving agriculture." One of the chief reasons for calling the convention and framing the Constitution was to promote commerce and industry and to protect personal property against the "depredations" of Jefferson's noble freeholders. On the other hand a personal-property qualification, high enough to please merchant princes like Robert Morris and Nathaniel Gorham would shut out the Southern planters. Again, an alternative of land or personal property, high enough to afford safeguards to large interests, would doubtless bring about the rejection of the whole Constitution by the trouble-making farmers who had to pass upon the question of ratification.

None of the Fathers appears to have called the agrarians of his day "sons of wild jackasses" or "sons of the wild jackass," after the fashion of Doctor Moses, the cultivated graduate of Dartmouth (Webster's institution), but they entertained sentiments akin to those of the New Hampshire Senator. Unable to agree upon any satisfactory scheme for keeping such "creatures" out of the Federal Government, they trusted to checks and balances to prevent damage, and left land and commerce to battle as best they could under a constitutional system that, in the nature of the circumstances, had to recognize free-and-equal heads and free-and-equal states rather than proud-and-efficient dollars.

To check, balance, and refine the views and sentiments of groups and classes—that was the great object to which the framers of the Constitution directed their attention. They assumed that these diverse interests would endure, and they sought "to secure the public good and private rights" against the assaults and ambitions of mere numerical majorities representing one or more major interests in society. They foresaw the Hannas and Grundys, the Bryans and La Follettes of the modern age. They did not expect the government to be conducted by disembodied spirits without reference to the practical interests of their constituencies. And in their writings and speeches they tried to instruct the American public in the true nature of political substance.

V

But they failed. Their Constitution endures, a monument to their amazing wisdom, and the Government of the United States operates very much as they expected it would. But few people read their writings or pay any attention to the sound political science which they formulated. American citizens act like Alexander Hamilton and talk like Thomas Jefferson, and that largely accounts for their confusion in morals. Instead of studying and carrying forward the principles of the Fathers, they grope around in an atmosphere of verbiage that has little or no relation to the motivating forces of politics.

There is no use in talking about removing economic interests from politics. It cannot be done, at least in any civilized or half-civilized society. Even if capitalists and farmers could be abolished by confiscating their property in the name of the state, economic interests would remain—farms, factories, railways, mines, banks, government officials, technicians, and various groups of workers powerfully organized. Questions of hours, wages, and working conditions would still perplex and would have to be decided with reference to the parties in the case. Even the most obtuse Bolshevik has learned this from the battle of Trotsky against the bureaucrats, if from no other source. Misunderstandings, hatreds, and perils arise from the refusal to recognize what the Fathers well knew, namely, that the chief business of government is the regulation of various and interfering economic interests—regulation to which the interested persons are themselves parties.

Suppose that we should eliminate from the Congress of the United States all members who hold land, or stocks, or bonds, or other property affected by laws enacted by that body, who and how many would be left? Jefferson once suggested some such removal with respect to certain measures before Congress. In the early days of the Republic, when many Senators and Representatives were enriching themselves by voting laws raising the prices of the government bonds which they held, Jefferson declared that "decency and honesty" required that such members should have refrained from voting. And yet he himself proposed to fill Congress with men representing primarily the agricultural interest, who, it may be presumed, would have voted laws in favor of, rather than against, their economic advantage. Were not slaveholders pushing a fugitive-slave bill about as much "interested" in the enterprise as stockholders in factories engaged in pushing a protective tariff bill? The matter is not so simple as some of our chimney-corner moralists would have us believe.

Doubtless the investigating Senators from agricultural states would admit that in promoting the interests of farmers they are fixing their minds on economic things quite as much as Mr. Grundy in advancing the interests of manufacturers. Perhaps farmers did not give as much to Mr. Hoover's campaign fund. It may be that they have no lobby in Washington as powerful as Mr. Grundy's Association. Yet, though a minority in the country, they have a "volume of

voice." Certainly statesmen from their regions, like all other statesmen, have their ears to the ground; if they did not, they would soon cease to be statesmen—at least gainfully employed. According to one of Ex-President Coolidge's favorite stories, the late Joseph G. Cannon vowed that William McKinley kept his ear so close to the earth that it was always full of grasshoppers. The yarn may be apocryphal; if not that, it is ancient in technology. Statesmen now have microphones so finely tuned that they can hear in Washington the hops of grasshoppers in Iowa.

And what about the relation of lobbies to this process of hearing, seeing, and feeling? Suppose a summary removal of all the oil, railway, shipping, steel, farm, and other economic agencies engaged in "building fires" behind Senators and Representatives, giving "information" to them, stirring up "public sentiment," advancing their interests "in the name of public welfare." Suppose that only disembodied righteousness were left—the people who want to do good—the anti-cigarette committee, the Sunday observance association, and the like. Could we be sure that only good would result? By no means. It is notorious that some of the worst oppression and most disastrous mistakes in history must be ascribed to the honest good. Although some cynic has suggested that the heretic burners of the Middle Ages often had their eyes on the lands and chattels of the condemned, the point cannot be pressed; the operators of the Spanish Inquisition were holy men, fairly devoid of economic interest, and hell-bent on doing good. On the other hand the mercantile capitalist, while looking out primarily for himself, has been one of the humanizing forces of the modern age, incidentally working for freedom of intercourse and toleration. Those who try to do good frequently do harm, and those who pursue their own interests intelligently frequently do good. Such is the economy of Providence!

If so, what then is the upshot? Certainly we can never clear up our confusion by prosecuting amid great uproar fellow-citizens who occasionally allow cupidity to get the better of discretion, by censuring the blunt for doing openly what the sophisticated do artfully, or by cheering and weeping when "shocking" revelations break into the headlines. Some of our perplexity would be eliminated, of course, if we adopted Mr. Grundy's proposition to abolish the equality of states in the Senate and distribute representation in that chamber according to free-and-equal heads. In this case, the industrial states would have no effective opposition and Congress would be run to suit the manufacturers; Mr. Bingham would be praised for his perspicacity, not censured for violating senatorial ethics. In this case also, agriculture would be at the mercy of machine capitalism and would swiftly sink to the position it occupies in Great Britain—with similar fateful consequences. An ever larger proportion of the sons and daughters of farmers would be herded in the dreary tenements of industrial cities—transformed into tenders of engines or unemployed proletarians. And the economy of those who remained on the land would be "controlled" as Mr. Grundy suggested. That would be a way of carrying a class fight unintelligently to a disastrous finish. That would be one way of dissipating our moral miasma.

There is, however, another and better way. If the above analysis is sound, our confusion in morals is due to the intellectual climate we have created for ourselves. Our political theory and our Sunday loquacity do not conform to the pattern of our week-day economic conduct. Our teachers of ethics give too much attention to Aristotle and Kant and too little to the reports of congressional investigating committees. Our psychologists, deep in a world of dreams and instincts, refuse to recognize the place of economics in behavior. Our biographers are busy making heroes big or little rather than intelligible. Above

all, our political science, as taught, sung, and praised, leaves economics out of the picture, and our economics, as taught, sung, and praised, neglects politics. Both are fictitious, misleading, and demoralizing to our youth, for they spread false notions of the world in which life must be lived.

The solution of our problem, therefore, lies in a return to the Fathers, a restoration of political thinking to the economic foundation from which it has been removed, but with wide-open regard for the potentialities of the engineering age which they did not foresee. Science and machinery have made crude class fights archaic; contestants by their folly annually waste more than the marginal amount at stake in their disputes. Hence a mere balance of powers is not enough. The necessary rediscovery of the Fathers means a new Science of Political Economy that transcends the everlasting battle of capitalism and agriculture for advantage—a science that has its points of reference or bench marks, not in the bald interests of cotton spinners or wheat raisers, but in the very center of Planned National Economy. If the American mind can emerge from the smoke of "moral turpitude," it will be equal to the task of creating this Science. Emergence, therefore, is the beginning of achievement.

BLIZZARD

BY HELENE MAGARET

THE prairies are brittle beneath the snow.
The sky wears a monk's black cowl.
All night the low winds silently blow,
And the high winds howl.

The ghosts of coyotes and dead wolves creep
Over the hills where Blackfoot fell,
While three Dakotas soundly sleep
In the town hotel.

IN THE SHADE OF THE TREE

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WHEN you see a very old person you are apt to think what can there be in living for that one? You wonder to yourself, what has he got? Well, he's got this: he's got his memories. So have we all, you say. But memories, you say, are not meat of adventure or wine of hope for daily sustenance; they are but thin stuff, ghost and gone. You don't know the memories of the old.

A cow, walking across the morning pastures, tears her mouthfuls here and there, half in haste, eye on some rich tuft ahead. A boy, a man in his prime—he does the same. Broken grasses, little tasted.

The savor is in the cud. Lying by and by in the shade of the tree of age, redrawing it up the gullet of the years—no, it is no thin stuff, ghost and gone. Now it begins for the first time to surrender its inner juices to the unhurried tongue, presently pungent, vividly sweet. What is this? A tang of wind-tossed stems from the hilltops of excitement. And this? Lush, deep clover of loves accomplished, triumphs won. And this, to sting the appetite? Thistle of passing sorrows and small defeats.

No, no; commonly when a man comes to a certain age he steps right clear of the law. He's eaten his cake, and here's his cake to eat again.

Commonly. But sometimes there's to be found an old man condemned by this or that to live imprisoned in today, this morning, this evening, to-morrow morning, dustily present, pitilessly awake. It's like the predicament of a camel in the desert with his hump cut off. Or it's like that torture devised to drive a man crazy, the trick of denying him sleep for days and nights on end, continually jerking him back out of the beginnings of dreams by a tickle or a buffet or an abrupt loud sound, like the ringing of a bell.

In Leander Killen's case the instrument was, in fact, a bell. The clangor of that bell, hung outside the back door where his garden ran down to the river, had fetched him back to here-and-now so often, so many hours, days, and years, that now he couldn't have dreamed off if it had stopped and let him. It was as if his powers of reminiscence, too long denied, had fallen into atrophy—worse than the powers even—the appetite.

It's one thing to be a young man without a past; it's another to be an old one. Leander had come clear of the law the wrong way. Not only hadn't he his cake to eat; it was as though he never had had it; he hadn't even the lingering taste of it left. He hadn't anything left now but his hatred of that bell.

He hadn't even his garden, and this was because his eyes had been frozen permanently open by the habit of that alarm, and he couldn't close them to repicture what a brave garden it once was; he had no way of seeing it but as a senile, shallow ground, whiskered with fewer flowers, beans, and lettuces than with weeds, now his hoe had grown so dull.

Weeding is not so bad; it's work to do without thinking. The trouble was Leander thought about the weeds as he

went at them, having nothing else with which to occupy his mind.

The two o'clock sun, coming from across the river, lay on his face, a heavy glare. Bang, bang, feebly, went his hoe. How tough the ragweed stems had grown. Stubborn things! Damned things! Bang, bang . . .

Clang! . . . That bell!

Shame that it was, there used to be a moment of mutiny, in other days.

There was none now. Letting the hoe-handle fall from his hand, he turned and hastened slowly up the garden. "Yes, yes, I'm coming, ain't I?"

He entered the kitchen. His eyes wide open, he saw everything there, the mop-marks left by the woman who came in the morning, the towels drying on a string over the stove, the soiled plate of his dinner on the oilcloth-covered table. He had never in his memory seen the room otherwise. As many years as his rusty consciousness ran back, what seemed his whole life, every dingy thing had been just so.

He passed through a dark hallway and came into his wife's room.

"Yes, my dear?"

"I feel like I'm going to die, L'ander. I'm sorry to be such a . . ."

"Now, now! Pshaw!"

"But I never felt this way before. It's a giddiness."

It seemed to Leander that if he had ever been a boy he must have stood in this room with his little cap off, listening to this old, bedridden woman saying, "I never felt this way before; it's a giddiness." For he couldn't seem to arouse himself to imagine her as ever having been anything but a cadaverous martyr pinioned beneath a stuffy-smelling quilt.

"It scares me, L'ander."

"Now, now! Would you be comfortabler if I put you on your side?"

"I might try it that way. But I don't know."

It began to take his strength these days to get her rolled over.

"There, I'm sure you'll be comfortabler now. You know your giddiness is always better for turning."

"So you don't believe me. You think I'm just putting on, for sympathy." The woman twisted her mouth in a wan, secretive smile. "I'm glad you can. After all, what good is it your getting upset any sooner than you have to?"

"Oh, no, no, mama, you don't think for a minute . . ."

The invalid bit her lip and turned her face away. "Go back to your garden, L'ander, out into the air and sunshine. I—I shall be all right."

"If you're not, all you have to do is pull the bell; I'll come in quick."

"Will you? I hate to—but—you used to come quicker. I suppose . . ."

"Now, now, don't you worry, I'll come on the run."

Leander went out doors, took up the hoe, and banged at a weed.

It was Saturday. Young Mr. Cotton next door was out in his garden. He had rank rows of beans and a strong stand of cabbages. He smiled to himself as he studied the antique figure beyond the pickets. "Myra," he said to his wife, "wouldn't it kill you? Look at him standing there, innocent as bliss, square in the middle of the only decent button-chrysanthemum he's got, whacking for the past five minutes at one old sunflower stalk!"

Mrs. Cotton smiled too, but there was a shine of moisture in her eyes.

"Poor man, we oughtn't to laugh at him. If ever there was a saint on earth . . ." There were ten very old frame houses in the row, Gibb's Terrace, and she spoke for nine of them. "I hate to think what'll happen to him when *she* goes."

Her husband looked sober. "When she passes on, you mean?"

"He won't last long beyond her, Jack. They don't, not when they've been together as long as those two, so devoted, wrapped up in each other, like a pair of lovers. If there were more like him today!"

Cotton didn't know whether there was

a dig at him in that. He squatted down, creasing his brow. "Here's a worm got into this cabbage."

"It's because he does love her." The woman's eyes were wetter than ever as she went back to her perennial borders.

Over in the next yard Leander said to himself, "I hate her!" It made him jump. He had never shaped the thought before. Only a monstrous disaster could have provoked it now. Plodding in circles after weeds, here he had come on the one ewe-lamb among his button-chrysanthemums laid in ruin. He stood with his chin hanging. The work of a vandal! There lay the footprints bold to see among the broken stems. Whose? Leander hadn't an enemy he could name. Had he? Had he given anyone cause, without knowing it . . . ? It was too upsetting; he wrested his mind away. Let it go for just one of those things that are always happening. Concentrate on something else.

Now he could concentrate on the larger aspects of his bitterness. It was not that plant alone, it was the whole garden. How could he be expected to make a decent garden when no sooner had he a plan matured or an action started than it was shattered and scattered beyond memory's recall by that damned bell?

Till to-day he had been at pains to keep his anger centered on that bell. Unconsciously afraid of shame, he had tied a knot in the bell-cord over which his passionate resentment could not slide to run along it and come to the ringing hand. . . . Now it was like a bolt from the blue of truth:

"I hate her!"

He tried to undo it by forgetting he had said it. He threw himself against the weeds. His hoe must have wondered at the renewed violence of his hands.

Batter and bang—what odds what his blade hit? If he could but have kept it up at that pace! Perspiration, thin as water, broke from his skin. He found of a sudden that all the while he had been holding his breath.

He stood to breathe. He felt strangely terror-smitten. His gaze, turning this way and that, came to the masts of the shipping, sticks as fine as spider-thread a mile away down the river, and remained there dully. It marks the complete atrophy of his imagination that those sticks, which for the normal man, wherever seen, will set fancy straightway towering, golden cloud in a blue wind, ebullient hail of up-anchor, freed heart, swift keel, the narrow room of trouble forgotten, the ineffable, perilous embrace of space—it marks it, that in old Leander's sight they stood but lesser brothers of the clothes-posts running in ranks down the diminishing yards. If they aroused any emotion at all, it was one of querulous protest: "Why do people want to keep moving about; why not be quiet and rest?"

As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of his mind was fixed on the business of breathing. Once he let up on it, here he was, holding his breath again.

Why? Something was amiss. What? Something in the world of this afternoon was so weirdly changed that his lungs wouldn't, or couldn't, do their work. Perhaps it's so a fish feels, taken out of water into the air.

He opened his mind a crack. Was it that he had said, "I hate her!"?

He tried to close it again, but now a pair of figures coming up the river bank prevented him. A sailor and a girl.

It was a favorite stroll for sailors wanting to get girls out into the country the shortest way. Leander's eyes followed them past the bottom of the garden. Though the lass was not the prettiest in the world, nor her lad the most prepossessing, there was something in the hunger of the arm he threw about her swiftly at the lilac cover by the fence-corner that had a beauty quite unrelated to either of them—even despite them—as if willfully mingling with their amorphous young excitement a tenderness, a larger yearning, a nobler groping of its own.

"How lucky he is," thought Leander.

"Head over heels in love with her." He struck his hoe on the dust with a sudden ferocity. "Why wouldn't he be?" He wheeled and faced the backs of the kindly, neighborly houses, like an animal cornered. "No, I won't take it back, nor you can't shame me into it!"

As he recommenced his hacking at the weeds he muttered to himself, "Why should a man be ashamed for looking at the truth?"

He seemed to be getting an immense amount done this afternoon. Freshly pecked-at soil ran in long snake-trails around him. At a price, though. Whether it was this continued holding of his breath, or what, he grew as wobbly with weariness as if he had done the work of three ordinary shifts. Yet now he was so nervous he couldn't stop till he was stopped.

Unconsciously, all this while that seemed the length of hours, he was waiting for that bell to ring.

A ray of the lowering sun struck under his lids.

So it wasn't that it seemed hours. It *was* hours.

There was a clump of dandelions. It was in the turf border of a bed, so he couldn't use the hoe. But every time he took hold of the sticky leaves to try to pull its roots out they broke in his fingers.

He straightened, wheeled, and cried aloud at the bell.

"What's the matter with you? Why don't you ring?"

He hurried slowly up the yard. He passed through the kitchen and the hall.

"Mama," he said, at the doorway to her room.

No answer. It was not like her to sleep so soundly.

"Mama!"

He went in and shook her by the shoulder. But she didn't wake.

The sun rested on the woods beyond the river; indoors it was already dusk. So many neighbors had come in to manage things for the old man, the house seemed crowded to suffocation with their tip-toeing business. They had the wisdom of the humble. They preoccupied themselves with practical matters, tidying the place, especially the room where the body lay, calling up the elected undertaker, preparing supper for the bereaved one, when he refused dumbly to go out for it to another house. So, overtly—while privily their one preoccupation was in that figure seated bolt up in a chair in a corner of the death-chamber, hands folded, motionless as wood.

"When he *does* come to!" they whispered among them. "When he *does* begin to cry— Oh, dear!" But there were some who thought differently. "No, this is the worst—this while he's stunned yet. Crying eases the pain."

Leander sat there, staring at the sheeted bed for upwards of an hour without a sign of emotion of any sort changing the muscles of his face.

It was dreadful, this waiting for him to break.

"He don't realize yet. Somebody's got to do something."

One man, nerving himself to it, went in and laid a hand on Leander's shoulder. "Come, Mr. Killen."

Rattled, he began to shake the peak of skin and bone. "The ladies've got some supper for you in the kitchen, Mr. Killen. You ought to eat something—do you good. That's the man!"

In the hall, the others put fingers to their lips and bent their ears

Silence.

"Mr. Killen, now, come. We understand what this means to you, one and all. But you've got to help us if we're to help you."

There was a break at last. Low, harsh, throat-trapped, a sound of brief laughter, a cartilaginous cackle.

Leander came out of the room then faster than they had thought his feet would carry him. It gave them no time to wipe the confusion from their faces. Over his own, at the sight, spread a redness of more blood than they

had supposed was in him. There was a savage misery in his eyes. They thought, "How awful. He's too old for it, and he's gone queer." Aloud they said, "There's some supper for you in the kitchen. That's it, take an arm, out this way. Sit down right here and have a bite."

But Leander had another purpose. Cutting loose in mid-floor he followed the line of his own shuffling momentum and passed out of the back door.

Alarm. "What's he doing? Catch him. Somebody must go with him."

Young Mrs. Cotton had a ray of sense. "Let him be. He just wants to get out in his garden, alone; and maybe it's the very best thing."

Leander went down to the bottom of the garden. It was true, he wanted to be alone and rid of them. He wished passionately they were all dead too. Damned whisperers, damned tear-dabbers, why couldn't they have come straight out with it, "Poor, poor fellow, your heart is broken and we know it, so why try to keep the sobs back? It's too stunning a blow, too cruel a loss."

He had an impulse to go back and brutally challenge them, "What loss? Say! Frankly, putting sentimentality aside, describe it to me."

He could see their faces. They'd feel silly enough then. But no they wouldn't. They'd only signal to one another, "See, it's unhinged his mind."

For that hadn't escaped him, in the hall. The heat of it still burned his cheeks and temples, its redness doubled by the light from the dome of sunset reared above the trans-river woods.

What if they were right, and it *was* his mind? He grew aware of a kind of numbness, lying not in him but tight around him, like an iron cloak. Was it possible they were the right ones and he the twisted and wrong?

With a scared sincerity he tried to think of some single thing in his life with his wife, the loss of which would have subtracted from his happiness. He'd be reasonable; he wouldn't take to-day, or yesterday; he'd struggle back into the past. Ten years. Twenty years. It was still yesterday, still to-day. Twenty-five, then—a quarter of a century. An ache in the brain. Calling on emotional memory for so long a leap was like asking power of a machine wrecked by rust.

Maybe he could begin to do it by and by. Perhaps with time, now he had been given the gift of time . . .

Clang!

Sweat struck out on Leander's forehead. Ghostly, incorruptible even by death, that bell!

A calm man would have considered that there were outsiders in the room in there, unfamiliar with the purpose of that rope-end hung by the bed, curious hands itching to finger and find out. "Goodness, so that's what rings!"

But sweat struck out on Leander's forehead. Vividly, he saw the hand of the dead one on the time-greened cord.

"Come in, my poor dear husband. Don't lag this time, for pity's sake! All I ask is so little, L'ander. To see your tears."

Panic grabbed him. Scuttling through a gap in the pickets, he fled down the path along the river bank. His unlifted soles scratched on the gravel, heavier and heavier, but he wouldn't, he daren't give in. Not till he had gone a great way (it might be fifty yards) did he pause to breathe. He sank on a bench made of a single board, below the path, facing the river.

He fastened his mind upon the glowing surface. Damned to live in the moment, he would live and lose himself in that maze of reflected sunset. The tide was making, the river ran backwards, with what slowly dissolving, softly flaming whorls, with what crimson ripple-nets cast about glimmers caught from the greener top-sky, like little, cool, green fishes!

Engrossed so, the one old man did not see the second old man who came up along the path from townward. This was a fellow much of Leander's age, but

brighter of eye and ruddier of cheek, where it showed above the white ring of his whiskers. And livelier.

No wonder he was livelier; he had eighty years of brave alarums and sweet excursions to regale his gums with and hunger his appetite.

He sat down on the other end of the bench. Leander might be dumb, but this was not one to be quiet long.

"Yes-sir, by jolly, I been here before; same identical place, by jumbo! Comes back to me, plain as plain now. It was when I was a sailor."

Once Leander was assured that this was none of his tormentors, he got back among the fluent whorls. Now the fire from the sky began to pale; the little green fishes caught in the ripple-nets grew paler, dying. . . . Here came dismay. What was he to do when they were quite gone? How then keep his mind from the senseless, numb discomfort that lay wrapped tight around him?

To any but an ancient mariner this abstraction might have been a damper. But after all, the stranger's speech was less conversation than soliloquy. Only as an afterthought did he turn his words on Leander.

"Yes-sir-ee, comes back to me. Used to be, right up along there somewheres, a little stage with a boat made fast to it. Eh?"

Leander glowered and shook his head. "Don't ask me."

"Newcomer, eh? Heh-heh! Well, I could tell you things."

Now a shadow ran toward the zenith. To the one old fellow it was the coming of to-night. To the other it was neither day nor night, here nor there; it was the shade in the pasture of the sunny past, cool to lie down in under the tree of age. Now, at his ease, this time-gelded bullock of a man who had been a sailor had up his cud of memories. Ruminant, reminiscent, he worked his jaws, expressing the juices a hundred times savored, but never so sweet, never so vividly actual.

"A sailor, mate, he's got a funny lay. He's got no home where he can stay long. Take girls and women, the best of 'em. It'd surprise you, now and again. Them and sailors. The way I figger it—a sailor—when a sailor he's got on his ship and gone, he's gone a long ways over the water, and they nor nobody's going to hear of him ever again. Heh-heh . . ."

Chewing and chuckling.

"Good women too. But all women are good, God bless 'em. This one was good, pretty and good. Only, she was young, and her husband he was long away. I see her plain as if she stood there now, in her skimpy waist and big long skirt the color of lilacs. Her cheeks they'd go red one minute and white the next—no, sir, she didn't know how to handle herself, the way things were. Know what she'd say, mate? 'You mustn't come by here again—with my husband away in the west,' she'd say, with her blue eyes as big as two-bit pieces and her fingers working criss-cross on her breast—she was built full in the breast, I remember, like a beauty ought to be—upstanding—mmmm-mmmm—a right armful of a woman for a strong handsome man!"

Leander would have got up and gone away if the weight of his strange numbness had let him. There was no flame left in the water.

The other sucked at his ambrosial pabulum. "I forget her name."

"It's growing cold," Leander thought. "I'll catch my death." The word made him writhe. "I wish I could feel like moaning and crying; then they'd be satisfied."

"Where was I?" the other mused. "I was a seafaring man. I was second mate on the bark *Andrew L. Cram*. I could thrash any man aboard of her. Good-looking too. Always ready for anything. We were taking on spruce logs here, and they came along slow—yes, I remember where I was now—and she'd say, 'If you come by again, I'm sure I sha'n't speak to you.'

"Then I give her a grin—I was always

a cocky one—and I'd say, 'I don't see what's the harm, my helping you with your flowers.'

"She had an almighty lot of flowers—all kinds—asters and pansies and bachelor buttons—all kinds—and rambler roses climbing over the kitchen porch—and everything. How sweet they smelled! Maybe it was because she was messing with 'em so much—but, mate, she smelled like flowers, all kinds mixed up. Ever since, a flower garden's put me in mind of her.

"She had little ways with her, enough to craze a man. The way she could pout. 'You're lucky you're a sailor; sailors have so many lady-loves; lady-loves everywhere.' And she'd run down into the vegetables then and stand with her hands going criss-cross on her breast—she was built full in the breast, I remember—and 'I wish,' she'd cry, 'I wish my husband would hurry and come home.'

"I told her the ship was laded and I was going away. 'To-morrow?' says she. 'Day after,' says I.

"'My husband he's coming home day after to-morrow,' she says, and she run, and I run after her into the lilacs and caught her and give her a kiss, the first I done. Day following, I went by to say good-by.

"'Here's a boat tied up,' I says, 'and here I am a sailor. Come out on the river for a little row.'

"'No, no,' says she, 'no, no, no.'

"We got in the boat and I rowed across the river . . . See them woods over there yonder, mate?"

The woods were no more than a low black wall now above dark water.

"See them woods there?" Ancient Lothario, he rolled between tongue and gum his succulent morsel of memory. "Mate, don't ask me. We walked a ways in the woods. She laughed and cavorted. Then she'd get white's a sheet and run hide, so's I couldn't find her, and I had to stand and hail for her. 'Ahoy, Marjorie . . .' by jolly, I got it, that was her name."

"Marjorie!" Syllables uttered at a great distance in Leander's mind.

"Marjorie!" An echo from beyond a gulf. The numbness that had been as wide as an iron cloak shrank as narrow as an iron hoop around Leander's brain. Where had he known one by the name of Marjorie?

"We walked in the woods. Ah, mate, but there was a lovely woman. Only she'd put her hands to her neck and cry out: 'My husband's coming to-morrow.'"

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" A dam, thick as twenty years, crumbling before the inflood of forgotten memories.

"See them woods over there yonder, mate? Don't ask me. I was a sailorman them days. . . . When I left her she was crying."

That inflood, tumultuous, instantaneous, complete, and vivid . . . stench of train smoke . . . smell of the earth of a street, years ago now paved. . . . In a gateway the fragrance of a garden of flowers.

Leander opened his mouth. "She was crying when I got there. It was because I'd been away so long and she'd been so lonely. She always had a playful way—could look like a thunderstorm. 'You don't love me any more, otherwise you'd have hurried more. You can be happy away. I suppose I ought to be happy you're so lucky.'"

The weight was gone from the other end of the bench.

"How pretty she was—Marjorie! No, not pretty—beautiful!"

When Leander looked up to see the other old man standing there, his mouth a black hole in his whiskers, he gasped. He got to his feet with a sense of towering.

"You—I'm going to lick you."

He had to say that. He was a man.

"I'm going to kill you."

What a shame it would be to him if he were to forget it before he could do it, too helpless, too happy!

The hole in the whiskers opened and shut. "I—mate—I thought you says . . ."

Leander shuffled toward him. Des-

perately he fought to make it remain momentous, that dirty little pebble in the great white flood. He got his hands on the scoundrel's shoulders. But it was too late. He'd forgotten.

The dams in his tear-ducts broke, and water poured out of his eyes.

"She was lovely. Wasn't she lovely? She was so sweet. She was so true, so good, and so beautiful."

He opened his hands, and the ancient mariner was gone, a gulp and a shadow. Turning his feet homeward, thirty years of age had vanished too.

Full dark had come, but he needed no light up the yard. It was a garden thronged and fair. The good green smell of brittle cabbages, firm squashes and melons and tall young corn, and mingled now the coming perfume of many, many flowers. Flowers that Marjorie gathered in a great sheaf against her bosom—gay with pride of them—and one for love for young Leander's buttonhole. . . .

He passed into the kitchen. A clean room, a singing, busy room, never so shining a kitchen. Doctor Hathelly he saw there now, in vivid memory, drying drug-washed hands by the stove there. . . . "It's a fine baby, Leander," the Doc was saying, "fine big boy."

Chug-chug and cinders. He seemed to be on a train. . . . Trip to Niagara. . . . What a sight!

"Jack got ninety in algebra." Pride on Marjorie's face. "The Hewett boy got only eighty-five."

"They found him early this morning; he must have fallen in yesterday on his way from school." . . . In this hall here, the news had caught them. Nothing in words to say to each other, nothing to do but hang tight to each other's hands . . .

The seasons pass, light and shadows . . .

"Your beans have never looked so well as this year, L'ander." . . . "Nor your hollyhocks either, my dear."

Bedroom. There was something under a sheet. A thing that was still and white, full-breasted and young and beautiful.

Leander went down a-spraddle on his knees.

Out in the hall they listened, and sighed after the long strain.

"That's better. He's crying now."

LIT LADIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

PROBABLY it is best to clear the path for this discussion by saying at once that its title is offered in good faith. It is the simplest free-hand description of a contemporary group. There may be challenge as to whether the suggestion it carries is not at variance with what is natural or possible. But at least its motives are forthright, and it is intended neither as comedy nor as paradox.

The lady in her cups is one bit of the mosaic of the period, and I think that it would be very hard, even for the extreme moralist, to deny her out of existence. I would even go so far as to say that the pattern of the twentieth century cannot be quite complete without her, any more than it can be perfect without its war debts or its talking motion pictures. After all, a mosaic is a mosaic, and a century can hardly discriminate if it wants to be historically accurate. The lit lady may be a small gaudy fragment of it, and the very color of her may be offensive to many people; but there she is.

No doubt she is more often than otherwise a citizen of the United States, but if we can believe what we hear and read she is not entirely indigenous to North America. She is in London, Paris, the south of France, in all very great cities and in most American small ones. There are lit ladies all over the world, and the inconsequent, casual, slangy adjective describes them with an accuracy not always to be found in so small a word set adrift from its original meaning. Drunken is too heavy a word, too violent with its connotations of brawls, gutters, and police courts. Such things do not enter into the experience of the lit lady, although the barrier between her and these vulgarities may sometimes be only that of class protection.

There has always been a theory that it was possible to "drink like a gentleman." A distinction, sometimes blurred to be sure, has been admitted to exist among men who know how to do that and those who do not. Deplored though his habits might be by the more temperate, a gentleman could reach the point of complete intoxication and yet not lose his standing. Large claims have even been made that a man best shows his real nature when he is drunk. But until recently no such claim has ever been made for a lady nor similar facts admitted of her. If she drank past the point of mental and physical control she no longer was a lady. Be her previous station high or low, she was an unfortunate creature indisputably on the down grade.

But conditions shift, and with them judgment and opinion move. It is no secret that well-protected, charming women, probably chaste, often beautiful, of taste and manners above the average, now drink more or less habitually. So do many good wives and beloved ones. So do women who are excellent and scientific young mothers and skillful housekeepers. Among all these ladies who trail most of the classic female virtues in their admirable wake are some who at times go to bed uncertainly, yet rise respected. They have hours of exhilaration and of depression, brilliant thoughts, ridiculous whims, con-

fusions, strange and stubborn impulses, all of which are alcoholic. Yet they remain ladies. I do not mean that they are merely allowed to preserve an unscarred social position. I mean that much of the time they continue to be delightful and charming women.

These facts may seem shocking, but there is no use in trying to beat them down with moral maxims. Adherence to the motto that lips that touch liquor should never touch his would make a narrow choice for a man to-day in certain estimable groups. These things have been admitted to the knowledge of many people with great reluctance, dissatisfaction, and even grief. But one does not create facts by looking at them, nor destroy them by barring them from belief. And anyone in a reasonably sophisticated group in the United States has seen respectable women intoxicated. The first sight or the first occasion may be distressing and disgusting, and an earlier code often demands that friendship, and even acquaintance, should be impossible as long as such action continues. The issue, moral or preferential, may seem more important than losing a friend. But unless one entirely forgoes a society where liquor is served, the blackball will soon have to be too frequently used. It is impossible to keep on ruling out loyal and intelligent friends because they occasionally drink too much. Nor does this happen. Women who drink do not—on that account alone—lose standing or general respect among their social equals in a reasonably tolerant group.

In society at large an element of grave disapproval undoubtedly remains. But social censure is not taken as seriously as it used to be. Also, the boundaries of disapproval recede and alter their outlines. People are constantly changing their minds about drinking. Not long ago I heard a woman say plaintively, "You never know where you are. Martha, who always used to serve liquor, won't have it in the house any more on account of the children. And the Puritan Willoughbys, who have been holding up their hands in horror for the last five years whenever anyone took a cocktail, have stocked up their cellars and begun to give rousing parties."

Though she was flippant she made a point. The mutability among orderly people as regards this matter of drinking is astonishing. It is undeniably true that women are drinking now, careless of criticism or safe from it, in the very company which would have considered such conduct beyond the pale of decency ten years ago.

A spirited discussion can always arise on the very debatable point of how many lit ladies exist. Naturally, I have no idea. Nor, I suspect, has anyone else. I cannot imagine a field in which statistics would be more difficult to gather or to trust. One cannot say that one in ten or a hundred or a thousand drinks to occasional excess. Such facts are beside the point anyway. For the lit lady is not important because of her numbers. She is important not only because of what she may be doing to herself or her family, but because her psychology, her state of mind, her relaxation of control affects even those who do not share these things. In a way, her drinking brings sober women closer to intoxication.

So we need not stop to reckon up inaccurately how many there are. It is enough to know that there are plenty of women who drink more or less habitually, even if not to excess. Passing over such young women as bedeck and depress the more popular stories of Ernest Hemingway and Norah James, ignoring the things one hears and reads and also sees in groups which are as urban as dissipated, we shall still find plenty of lit ladies about, especially all through the more commonplace countryside of the United States. In the Country Clubs on suburban hills, at most of the dancing and dining parties of the well-to-do in the minor cities which line the railways from San Francisco to New York, there will be found plenty of examples.

These are not the ladies of dramatic fiction. They do not drive cars over cliffs to get rid of a world too sober for their habits. Their social or domestic dialogue is not clever. They have no titles and no particularly interesting backgrounds. The clothes they wear are only copies of the models turned out by French designers. They are, to speak briefly, the wives of young men in business, in the professions, and the daughters of the upper middle class. Their fathers and husbands are the backbone of many a city. They are young women who have sometimes gone to college, who have kept scientific notebooks and passed examinations, young women who really mean well by the world.

Yet they get fuddled, not once or twice but, depending on their capacity for alcohol, pretty often in the year. And, though there are women who drink rather heavily without showing it at the time, who, in that very ugly phrase, "carry their liquor" as well as or better than men, I think that they too properly belong within the limits of this discussion, in spite of their physical control.

II

For, frankly, it is not æsthetically that they concern me. The noise, the unsteadiness, the incoherence of an unfocused mind are more or less unpleasant according to one's fastidiousness or rigidity of standards. But this drinking among decent, well-bred women, this touch of bacchanalia in orderly society must have its reasons, must spring from causes worth inquiring into. What has happened to the restraints of custom, taste, and habit, what has broken down the age-old female fear of what lack of control may mean? Why are so many women drinking now who were brought up in an atmosphere of strict temperance and whose very tradition is against it?

According to common testimony, many of them are drinking for social reasons. A cause frequently alleged is that because their friends drink the habit is inescapable. It runs through groups, in circles, of which the beginning is hard to find. A second reason why they are drinking is because they have discovered that to do so gives them new sensations, fresh interests in old surroundings, and revives tired emotions. And a third reason, which is rarely given but which does often seem to underlie the others, is an almost feminist one. There are women who vaguely believe that drinking will open new doors to frankness and freedom, that in doing so they throw another unfair restraint on women into the discard and force men to share another privilege. In the defense they put up for their habits this belief bolsters them up.

The social reasons lie right on the surface of the situation, and the lifting of a finger points them out. When social life is temperate, it is the part of fashion as well as wisdom to maintain that ideal. But when social life is dependent to a large extent on alcohol, that is a different story.

Entertaining or diversion which ran to intemperance used to be indulged in only by dissipated people. That is no longer true. Parties at which a great deal of drinking goes on are now given not only by the dissolute, but by people who in regard to the majority of their ideals, aspirations, and occupations are not lax or corrupt. Many of the dinner parties of the past served champagne and liqueurs as a matter of course. Many of the dinner parties of the present serve cocktails, champagne, and liqueurs as a matter of necessity.

To say that the serving of liquor is a social necessity invites a good deal of wrath. The answer immediately and hotly given is that no one should serve liquor or even go where it is served who objects to its effects. That is all very well as a maxim and admirable as an ideal, but it is equivalent to saying that one is willing to limit one's hosts and guests to those who do not want liquor,

even if it means giving up old friends and good companions.

Social life may be artificial but it is not as artificial as all that. Based on money, lineage, or living in the same district and kind of house, a great deal of it may be. But though these may be the broad lines, the most delightful tracings have always run in between them and have been formed by likeness of habit and congeniality of temperament. To ask that these things be given up is asking a good deal.

However, I have seen hostesses try to proceed on that basis. I have seen the experiment bravely and thoughtfully carried out. I have shared the exaltation of those who believed that they need not serve liquor even to people who were used to it, that everyone would have "just as good a time," and that the principle itself would whip satisfaction and even gayety into line.

When the mood of change or reform is vigorous the plan sometimes works out fairly well. I watched a hostess try to set an example not long ago by taking a firm stand on the question. She planned an excellent dinner and asked those of her friends who were the best and most amusing companions to come to it, frankly warning them that it was to be a dry dinner. The occasion was pleasant, the conversation was normal and intelligent. Though the guests went home early, it was a technical victory. She tried it again. This time a certain nervous tension in the company began to appear. It was obvious that some of the guests had been drinking at home before they came. A few flasks were being used in the card room before the evening was over. After a few more trials the hostess began to discover that the people she liked best were not available as her guests. Her husband was embarrassed by the whole situation but he was willing to uphold his wife's decision in the matter even though he was uncomfortable.

It was only a few months before the young woman in question began to serve liquor "moderately." Before long she was back at the point from which she had departed in disgust toward reform, and her comment on the whole situation was, "I've tried it and I can't get away with it. The people I know and want to know expect a few drinks at my house. They won't come unless we serve liquor, and I don't want to give up my friends. I like them too well. And it doesn't seem fair to Tom."

Tom is her husband. But she went on to make it clear that it was not his mandate which brought the liquor back. He preferred to serve it but he left her free to decide on the kind of entertaining they would do, and it was her own wish to be a good hostess which brought her again to the point of becoming the indirect customer of a bootlegger.

I have, of course, localized the condition. At this point the discussion narrows to the problems of a prohibition country and still farther to the people who ignore the prohibition laws. But if there are enough of those to make customers for tens of thousands of bootleggers—as there are—it is not a negligible matter. This article is written dispassionately in a foreign country where the sale of liquor is not prohibited except before and after certain hours, and in two months I have not seen an intoxicated person—which may be a novel experience to one coming from the United States.

I do know that in my prohibition country the serving of cocktails is a social habit. It has passed quickly from group to group, losing exclusiveness and cost in transit, so that one can now buy aluminum or glass cocktail shakers in almost any department store in the United States and cocktail, wine, and cordial glasses—all of the traditional and convenient shapes—in that great leveller, the dime store. It would be absurdly extravagant to claim that these are bought for use in the majority of American houses; but they must be commonly and widely bought, for the ten-cent store is successful in supply be-

cause it invariably recognizes widespread demand.

Not only is drinking a social habit, but it has become a sport. Even among people who cannot be written off as wasters, there actually does exist the drinking party, starting slowly, with drinking its main business, even if a little dancing or card-playing is superadded. "Business drinking" is a rather sinister phrase in not uncommon use. I remember one day, when an unexpected storm had spoiled the plans for an afternoon, hearing a young man say as he looked out at rain-swept, windblown trees, "Well, it will be a good afternoon to drink."

The astonishing thing is that he meant what he said and that he was not in the least intoxicated as he said it. He was a rather intellectual and even serious-minded man, casually planning an afternoon's diversion for a mixed group of men and women.

There are, of course, innumerable households where no liquor is served. Some of them are stimulating, some diverting, some charming, some extremely dull. They run the gamut of human personality. But many pleasant and clever people do not go to these houses frequently and do not share my enjoyment in them when they do go. For the non-alcoholic households are working against a contrast all the time, against comparison with the higher-keyed sort of amusement and stimulus which is created elsewhere by the use of alcohol. Looked at normally, the whole advantage seems to be on the side of the sober. But there are many people who feel that liquor gives a relief from worry and a lightness and dexterity to social intercourse which is not otherwise attained; that it excites the nerves and makes people ready for the company of their fellows; that it can give color to a drab occasion. This may be a false glow or an artificial stimulus. It may be only the coloring of a bauble but there it is, and some people, once accustomed to it, cannot or will not do without it.

III

At any rate, the poor hostess has a second horn to her dilemma. She has perhaps, like my quoted friend, decided to serve liquor in order to retain or attract the company she likes; or in order to please her husband who does not want to have a dull party; or in order to give people the same kind of time on Wednesday that they had on Tuesday. Small, weak reasons, but human enough so that her decision may be tolerated with pity even if not stamped with approval. But she is still in a predicament. Shall she drink herself or shall she not?

There are many scrupulous women who do not find this decision as easy as it is for the fearless and outspoken women who crusade for total abstinence. Though they did not make the laws they do wish to abide by them. Women are like that, especially those who have children.

The personal struggles which have gone on in the minds of women in regard to drinking are incalculable. They go on in the consciences of women who are to all appearances very frivolous. Put end to end, they would certainly stretch round the world of thought. Again and again the question comes up, and women worry over it. It distresses them chiefly in two ways. In the first place, they do not like to break a law. Women, more than men, are apt to feel that laws are made to protect them, and that one day they may need the protection. In the second place, they do not know how to explain themselves to their children if they do break the law.

There results another experiment which I have often seen tried, as has nearly everyone else. Many women decide to abstain themselves, while others in a party drink. But there is no more difficult role in the world than that of trying to bridge the gap between a normal condition and an abnormal one, and that is what a hostess or guest sets herself to do under such conditions. The strain

of trying to participate in a highly stimulated gathering while lacking the same kind of stimulus is too great for many women. I do know a number who manage it successfully, but it is always because of imagination or charm or beauty or vitality beyond the average. The common decision and the usual way out is to decide that one cocktail does no harm.

That being settled, the explanation to the children is in order. There are many matters about which one is slightly specious or high-handed in dealing with children's questions. A very common answer to children's inevitable inquiry on this point is that the prohibition law is unsatisfactory or ill-advised, and that the subject is too profound for the young. This is no place for more than brief comment on the fact that in the United States some children are being brought up to believe that laws judged unworthy by a citizen may be broken at his discretion; other children simply see the law broken and get no explanation; and the parents who attempt to go into the whole matter thoroughly emerge with confusion on their brows, for children are more logical than adults, and law-breaking on the river's brim is law-breaking to them—and nothing more. It is difficult enough when the children are little, when the separation in habits between the nursery and drawing-room is absolute. But when children reach an age when this is not so, the confusion in discipline and example is bewildering and the reconciliation between the precepts of their parents and their practice too often devoid of any consistency. Perhaps a philosopher could work it out with his children. But, in the ordinary home where liquor is served the principles are badly muddled, and the children know it.

As for the one cocktail which my temperate hostess promised herself, there is such a thing, of course. But as a rule cocktails go in pairs or multiples. There is, too, an insidious phrase which belongs to the lingo of social drinking, called "catching up." Social drinking is often almost competitive, a competition unspeakably unpleasant, especially when people arrive at a party in a state of intoxication and want everyone else to emulate their mood. I know people who go to dinners late to escape as much of the preliminary drinking as possible. And the lady who decides that one cocktail will do no harm is exceedingly apt to decide the same thing about two cocktails. Yet not always. Here again one may find the serene exceptions who quietly make their own rules and abide by them. But serene exceptions can always take care of themselves anyhow.

Ordinarily, having bridged the gap between matters of conscience and policy, when a woman once begins to drink she finds that liquor does amazing things to her. These things are different when they happen to her than when she observes them in others. The good effects of liquor are largely subjective. And this brings us to that second reason why women drink.

I am not considering young girls at this moment. Theirs is, after all, an impressive, difficult problem of chaperonage and of education. Girls can be taught that their vitality is better than its imitation. Many of them are now being taught so by their parents and others are finding it out. An almost athletic standard of temperance, forcing its way through a crowd of tawdry experiences, is gradually coming to the center of the stage. But the young woman, the twenty-nine to forty-five lady, is the habitually lit one, and it is she on whom I have my eye. For she finds in alcohol an emotional stimulus which she thought or feared was lost forever. For her drinking revives her charms, subjectively at least, freshens her interest in men, gives her a new belief in herself.

These things do not sound well in the writing, but looked at practically, as they exist in the suburbs, there is no horror in them. When such a woman goes to a dinner she may well be, before

her cocktails, Mrs. S., or Mrs. B., a little tired from household responsibilities, worried about Freddy's teeth which need straightening or about the cook's honesty or the size of the grocery bill. She does not want to go to any party. She would like to go home to bed. Her husband is cross, and the people she expects to see are those whom she has too often seen before. She does not like her dress. But at the end of the second cocktail all this begins to change. She is Lucille S., or Marie B., a charming woman who is going to have a good time and who looks remarkably well. And, pursuing the simple logic of the sheep dog in Thomas Hardy's story who chased sheep over a cliff because he had learned that to chase sheep was a good thing, she keeps on drinking. Naturally she is very soon a candidate for my title. She is a lit lady.

Of course she is still Mrs. S., who in the morning must have Freddy's teeth straightened and go on worrying about the grocery bills. But in the meantime she is miraculously at ease with the world, says intimate things to the nearest man which she never meant to tell anyone, feels a sudden warmth of attraction for someone else. For this is what the cocktail or the champagne or even the whiskey does. It raises a mirage of youth and love. It makes all the dull dining-out and dancing which is semi-obligatory a fantasy for a moment.

She does not, needless to say, look as she thinks she looks. She is tousled and perhaps blotchy. She is strident or incoherent. At this point someone is sure to be sorry for her husband and wonder whether he is averting his eyes from the glances of other men in shame at his wife's actions.

Perhaps he is. But more likely not. There are an astonishing number of husbands who seem not to worry at all about such a situation. I said to one of them once, referring to his wife, of whom we both were very fond, "Do you mind when she gets like that?" (She was far in her cups and very silly.)

He said, "She's having a good time, and she wouldn't have one otherwise."

He himself was having a very good time; and he is neither the first nor the only husband who finds nothing very distressing in such a situation. He would see that his wife got home safely, probably would not quarrel with her, and in the morning he might suggest that she go a little slow on that stuff. But he would not like to see her refuse to drink at all, because in that case she would be what is known as a "dead weight."

I know it is shabby and indefensible. But there is something there to pity. Women are granted so few years of beauty, so few years of passionate emotion. To prolong, even through such artifice, what seems to many of them their best years is a temptation. It has to be remembered too that this terrible modern prolongation of youth, with the increase of wealth and dining-out and dining-in, with the whole tie-up of business and social life, has made existence increasingly hard for women. They must keep young because other women of forty do, because it has been proved possible to do so. They must at least pretend to youth and gayety.

So the lit lady is in search of youth, beauty, and desire. That she is cheated is beyond question. She does not find these lovely things. But it is true that liquor does more than cosmetics to make her satisfied with her appearance, more than a lover to make her feel romantic. She is deluded and defeated. But she has found a way to re-create the mirage, even if in her sober moments she is aware that it is entirely mirage. That is why she does it again.

IV

Life is always being fitted to all sorts of fine phrases, but what nearly all the middle-aged know is that it is a worrying and responsible business. I do not in the least discount the satisfactions of achievement or of caring for others;

but in spite of these, it is true that maturity does very often translate stimulus into burden. Men have known for many generations that drinking gave them a release from all the burdens they carry. It is what used to draw the man away from his home to a public house or bar. If he was tired or worried, his home often drove in his responsibilities while the saloon seemed to lift them from him. This is no argument for the saloon, which certainly never made responsibilities vanish but rather multiplied them; but it is an amazing fact that we have somehow dragged the temptation of the saloon into our social life. And what is more, many women are coming to believe and demand that the release, such as it is, should be theirs as well as men's. That is one of the underlying causes why women drink. I am not sure that the other causes do not possibly spring from it. Women do not see why men should have this stimulus to themselves, this pleasure, temporary or false though it may be. If it is one of the things men have kept to themselves for generations, women are curious to try it out. The girl I knew in Paris, talking of the "weights of different liqueurs," warming her glass of cognac with her hand to get the temperature of it exactly right, is a case in point and a reasonably new development. She was exploring what used to be a field open only to men connoisseurs.

What we are facing to-day is a resolve in women to look at life from every possible angle. That determination shows itself here and there. The mere fact of a new angle draws a crowd. We know from hearsay, as well as from accurate report and first-hand knowledge, that attacks are being made on what were not only accepted moralities but fundamental safeguards for the race. Apparently women will leave nothing alone and certainly not, for the moment, liquor.

This is one more state of affairs which has put the relations of men and women on a new basis. I remember that when I was a young girl I was taught to look away while I was passing a saloon. That was lest I might see a man coming out in the condition in which to-day I can easily see respectable men and women at dinner anywhere from Minnesota to Paris. They must be respectable people, though no doubt the adjective will be challenged. They do their work in business and the professions, bear children and educate them, support charities. Well, they are useful anyhow, respectable or not. The point is that when women see men who are friends and neighbors intoxicated, and when men see their wives and their friends' wives in like condition, a whole group of new tolerances must arise. Standards have to be reshaped. Intolerance is simply unable to handle the situation.

In spite of a great deal of extravagant talk and a number of disagreeable instances and scandals, there is no use in claiming that the lit lady commonly ends in a drunkard's grave, or even in a sanatorium. A few of them may, but hardly enough to point so serious a moral. Those who come to be dependent on liquor, who cannot get through a day without it, are very badly off indeed, as is any confirmed alcoholic. But most of them are not like that, as liberal medical opinion now agrees. They go along, much as men do, juggling their habits according to their physical condition, making little reforms and abandoning them, paying for their hours of exhilaration with reaction and disgust, balancing stimulus against exhaustion, never quite sure of what track they are on or will be on next week. They are so motley in the degree and frequency of their indulgences and dissipations that conclusions about them make nothing better than patchwork. There are all kinds and conditions of lit ladies. Liquor, like water, seeks its own level, and there are some who drink a great deal too much and too steadily, while with others it is only the occasional party which alternates with periods of

hard work and hard exercise. People are coming to want to play bridge with people who play their own game and drink with those who drink as they do. So sometimes the lit lady does little physical harm to herself; and again she does a great deal.

V

We come back to the question of how much influence she has. Certainly as a precedent, she does affect the women of the world. Her influence as a temptation or as a dire example depends on the regard in which she is held and on the temper of the observer. But the dilution of her influence through large groups of people does destroy its potency. Though the scandal, the defiance, and the risk of the lit lady permeate the body social, it becomes only another issue of modern living before it gets very far. Most women would not follow her example if they could. Life is too preoccupied, too thrifty, too hard-working for the majority of people, men or women, to get drunk.

The lit lady harms no one very much but herself. As the phrase goes, she takes it out on herself. I do not think that as a rule she harms her children. There are bad mothers here and there, but most of them would be bad whether they drank or not. But she certainly does confuse them, especially as they grow up. It is a very upstanding young generation, picking and choosing pretty carefully among the habits of its elders. I do not think that a young girl who happens to see her mother and other older women intoxicated is going to follow such an example. She may feel and say that it gives her a blanket excuse for doing so, but in point of fact it does often work the other way. The girl does not want to be like that or look like that.

Of course a mother in such a case cannot expect to re-establish full admiration, to say nothing of discipline, in her daughters' or in her sons' minds. Affection does not necessarily go by the board, nor friendliness, but admiration is no longer wholehearted. Young people like to see the older people in full control. It is what they expect from the generation in charge of the world's affairs. When they do not see it they are intensely critical.

The lit lady is, therefore, not in a position to help her growing children very much as far as a mental attitude toward the world goes. She is too inconsistent. Her ideals rarely hang together. And if she is frankly cynical she cannot meet her children even on that ground, for the cynicism of youth is challenge and that of middle-age is defeat. She misses something in her relation with her husband and children which women have built on for generations. Perhaps it was only a sentimentality. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is some of the honest wages of wifehood and motherhood which she is spending for her liquor.

I do not think that is quite all. The worst of it is that she finds so little for herself as she goes along. She picks up a good deal of tolerance for other people sometimes, the kind of careless generosity toward the lapses of others that used to be more common among men than women. She has gay hours and conversations. But for herself there is no mental satisfaction. All women of to-day, torn roughly loose from old sureties, want consciously or without knowing it to find something to tie to. But the lit lady, after a while, gets to a point where she can find nothing satisfying in the sober world. Her discontents increase, her eye is jaundiced. Life is appallingly dull, and its faults stand out like deformities. Bread-and-milk loses its flavor. For her, relief, amusement, pleasure, even philosophy are in her cocktail glass. And of course the pity is that they are not there either.

CAN BUSINESS BE CIVILIZED?

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

"THE universal regard for money," writes Mr. Bernard Shaw, "is the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience." Certainly, anyone who sought a formula to describe the essence of the Western spirit could hardly do better than experiment with the possibilities of the will to economic power. The successful business man is as much the representative type of our age as Luther was of the Reformation, or Voltaire of the eighteenth century. If we want to know how a typical German thought when the spiritual contours of Europe were being reconstructed, it is to Luther's letters and table-talk that we should go; if we want to depict what was happening to the mind of that elegant society which, after 1715, moved so rapidly to self-destruction, we should seek alike its virtues and its errors in the inexhaustible intelligence of Voltaire's seventy volumes. Until the nineteenth century there is hardly a period in which the business man defines in any significant way the character of his time. We know, of course, that he was there, but he was an anonymous presence. We did not build our character, our hopes, our institutions upon the things he held as necessary or desirable.

The scene has changed. The business man has emerged from his obscurity, and he occupies the center of the stage. Our lives are subdued to the medium in which he works. Men like Mr. Ford are known as few statesmen, and certainly no creative artist or thinker, have ever been known. Their lives are written, their autobiographies recorded for them, with the funereal solemnity proper to the rulers of the earth. Their very thoughts are news. Their wishes create new industries and alter completely the standards of taste in the old. Granted only success of an enduring kind, and they live upon the same exalted eminence that the Middle Ages reserved for their saints. There is no sin they may not be forgiven, no honor they may not receive. They are patrons of churches, founders of universities, creators of a new aristocracy. Whatever their past, they are certain of social idolatry in the measure of their wealth. And upon the saving condition that they keep it, they are held up to the coming generation as patterns to be emulated. Their appearance becomes almost a sermon, and their speeches take on the solemn form of a religious liturgy, a gospel according to Smiles that, in the end, they come to believe themselves. And the elegant minuet they perform, with society as an obedient and enraptured partner, is undisturbed so long as society respects their supremacy in the partnership.

For these men represent a power more ample in its incidence upon the common life than was ever exercised by those not clothed with public authority. Mr. Morgan and his partners, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, Standard Oil, the Comité des Forges, these are, in a basic sense, principalities which treat with the states they encounter on a footing of equality. They stand for men who, having supremely realized the will to economic power, have fulfilled the ultimate ambition of our

civilization. They represent, of course, the summit of business achievement. Below them we have to visualize an interminable procession of men to whom little else is known, and nothing else significant, beside the inner dream of emulating their record. No impulse is so wide or so strong as the will they create by their success. Nothing has so complete a control over the processes of civilization. They can buy courts and legislatures, make war and peace; and the grim anxiety of Russia to stimulate their interest is a fascinating measure of their authority. Princes and politicians have passed from the stage. The sovereignty of the common people which was the dream of a hundred years ago has passed: one sees its passing in the proud boast of Mussolini that if he has made Italy unfree, at least he has given her efficiency—the condition of economic success. The business man has, indeed, imposed his faith from China to Peru. He has taught whole nations to believe that economic effort is desirable in itself, and that the more intense the effort, without regard to the end it is to serve or the way in which it is to serve that end, the better for society. Having made poverty a sin, it has made wealth good, and the effort to obtain wealth an obvious service to the state. And it has, thereby, been able to insist that all barriers which stand in the way of wealth, all limitations, accordingly, upon the rights of property, are a definite hindrance to social well-being. Like Adam Smith, it has assumed an inscrutable decree of a beneficent providence whereby the greater the acquisitiveness of the individual, the more ample are his services to society. As the pearl is concealed in the oyster, as ambergris is produced by the disease of Leviathan, so in the interstices of the business man's self-love is mysteriously secreted the progress of humanity. It was the gospel of Mr. Baldwin; it is the gospel of President Hoover; it is enshrined in the stately diction of the Fourteenth Amendment and its interpreters. Its only defect is its failure to conform to the facts.

II

For in the period since the Industrial Revolution brought the business man to his unexampled supremacy, the one great lesson we have grimly learned is the utter inadequacy of the profit-making motive to build a well-ordered society. When Belgian business men transform the Congo into a nightmare of unspeakable horror, that is the profit-making motive. When a great steel company sends a gatling gun mounted upon an armored train through a Colorado village at night, that is the profit-making motive. When business men persuade the President of the Board of Education to abandon an attempt to give children education beyond the age of fourteen, that is the profit-making motive. When the Ohio gang uses the public authority of the United States corruptly to line its own pockets, that, again, is the profit-making motive. Its essence, in short, is the insistence that gain in a pecuniary sense is the standard by which all other activities in life ought to be judged; and it is because we have acquiesced in the imposition of this view that we confront a future so naturally implicit with the danger of conflict.

We have discovered, in fact, in the last twenty-five years that the supremacy of the profit-making motive is inconsistent with the achievement of an adequate life. It mistakes means for ends. It measures wealth not by the personal quality of men and women but by the volume of trade. It means standardized homes and standardized minds. It promotes international rivalry because its increased productivity involves the harnessing of crude nationalism to its feverish search for markets. It means industrial strife because the distribution of the product is made, not in terms of moral principle, but of a raw disposition of forces in which the victory is to the stronger. It sets up

property as a graven image, and makes all systems and men in its likeness because it can recognize no good save the acquisition of property. So that they who possess property become the priests of its religion, and the argument of their faith is the need, at all costs, to protect the integrity of its rights. It does not think in terms of service to the community because, by definition, the preservation of the rights of property is the supreme service a citizen can render to the community. And when the community inquires how men can in fact render service without regard to what the rights of property effect for those who do not enjoy them, the whole machinery of press and state is directed to the suppression of this ignorant blasphemy.

What our generation is slowly learning is the folly of accepting the claims of the business man to supremacy. Exactly as we have come to insist that the relation between states must be built upon the assumption of their subjection to principle, that their will, in other words, is unfitted for supremacy over other wills merely by reason of its power, so in the world of industry it is dawning upon us that the authority of business men must be referable also to principle. We have been taught, for instance, by Mr. Justice Holmes that even so sacred a phrase as liberty of contract is meaningless unless we set it in the context of equality of bargaining power. We have learned from experience of social legislation that there are certain minimum conditions of wages, hours of labor, education in the absence of which men cease to be men. We have insisted that the individual is entitled in the sphere of politics to the protection which consists in choosing those by whom he is to be governed; and the corollary is being forced upon us that he will choose to be governed by those whose purpose is the fulfilment of his wants. But those wants, in their turn, are incompatible with such a sphere for the profit-making motive as the nineteenth century regarded as its legitimate field. They involve a conception of property as a return to service deemed by the community to minister to the good life. Property, we are beginning to say, is justifiable where it results from effort made for ends and in ways of which the community approves. We are beginning to look upon it not, as in the American Constitution, as a sacred right, but as a return made to one who performs a function which society regards as beneficent. We are seeking, that is to say, such a regulation of the profit-making motive as will make the business man the servant, and not the master, of the State.

It is easy enough to see that this is the case. Even when Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin had remade slavery a profitable industry, we abolished the right to property in human beings. When it was discovered that long hours of slavery to a machine degraded men and women to the level of beasts, we introduced the regulation of the hours of labor. The minimum wage has sought deliberately to injure the employer in trades parasitic upon the defenselessness of the worker. Factory Acts, Compulsory Education, Workmen's Compensation Acts, Employers' Liability Acts are all recognitions that there are principles to which the making of profit must be subordinate. The insistence upon legislation against the traffic in women and noxious drugs is evidence of a determination to establish fields of activity in which no profit shall be made at all. The Conservation Movement in America, the growing effort in England to preserve historic monuments and places, like Stonehenge, of natural beauty, tend to show that, at some point, however inadequate, we admit that the profit-making motive brings with it a nemesis we cannot afford. All this, in its way, is evidence of a temper that the men who made the Industrial Revolution would hardly have understood. They were obsessed by the vision of power for its own sake; we are beginning to ask to what uses

power is to be devoted. They were interested in the mere scale of life; we are beginning to ask questions about its quality. When Adam Smith wrote of civil government that "insofar as it is instituted for the protection of property, (it) is in reality instituted for the defense of the rich against the poor," he said what was a commonplace to his generation. But we have begun, or been compelled, to inquire whether a civilization can endure which is permanently divided into rich and poor; whether, in a word, the latter, having attained political power, will be content to go on as hewers of wood and drawers of water to their masters. A wise approach to that question sets it in the perspective of the Russian Revolution. We must civilize business, or, in the end, there will be nothing left of civilization itself.

III

I mean by civilization a condition of social life in which men have leisure for noble ends. It is obvious that the mere acquisition of property is not a noble end; and a society, therefore, in which the profit-making motive determines the general temper has lost the clue whereby civilization may be found. Yet the condition of such a society is not difficult of attainment if we but have the will to seek for it. The condition is a determination on our part to make the principles of industrial organization definitely referable to a moral end. Those who labor in business, that is to say, must regard themselves not as merely concerned with personal gain, but as servants of a function the purpose of which is the release of society from the conflict with nature. But to serve a function is to be no longer a master. To serve a function is to admit that the property one receives, the orders one issues, are all of them explicable in terms of reason. Clearly, on such a view, what I own I must possess only as a result of effort I myself have made. Otherwise, my ownership is not a return for service that I have performed, and there is neither moral justification nor social expediency in its recognition; for what I have is then merely a claim to maintenance because someone else has labored and I am purely parasitic upon society. Even, moreover, if I work myself, what I obtain from my effort must be reasonably measured against what other people obtain in such fashion as to make the difference one that a recognizable benefit to society justifies. Yet it is obvious that the present distribution of wealth both to functionless owners and to men whose immense gains are unrelated to true service is an outstanding and indefensible scandal. We cannot seriously defend the royalties, say, on coal of the ducal landowners in England, or the difference in annual income of a great medical man like Lord Lister and a great pill-maker like Sir Joseph Beecham.

Nor can we defend a social order in which the whole executive control of business enterprise is entrusted to irresponsible private hands. Every command of a modern government affects the life of the citizen-body; and it has to be justified, accordingly, to the legislative assembly of the State But most commands of the business man affect the lives of his employees; yet, for the most part, we leave them absolutely autocratic in character. He can hire and fire as he pleases. He can, with the assent of shareholders, issue stock as he pleases. He can appoint fellow-directors without regard to competence. He can issue balance sheets from which no real insight into his business can be obtained. He can drive his labor to a point where it is incapable of a creative use of leisure. So long as the property he represents is under his control, its rights mean that he has to answer to no one for his actions. Outside a narrow limit of conduct prescribed by the law, he is the unlimited master of the field. And so long as his conduct of business shows a profit, his shareholders will be well content. Not one in ten thousand will believe that he has an iota of responsibility for the man-

ner in which his dividends are earned. It is the very nature of business enterprise to neglect no expedient that may serve the attainment of profit; and its recipients regard that attainment as the final test of adequacy.

The result we all know. Adulteration, the promotion of fraudulent corporations, the appointment of men to directorships who cannot conceivably be of use in the enterprise, a nepotism which is without limit, a hypertrophy of advertisement and selling agencies for which the consumer has to pay, consistent over-production, with commercial crisis as its natural consequence, the maintenance of a permanent army of unemployed through maladjustment of supply and demand, the growth of monopoly, the waste of natural resources—these are only some of the outstanding defects of the system. They are the consequence of making business standards the measure of social standards. If, on the contrary, we insisted that the rights of property in industry arose out of a recognition of its duties, and that these were born of an insistence that industry must provide the basis upon which the spiritual life of the society is to be lived, we should set the organization of industry in a background which would subordinate the claims of the business man to an end which would reduce them to rationality. For when we know the end of any function, we can adapt its organization to realize that end. At present, the end of business is to make money; and its methods, because they pay account to no other purpose, necessarily leave out of account that social factor which could alone make business the servant of civilization.

I know that in general business men are admirable husbands and devoted parents. I know also that, again in general, they work hard and constantly at a life where they are as much the slaves of routine as those over whom they rule. Indeed, not the least indictment of the system is its effect upon the active business man. He is grossly ignorant of our intellectual heritage: he rarely reads at all, and, if he does, it is rather to drug himself than to enlarge his mind. For the most part, he is incapable of conversation about principles. His talk consists of gossip about his business, scandal about his neighbors, his scores at bridge or golf, and the exchange of the queer facts he amasses as information to none of which can he attach a scheme of values. As he conducts his life, most of the essence of civilized existence escapes him. He has to take for granted the great literature of the world, its great art, its science, its music. His opinions on politics are more futile than that of any comparable class charged with an important social function. Even in his own field, he is rarely capable of linking cause and effect. Ask for his views upon the gold standard, the effect of industrial combination, the influence of Asiatic standards of life upon world-cost of production, the consequence of a protective tariff, and you receive a faltering body of half-truths which would disgrace a first-year student of economics in the correspondence class of a business college. The mind of labor is usually a closed book to him; trade unions are almost always an unintelligent method of preventing an imaginary being called the hard-working laborer from doing his best; and he has rarely any other explanation of strikes than that they are the work of agitators who ought to be suppressed. He accepts more mythology about politics and economics than have ever been accepted in the Western world about religion. He thinks the Republican Party responsible for prosperity. He thinks that governments are incapable of the successful conduct of enterprises. He really believes that a fortune lies open to the talented by reason of a supposed free competition. He is convinced, alike in England and America, that he lives under democratic institutions. No social type in the modern world is more completely the slave of habit without philosophy than the average business man.

All this is the inevitable consequence of a society in which all activity is subordinated to the making of wealth, in which, as a result, man is respected in terms of the property to which he is annexed. Obviously, society shapes itself in terms of its fundamental purpose; and all social institutions mold themselves to suit the environment a respect for wealth as such creates. Our universities naturally choose wealthy men as their governors; our churches never have difficulty in making terms with the millionaires whose old age is infected with religiosity. The theater, the arts, literature, all prostrate themselves eagerly before the demands of those with money to spend. The whole temper of our civilization, in fact, is poisoned by the triumphant position of wealthy men. They have no standards of consumption, as Mr. Veblen has so amply shown, save that of conspicuous waste; and our entire scheme of social values is mainly adjusted to their incredible wants. The visitor to Newport or Monte Carlo, to Palm Beach or Cannes, the observer who scrutinizes the social columns of a London newspaper, the critic who watches the preposterous competition between those who collect rare books and pictures—these would, I think, find it difficult not to conclude that this world is, in fact, the lunatic asylum of the planets.

IV

Yet the way of readjustment lies directly to our hand. It is twofold in character. It involves, first, an insistence that property shall be a return to the personal performance of creative work, and second, that the rights which accrue to it shall be conceived in terms of men's equal claim to the common good. To admit these principles is, indeed, to effect a revolution in the practice of the human race. It is to say forthrightly that institutions devoid of a moral basis are bound, sooner or later, to destruction, and to attempt, as a consequence, the provision of that basis. It is to deny the right of the functionless owner to property at all; and to insist that the provider of capital, as distinct from the service of management, to an industry is not entitled to be residuary legatee of other men's enterprise. Anyone can see that the work of a doctor or a teacher, an engineer or a civil servant gives rise to a claim upon the social dividend; but it is impossible to defend the claim of a man who asks for maintenance by society merely because he has been careful in the selection of his parents. To defend him, indeed, is to strike at the root of all social logic; for it is in effect to say that idleness not less than effort is entitled to the reward of state-protection. It is a reward which it has done nothing to justify. Functionless property contributes nothing to the stock of social well-being; it merely receives service without return. There is not even evidence that its leisure is creative; there are not a score of scientists or men of letters who, in the last century and a half, have built their work simply upon the possession of hereditary wealth. The existence of this class of owners means a payment by society to men who do not enlarge the pool of production from which payment is to be made. It is simply indefensible, as Mill showed long ago, to admit a claim to property based on the fact that someone, not the claimant, has sought to discharge his obligation to society.

The second great avenue of social change is the need to organize business as a profession. We must subordinate it to the public interest by giving to it an organized constitution with definite standards of performance in the same way that we insist upon a standard and a constitution in the law, in medicine, in engineering, and in architecture. We must, that is to say, exclude from business the operation of certain habits we do not hesitate to exclude from the professions; and we must insist upon the presence of others. We have learned to demand from any profession responsi-

bility for the technical competence of its members. We have demanded the prohibition of certain types of conduct as inconsistent with the needs of a society dependent upon their art. We have abolished crude advertising, crude competition, speculative profit, secret commissions. We deny to the professions the right we permit to business men of assuming that the unregulated competition of the profit-making motive will produce service of the quality we require. The soldier, the sailor, the doctor, the engineer are compelled by the terms of their engagement to think of service first, and personal gain afterwards. They may grow rich by the pursuit of their vocation; but their wealth is an incident, a by-product of their work, and not the end it serves. We do not mean by a great lawyer a rich lawyer, by a great surgeon a rich surgeon; greatness, there, is a function of service to the community. But a great business man is simply a man who has amassed a large fortune without regard to the way in which he has attained it.

There is not the least reason to suppose that the professionalization of industry is an impossible adventure. If we can demand standards of performance from the teacher in the school, equally we can demand standards from the builder who contracts to erect one. If we can insist upon certain ways of conduct from the doctor, we can equally demand certain ways of conduct from those who supply boots and shoes, furniture and clothing, food and housing. There is nothing degrading in business which should exempt it from the need to subject its possibility of gain to social principle. If we can professionalize the army and the navy, the post-office and the railroads, we can professionalize anything the service of which is necessary to society. We are ashamed of a doctor who makes an ignorant mistake in diagnosis; we dismiss a naval officer from the service if he ignorantly loses his ship. In the professions, that is, our first assumption is the urgency of the social factor in the service offered. That, we recognize, is the element that makes it an honorable thing. No business can claim to be civilized that is not distinguished by similar standards.

What would be required to make industry, in this sense, a profession? Broadly, I think, three categories of change. There must be an alteration of the character of the owner of wealth from a person who controls the whole process of industry and is its residuary legatee to a person who is simply paid a fixed dividend for the use of his wealth. Exactly as the owner of government stock is not given as such the advantage of a budget surplus, and does not, as the owner of government stock, influence the policy of the ministry in office, so, similarly, the owner of industrial capital would be paid the market price, and no more, for the service rendered by the loan of his capital.

There would be an alteration, further, in the character of the control in business. Just as the rules of a profession are made, subject to the will of society, by its members, so must the rules of industrial production be made by the working-force of industry. Those rules doubtless cannot be made in quite the same way; industry is bound to remain less subject than, say, law to the will of an individual member. But once the functionless owner of capital is no longer the source of control, an industry becomes an intelligible entity, and the rules of its governance can be made in relation to its function. We can, that is to say, make the relation between a manager and a machine-tender intelligible by building it in terms of the function in which each is a necessary participant; but once the element of ownership is introduced, the allegiance of the manager is deflected away from the social context of production—the basis of rationality in business—over to the service he is compelled to offer to the profit-making motive. Where authority arises naturally out of function, it is intelligible and acceptable; the nurses who assist a

doctor at an operation do not resent his orders because these flow directly from the purpose he is fulfilling. But where we strive, as we now strive, to introduce an element deprived of exactly the context which gives meaning to function, we are striving, as it were, to persuade the French peasant of the *Ancien Régime* that a nobility which has privileges without function is really essential to his well-being and should receive the major portion of his produce. The peasant, doubtless, is slow enough; but he soon ceases to admit the case for his subordination.

We must also find a larger place than in the past for the social element in the industrial equation. That means at least three things. It means the socialized production of those elements in the common welfare which are integral to the well-being of the community. By socialization I mean that the production of certain essential commodities, of which electric power is an example, should not be left to the disposal of private profit. Whatever the method of organizing its control, the essential thing is that the profits earned therein should benefit the public and not the private undertaker. And it is necessary, in the second place, to introduce representative institutions both into socialized industries and those which remain under private management. There must be standard hours and standard rates of pay. There must be the replacement of autocratic managerial control (as in the hiring and firing of employees) by methods of a more democratic character. The introduction of changes in machine technology and such matters must be removed from the sphere of an arbitrary will imposed from without those affected by the result to the sphere of consent. Promotion, the selection, for instance, of a foreman, must be built not upon the whim of a manager, but upon some approved combination of competence and agreement. And it is essential, finally, to insist throughout the field of industry upon qualification and publicity. Exactly as a man must offer proof of competence before he is admitted to the bar or to medical practice, before he can become the manager of a mine or the master of a ship, so he must offer similar proofs before he becomes head of a factory or a department store. We must make an end of chance and nepotism in business enterprise if it is to attain the dignity of a profession. Nor can we do without publicity. It is necessary in the public interest. It is necessary for those workers whose livelihood may well be jeopardized by the futility of their employer. It is essential for the prevention of dubious financial manipulation. The enforcement of publicity in business and the utilization of its results is the only path to the scientific organization of production and its measurement in terms of a purpose which fits the needs of social life.

V

The permeation of the business world by professional standards would, I believe, result in civilizing it. The motives to effort of which it would then dispose would still be ample enough to call forth from the brain-worker the best of which he is capable. There is in most able business men a sense of their craft, a pride in efficient organization which, when not thwarted by the zest for profit, is exactly the same spirit as that productive of the best work in the army and navy, the medical and teaching professions, the bar and the public services. "The desire to distinguish himself in the service of the state," Lord Haldane has said, "is as potent a motive with the brain-worker as the desire to make a fortune. . . . If he thinks he will be recognized because of his public spirit and his devotion to duty, that public spirit and devotion to duty will make him do anything; there is no sacrifice of himself he will not make." That will always be true of the man who feels that he has important work to perform. Doubtless many will remain to whom

only the material motive is adequate; no system of organization ever secures the total result at which it aims. We cannot destroy slackness or selfishness in a social order by the stroke of the pen. But at least we can so reorganize the spirit of our industrial institutions that the minds of those who direct them are turned towards the qualities we need. We can offer the prospect of service to great ends in the faith that the higher the ideal the more lofty the performance; and that faith will appear reasonable to all who know the power of ideals.

I admit, of course, that criticism of business enterprise and the rights of property it sponsors is suspect enough in our time. It is wrong, it is subversive, it is futile, it is utopian. The present system, it is said, works well enough; and we are, at other times, bidden to remember the eternal laws of human nature. I hope that I do not forget those eternal laws, whatever they are; in any case, they are irrelevant to my argument. A system in which, in the most advanced countries, one-third of the population is continuously on the poverty line cannot really be deemed satisfactory. The existing rights of property, the existing habits of business represent, after all, merely a moment of historic time. They are not to-day what they were a hundred years ago, and a century from now they will again be different. Our task, surely, is the conscious introduction of difference in terms of principles we approve. Change we know there will be. It is, surely, common sense to direct that change rather than drift aimlessly into it.

The present system stands condemned from almost any angle of analysis. It is psychologically inadequate because, for most, by appealing mainly to the motive of fear, it inhibits the exercise of those qualities which make for a rich life. It is morally inadequate also. For it confers rights upon those who have done nothing to earn them, and where those rights are related to effort, this, in its turn, has no proportionate relevancy to social value. It makes a part of the community parasitic upon the rest; and it deprives most of the opportunity to live amply and well. It is also economically inadequate because it fails so to distribute the wealth it creates as to offer the necessary conditions of right living to those dependent upon its processes. No one, I think, can survey the temper of the working class to-day and honestly conclude that the business man retains the allegiance of the multitude. Some regard him with hate; most regard him with indifference. No considerable section thinks of him as genuinely concerned for the purpose a state must serve. He has lost the power to move his fellows in terms of a moral appeal.

I am not arguing that there is anything inherently unjust in the idea of private property; nor do I deny that it can be so held as creatively to express personality and continuously to enrich it. But if it is so to be held, it must be derived from a personal effort so organized as to add to the common welfare. It must never be so large in amount that its possessor exercises power merely by reason of its magnitude; and it must never be so small that its possessor is bound hand and foot to material appetite. The more equal its distribution the more likely is the contribution of the citizen to be assessed in terms of his social value, the more likely, accordingly, is he to make the effort to serve society well. And when property is viewed as the return to function it falls naturally into its proper place. It ceases to dominate our minds. It no longer breeds idleness and waste. It no longer produces that envy which is the nurse of faction, that sense of outlawry which goads to revolt. Men are not then set over against society, either feverishly snatching some chance opportunity of advantage, or seeking to exploit it for some end which they know in their conscience to be mean and dishonorable.

I am not pleading for a unified world, drawn to some single pattern, nor for a

society dominated by bureaucratic uniformity. I am urging only that if we wish to be civilized, we must transfer the emphasis of business life from the pursuit of money as its guiding principle to a due regard for the things money is to serve. There is room in such a conception for every diversity of type, the great economic explorer to whom risk is the salt of life, the bureaucratic official to whom routine is all, the artist-craftsman who will call no man master. But such a world would have a different scale of values from the present order.

It would think more of the creative artist because there will be more people with energy of soul to appreciate him. It will be less moved than we are by the man who asks to be judged by the size of the property he can accumulate. It may even, in its beginnings, appear a materially poorer society. For, almost inevitably, it will take time to train men to the habits born of new principles. Some will even refuse to be trained, and withdraw from their effort the spirit by which it is invigorated. It may become a society in which there will be few wealthy men. Their disappearance will merely involve the absence of that conspicuous display which has made much of our social life seem crude and vulgar and tawdry. It is not an insignificant thing that every thinker of the modern time to whom the prophetic gift has been vouchsafed, Emerson and Carlyle, Thoreau and Ruskin, Marx and Tolstoy, has been driven by his inner vision to demand a transvaluation of our values if the gift of civilization is to be preserved. As we stand now, our feet are near the abyss. We cannot avoid the danger of conflict so long as we fail to abolish the tyranny of man over man. We cannot abolish that tyranny where our idea of property confers rights without duties, claims without the obligation to serve. The condition of our well-being is fellowship; and this is possible only where men are won to a common service. For in that service that by which we live is born of justice and we gain the world by being willing to lose it.

THE PEARL NECKLACE

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

AFTER Monsieur Georges had accomplished the really extraordinary and hazardous feat of stealing the emerald pendant from Madame Félix Simonet, daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris, he wrote her a brief note asking her to meet him the following day at a quiet tea establishment near the Place Vendôme. He wanted (reasonably enough, for she was a beautiful woman) to renew their acquaintance; and he wanted, quite unreasonably, to return the emerald of which he had so cleverly deprived her.

Valentine Simonet, tremulous with curiosity and, at the same time, filled with a not unpleasant fear, arrived at the rendez-vous almost on time. She was quietly lovely in blue crêpe de chine, and she wore some very good pearls about her graceful throat. When she had put them on she had wondered if she were not taking a grave risk for, although Monsieur Georges might be a gentleman, there was no denying that he was a thief.

Monsieur Georges greeted her with the smile of a cheerful cherub. He said that it was kind of her to have come.

"But think," she said, "of the bait that you held out. Who could refuse a cup of tea in return for an emerald pendant—and *such* an emerald pendant!"

Still smiling, he drew from his pocket a small package wrapped in tissue paper, and handed it to her across the tea table.

"Madame," he said, "I broke into your apartment to steal this emerald for a covetous little American girl. I am aware now that, artistically, it was a shameful, inexcusable blunder, for the American is not worthy of so exquisite a stone. But you, madame—ah, to think that I should have contemplated the sacrilege of robbing beauty of beauty—I, who pride myself not a little on my sense of the appropriate. I am a thief, yes, but, I trust, not a vandal. I do not snatch obelisks from Egypt or horses from St. Mark's or cuckoo clocks from Switzerland or Buddhas from China. I do not take the perfect picture from the perfect frame. I should, if it were possible, far prefer to take both frame and picture. Since in this instance, madame, that is not possible—" he regarded her gravely and ardently and respectfully—"since that is not possible, I return the picture to its proper and exquisite frame."

Color came rapidly to her cheeks, and the very good pearls at her throat reflected a faint tint of rose. This Monsieur Georges, she said to herself, was rather startling. Aloud she said, "Aren't you being quixotic, monsieur? Shan't you, perhaps, regret your—well, shall we call it your generous gesture of an artist?"

"I shall have no regrets," he assured her firmly.

"In that case I can only say that I am very grateful." And she reached out and took the small package from the table and put it in her bag. There was a pause while she fumbled for suitable words. It was very difficult, what she wanted to say, and it was absurdly embarrassing.

"I feel," she said at length, "that I ought to insist on your taking a reward."

He laughed cheerlessly.

"I don't want any reward, madame, that you would be willing to give."

She must have suspected what he meant, but she was a very womanly woman and not averse to being made love to discreetly. Moreover, Monsieur Georges was a charming courtier and, for a thief, amazingly polished.

"What is it," she asked recklessly—"what is it that I would not be willing to give?"

"The picture and the frame," he murmured.

She met his earnest eyes for a moment before looking down and busying herself with a sticky cake. When she spoke it was in a parable.

"The Mona Lisa," she said, "was once stolen from her frame in the Louvre; but the person who stole her became conscience-stricken and restored her. That was some time ago, and the picture and frame still remain in the Louvre. The Museum felt no obligation to return them both to the thief. Neither, as yet, has been given away, and I doubt very much if they ever will be."

He bowed. "One can only hope," he said. And then he added, "Can one even hope?"

"One is always allowed to look at pictures and frames," she said, "but one is requested not to touch them."

Monsieur Georges thereafter looked at Valentine Simonet as often as she would permit. Of necessity their meetings were infrequent and conducted with extreme discretion, for Madame Simonet was endeavoring to divorce a reluctant and jealous husband, and Monsieur Georges had excellent reasons of his own for shunning publicity. But there was, he found, an unholy zest in making love to the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris. Monsieur Georges was, alas! a cheerfully impudent thief.

There were moments, however, when he wondered, in spite of himself, if he were not being just a little too foolhardy—moments of weakness or, perhaps, of wisdom, when he realized that he was placing his freedom in Valentine's slim, incapable hands. At a word from her, whether deliberate or accidental, his debonair existence would end abruptly and he would find himself hemmed in by the walls that make (in spite of the poet) a prison, and the iron bars that make a cage.

And then one late summer evening an incident occurred that led, eventually, not to a catastrophe but to a disillusionment.

It was September and there were acres of stars and a serene, round moon traveling among them up the sky, and a girl weeping almost too conspicuously, Monsieur Georges thought, in the shadow of a doorway. A harder-hearted man than he would have passed her by, and indeed Monsieur Georges himself might have done so had he not, after a brief glance, decided that she was young and slim and comely. The combination being irresistible to a man of his tastes and temperament, he stopped and went to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"*Pourquoi pleurez-vous*," he inquired, "*quand il ne pleut pas?*" And to himself he said, "The little wretch is play-acting in the hope of snaring a credulous man."

The girl looked up as if startled and rubbed her eyes and her nose with the back of her hand. She snuffled generously for a moment before she answered.

"I am crying," she said, "because I am hungry, Monsieur Georges."

He was not especially surprised that she should call him by his name, or rather by the name he had chosen for himself. The Montmartre was his Quarter of Paris, and in it he was as well known to the glad, bad residents as was the Moulin Rouge or the Sacré-Cœur.

"I perceive that you know me," he said.

The girl nodded and snuffled and said nothing.

He put his hand under her chin to raise her head that he might have a

better look at her. She was, as he had suspected, a pretty girl. With her close-clipped hair, parted at the side and brushed flat back over her head, she might almost have been a pretty boy. Her features were small and good, except for her mouth, which was better—a wide, red, daring mouth, far too shameless for one so young.

"Come," said Monsieur Georges abruptly. "Come and I will feed you."

As he said it he suddenly knew who she was and, as suddenly, regretted his invitation.

"But," he said, "are you not the little Gabrielle—the little Gaby—the little daughter of that blemished old rascal who is called, with reason, Joseph, the Hairy One?"

She took no offense.

"Yes," she said, "but my father is very sick. I beg you to come up with me to speak to him. There is a necklace—"

"Ah?" said Monsieur Georges, interested. "So the old scoundrel has stolen a necklace?"

"No, no," she answered quickly—"he did not steal it. He found it."

Monsieur Georges nodded his head approvingly.

"Of course," he said. "One always finds necklaces. That is one of the gifts the generous gods bestow upon us—the gift of being able to pluck necklaces out of the air or out of the gutter. I felicitate your horrible old father."

"Will you not come up and felicitate him in person?" she asked. "He is so sick that he cannot move. And, besides, he wishes to sell the necklace. It is worth a great many thousand francs, but we are starving."

"Starving?" asked Monsieur Georges, and he took her by the arm and led her out to the sidewalk, where, under the blue-white light of a street lamp, he scrutinized her severely.

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I believe you are. Come—lead me to the Hairy One, and I will look, not at him, if I can avoid it, but at his necklace."

She gave a little cry of relief and of thanks; and he followed her up five flights of evil-smelling stairs. With a huge iron key she opened a narrow door and they came into a gas-lit room. In a corner, lying on a couch, Monsieur Georges beheld Joseph, the Hairy One. He was shaking from weakness or fever or, perhaps, fear; and his long, untended white hair and his longer white beard straggled across his face and across the soiled pillow. He was not good to look upon.

Monsieur Georges bade him a brusque good-evening and averted his eyes as quickly as possible.

"Gaby tells me that you have a necklace you wish to sell," he stated briefly. "Let me see it."

The Hairy One sat up on the couch, still shaking.

"It is the truth, Monsieur Georges," he said. "And it is not a stolen necklace. I swear on the head of my mother that I found it on the sidewalk in front of the Casino de Paris, at the hour when the spectators were leaving the theater."

Monsieur Georges nodded his disbelief.

"How fortunate!" he said. "How fortunate that you should have been on the spot the very second that it dropped from the neck of some doubtless very beautiful woman. But, also, how unfortunate that you couldn't possibly have returned it to her! Show it to me."

At a word from her father, Gaby unlocked the upper drawer of a chest and took out a small package wrapped in a soiled newspaper. This she placed on a table, under the gas jet, and opened. Monsieur Georges advanced and leaned, without great interest, over the table. His lack of interest was not, however, of long duration.

He saw a string of one hundred and thirty-three pearls—he counted them later—not large, but beautifully matched and graduated, and fastened with a clasp consisting of an emerald surrounded by small diamonds. He took the necklace reverently into his hand and raised it up to the unsteady

light. And his hand, too, was unsteady.

It was not a necklace for a queen or an empress or the wife of an American millionaire; it would not have been conspicuous among the jewels of any remaining court; it was not, even, of great enough value to have purchased outright a first-rate actress; but it was, rather, the sort of necklace he had so often seen worn by respectable women of fair wealth and perfect taste; such a necklace as, for example, Valentine Simonet might wear.

He examined it carefully and closely, weighing it in his hand. He was an expert appraiser of all jewels, and his specialty, perhaps, was pearls. Presently he turned to face the Hairy One, whose eyes were eagerly upon him.

"Yes," he said slowly—and again—"Yes. A lucky find, my friend. Do you pick them often from the sidewalk? I imagine not."

"I tell you," cried the Hairy One querulously, "that it was not stolen. You have no right to insinuate that it was."

"No right, except that I know your habits—which, after all, are like mine, only of a smaller, meaner kind. For how much will you sell the necklace?"

"How much will you offer?" demanded the Hairy One, the light of bargaining shining in his feverish little eyes.

"It has value," Monseiur Georges admitted, "but you will be unable to dispose of it to anyone but me. It has value, but it is not good bread and cheese and wine. Neither will it serve to pay the rent or to buy you shoes which, I perceive, you sadly need, my friend. I, myself, who have many connections, shall have difficulty in selling it—difficulty and danger. It will be necessary to market only one pearl at a time—perhaps, at most, two or three. I offer you five thousand francs for it."

The Hairy One cried out in unrighteous indignation.

"You offer five thousand francs for that which is worth two hundred thousand!"

"Yes," agreed Monsieur Georges placidly, "it is worth at least that—but not to you or even to me. Come, five thousand francs will go far with you. You might, if you were generous, buy Gaby a coat with it; you might, if you were cleanly, have your hair and your beard trimmed; you might, if you were honest, pay your rent, which is no doubt overdue; and you might, if you were really sick, have in a doctor. And, granting that you did all those laudable things, you could still leave Gaby sufficient funds to pay for your simple but dignified funeral. Think it over, my friend."

The Hairy One regarded Monsieur Georges in bewildered anger. Having lived an unsheltered life, he was not accustomed to such rhetoric. But, notwithstanding, he knew well the value of what he had to sell and, knowing, he demanded ten thousand francs.

Monsieur Georges did not shrug his shoulders, but he took a leather wallet from his breast pocket and counted out exactly seven one-thousand-franc notes, which he spread out in a row on the stained table cover. Then, with inquiring eyebrows, he turned to the Hairy One.

The latter hesitated an instant, struggling no doubt with his cupidity. Then, without a word, he arose from his couch, stumbled to the table, and gathered up the seven notes with his unwashed right hand. Simultaneously Monsieur Georges casually dropped the necklace into the pocket of his coat.

"Good-night," said Monsieur Georges. "I recommend that you do not spend all of that money for cocaine."

Having delivered this excellent and gratuitous counsel, he left the Hairy One to his own vices.

Now, when the Hairy One had protested that he had not stolen the necklace, he had not, strangely enough, lied. He had, in truth, been on the spot when it fell from the slender, white throat of

Madame Félix Simonet as she was about to enter a motor outside the Casino de Paris. It fell to the gutter where it lay, unheeded, for several seconds—a small fortune surrounded by half a hundred hungry people. But the Hairy One was the nearest and the most alert, and to him went the spoils.

Madame Simonet remarked her loss only after several minutes. She clutched at her throat and called to the Deity. Then she called to her earthly father, the Prefect of Police of Paris, who sat beside her in the limousine.

"Well," he inquired, "what troubles you now, Valentine? Have you, as usual, lost or forgotten something?"

"Yes—my necklace. It is gone. We must go back at once to the theater."

The Prefect of Police made a sound like an indignant bark.

"Ah! that," he said, "that is too much! You will never recover it, my girl—never! It is useless to return but, nevertheless, we will do so. It is truly unbelievable how you contrive to lose your possessions of value. You, the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris!"

The Prefect of Police of Paris had, as he would himself have said, reason. Nobody had reported a lost or found pearl necklace to the management of the theater. So the Prefect invited his daughter to accompany him to his widower's apartment that they might discuss quietly what should be done.

"As a beginning," said the Prefect, "I am placed in a most ridiculous situation; and, as you must know, it is only ridicule that puts an end to the career of a French statesman. A Prefect of Police of Paris may be a thief, an adulterer, even a murderer—indirectly of course—and still retain his position. But once Paris begins to ridicule its appointees, their resignations are written. It is impossible, therefore, that it should become public knowledge that my daughter has again lost valuable jewelry—and this time jewelry of great value. I do not desire to become the target of all the *revues* and of all the smart songmakers. I am, in a way, France; and France can be killed only by laughter."

He was rather proud of this short speech and noted mentally that the last phrase might, as it often had been, well be used in public. His daughter, however, paid him no attention at all. She was thinking not so much of the Third Republic as of her pearl necklace.

"I shall put a notice in the newspapers," she said, with apparent irrelevance.

At that the Prefect of Police of Paris came close to insanity. Had the ceiling been lower he would have touched it with his uplifted hands.

"Listen to me!" he admonished her as soon as he could control his voice. "Listen to me! Under no circumstances must you announce to the public that you, my daughter, have been robbed—or careless—it amounts to the same. What will the private citizen think of his police protection if he once knows that the police cannot protect even the daughter of their Prefect?"

This was, of course, a purely rhetorical question and, therefore, demanded no reply. However, Valentine said coolly, "I should dislike to see you be displaced from your position, but I should be very glad to get back my necklace. I know not which is the more important."

He urged her to be reasonable and he propounded many good reasons for reasonability. At length he said, "We will put a notice in the papers, but not under your name or mine. We will put a notice in the papers, offering a reward of ten thousand francs to the fortunate thief who has in his possession three hundred thousand francs of pearls—that is about what it cost, did it not?"

"Yes—about."

"Very good, then. We will enter the notice in the name of my assistant secretary—you know Hippolyte Mirval, do you not?—and we will represent him as offering the ten thousand francs' reward if the necklace is returned to his apartment in the rue Weber. Do you

approve—and have you the ten thousand francs?"

She answered the two questions affirmatively, and the Prefect sighed the relief of a long-suffering man. But before he left her at the door of her apartment house he said, "The necklace was undoubtedly stolen. If by any possible chance it should be presented we shall, of course, arrest the person presenting it. I shall take the requisite measures to have police at Mirval's apartment and I shall name a day and an hour—next Thursday, shall we say, between seven and nine in the evening?"

"Must I be present?" she asked, disturbed, for she took no pleasure in her father's professional activities.

"But naturally. You shall be forced to identify the pearls. Then we pay the reward, and—"

"And?"

"And, quick, the handcuffs," he concluded.

"It is not fair," she said. "You and your police make me a little ill. Suppose that the person who returns it is honest—what then?"

"The supposition," said the Prefect, "is impossible. An honest man would have returned it immediately to the office of the theater. We shall, I assure you, be dealing with a thief."

"You suspect everyone," she murmured.

"Yes," he agreed, "it is for that the government pays me."

And so it came to pass that Monsieur Georges, awaking on Tuesday, the pearl necklace locked in his very private safe, read in *Le Matin* the following notice:

"LOST: On Sunday night, probably outside the Casino de Paris, a pearl necklace. Reward of 10,000 francs and no questions asked if returned to M. Mirval, 22 bis, rue Weber, on Thursday evening between 7 and 9."

The name Mirval had, somehow, a familiar ring—rather an unpleasant ring, but he was unable to account for it in his mind.

He called to his little friend Kiki, who, for once, was in the bath tub.

"Does the name of Mirval mean anything to you?" he shouted.

Above the violent splashing of water he heard her answer, "No! I don't know him! Are you jealous again? You exaggerate, my dear Georges. I tell you I have never seen or spoken to any such person."

"Stupid!" he cried. "I ask you only if he belongs to the police. I care not at all whether or not he belongs to you."

"Oh!" she said, and there followed a silence. She was evidently meditating in the tub.

"I wish," said Monsieur Georges, "that when you have finished making yourself so unusually clean, you would come here and discuss with me a matter of some importance to both of us."

"I come," she called back shrilly; and she hastened, for she well knew that a matter of some importance meant, for Monsieur Georges, a matter of money, in which she had an ardent interest.

She came from the bathroom, naked and scattering spray.

"Mirval?" she repeated; "Mirval? Yes, there is something decayed about that name. But I can't think why. Tell me, what have you to do with him? Perhaps I shall remember."

"It concerns the pearl necklace," Monsieur Georges explained. "He offers ten thousand francs for its return, and, supposedly, no questions asked. I am doubtful."

Kiki dried herself luxuriously with a huge bath towel and managed to scratch her head at the same time.

"Yes," she agreed, "I should go gently. Moreover, even if the Mirval person means what he says, you gain only three thousand francs on the transaction."

"What a mathematician!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges. "You make no errors in large figures. However, I am, as you well know, in danger so long as I have the necklace in my possession. Better, perhaps, three thousand francs than three years in jail."

She nodded. "But," she advised, "I should be cautious. You may find yourself with three years of jail and without even the three thousand francs."

"That," he said, "is why I asked you if the name of Mirval signified anything to your occasionally admirable brain."

Then abruptly he arose from the bed.

"My clothes," he commanded. "The blue suit and a white silk shirt. I am going down to the city. I have a magnificent idea."

She asked no questions. She knew by the look of him that he was "at work," and she knew by experience that he liked no interference at such times. Instead, she aided and hastened his toilet. Kiki could often make herself useful.

In fifteen minutes he was on the street. In half an hour he was at the jewelry shop of Hecla in the Boulevard des Italiens; and with him, in his pocket, was the pearl necklace.

"It must be ready by Thursday afternoon at six o'clock," were his final words to the manager. "I shall pass at that hour to take it—to take both of them."

"It will be ready and perfect," the manager assured him—"one as perfect as the other."

And so, at five minutes before six o'clock on the following Thursday, Monsieur Georges, dressed as for the opera, stopped at the shop of Hecla on the Boulevard des Italiens. He was outwardly calm but inwardly he was definitely worried. Kiki, who had helped him to dress, had perceived that, for once, the cherubic face of "her man" was solemn. She knew, then, that Monsieur Georges was deliberately placing himself in danger; but apart from that she knew nothing. Monsieur Georges confided not even in her; and she was content to share, if not his confidence, at least his loot.

From Hecla's, Monsieur Georges, having retained his taxi-cab, drove to the Restaurant des Gauffres, where he dined wisely and well and alone. At half-past seven he arrived at the apartment of Monsieur Mirval, in the rue Weber.

A valet opened the door for him, and he entered a modest salon. Monsieur Mirval rose from a chair to greet him. Monsieur Mirval was a small, anxious man who worried a small, black moustache. When he spoke, it was as if he were dictating to a stenographer.

"You have come in answer to the advertisement of the lost pearl necklace?" he inquired.

Monsieur Georges scrutinized him very closely.

"Yes," he said, "precisely." And then he asked, in a voice that was suddenly severe, "Who and what are you, Monsieur Mirval?"

It is possible that Monsieur Mirval did not know who or what he was. At any rate he was taken aback, and answered only after an interval. "Why," he said, "I am the proprietor of the necklace which, I presume, you have found and are returning."

"Quite so," said Monsieur Georges, and he drew a necklace of pearls carelessly from the pocket of his overcoat.

"Is that the necklace you so unfortunately lost?" he inquired mildly. "And," he added, "if so, how does it happen that you were wearing pearls about your neck?—you who appear to be a manly man."

Monsieur Mirval blushed. "It goes without saying," he explained, "that I represent my wife in this affair."

"In that case," said Monsieur Georges, "I must insist that your wife identify the necklace before I surrender it and claim the reward."

"Very well," said Monsieur Mirval, "I will summon her."

He went to a door that led into a corridor, and he called, "Madame!"

And then Valentine Simonet, the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris, came into the room and regarded Monsieur Georges with startled and questioning and beautiful eyes.

Not often, in his reprehensible career, had Monsieur Georges found himself without a vocabulary fitted to the occasion. There may, perhaps, be found,

now, an excuse for him, since he was confronting the woman whom he had once attempted to rob and later learned to trust. Trust! No one but a fool, he told himself, should ever trust a woman. He looked at her in silence, crushed by the weight of his disappointment, unwilling to believe.

"Ah!" she cried, "*Ah—mais—!*" and her lovely hands went to her throat as if to suppress further words.

Monsieur Georges wondered what attitude she would adopt in this almost incredible situation. He had suspected a trap, and his suspicions had been confirmed; but even his vivid imagination had not pictured Valentine Simonet as being one of the trappers. But was she concerned in it? He told himself no, that it was impossible. And then he told himself yes, that anything was possible where a woman was concerned. He was very hurt and very bitter.

And meanwhile Monsieur Mirval was explaining absurdly and awkwardly.

"This gentleman," said he, "has come to return your pearl necklace. He waits only to have you recognize it as your lost property and to receive the reward. The necklace is there, on the table."

This last was a waste of breath. The necklace was most conspicuously there, on the table.

At last Monsieur Georges found words; but he did not betray by any sign recognition of Madame Félix Simonet. On the contrary, he bowed and said, "I assume that I have the honor of addressing Madame Mirval. If Madame Mirval will be so kind as to regard and identify the necklace, I shall be glad to leave it. I need not assure you, I trust, that it was found, and not stolen. It was lost by Madame Mirval at the exit of the Casino de Paris on last Sunday night. I am delighted to be able to return it."

He spoke very graciously but he was on his guard.

Valentine hesitated an instant. She seemed to be searching Monsieur Georges' eyes for a hint as to what he would choose to have her say or do; but there was nothing in his eyes to guide her one way or another. He was quite calm now—casual; almost, she thought, amused.

She said slowly, "Who ventured to tell you, monsieur, that I am Madame Mirval?"

"Your husband, himself," said Monsieur Georges, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the assistant secretary.

Then she flared up angrily, turned on the shrinking Mirval, and cried, "Some more of your police tricks! Is it part of your duty to thrust on me your name—and yourself as a husband? I'll have none of it. I am not Madame Mirval, God be blessed! I am, as a great many people know, Madame Félix Simonet."

Monsieur Georges, unperturbed, bowed again.

"In that case," he said, "if Madame Simonet will be so kind as to identify her pearls—"

She took the necklace from the table and in silence regarded it. She looked at neither Monsieur Mirval nor Monsieur Georges, but she looked apparently at the pearls, counting them. There were precisely one hundred and thirty-three, and the clasp was an emerald surrounded by diamonds.

Finally she spoke.

"That is undoubtedly the necklace," she said—calmly now. "Please pay the ten thousand francs' reward to this exceedingly kind gentleman. At the same time I hope he will accept my thanks and forgive your deceitfulness."

Monsieur Mirval nodded knowingly and drew from a wallet ten thousand-franc notes. He presented them to Monsieur Georges and pressed at the same time an electric bell on his table. Monsieur Georges perceived the gesture, but did not move. Nor did he move in protest when there entered the Prefect, accompanied by three superior officers of his force. Instead, he held out his two hands.

"Put on the handcuffs, Monsieur le Préfet," he said. "I make no opposition

to such complete imbecility, because one cannot combat against it. I ask, only, with what crime do you charge me?"

"This is shameful," said Valentine Simonet, "yes, monsieur, it is shameful. It is an outrage! I had no idea—" She stopped abruptly, suddenly aware that she had been warned what measures her father planned to take. But it was quite true that, at the time, she had no idea they would be taken against Monsieur Georges. And she dared not explain.

The Prefect of Police maintained, as almost always, a dignified, disinterested manner. The handcuffs were locked upon the wrists of Monsieur Georges.

"Very good," said the Prefect. "I charge you of many crimes. I charge you first of being the Vicomte Georges de Chenavard and a forger of your father's name; I charge you next with many thefts which we have been unable to place directly to your account; and I charge you now with having stolen the necklace of my daughter. There is a value, there, of three hundred thousand francs."

Monsieur Georges laughed his bland laughter; but not once did he look at Madame Simonet.

"The Vicomte Georges de Chenavard!" he exclaimed. "What a splendid, sonorous title! I should feel honored to bear it, but unfortunately I cannot claim a coat-of-arms. However, may I beg, merely as the humble thief which you likewise accuse me of being—may I beg to ask from whom your daughter, Madame Félix Simonet, obtained this necklace, which you value so optimistically at three hundred thousand francs?"

The Prefect of Police glanced with a confidently inquiring air at his daughter.

"From my husband," she said, with eyes averted. "He told me that he bought it at Dartier's."

Monsieur Georges again permitted himself to laugh—but quietly.

"I ask the pardon of madame," he said, "and I ask also that she look again, very closely, at the necklace. If she knows anything of pearls she will know that the necklace is not from Dartier and that the pearls are false. You have paid me ten thousand francs for returning a necklace of artificial pearls which I value at one thousand. Then you have endeavored to put me in jail on imaginary pretexts. My only crime—if you call it a crime—is that I was willing to accept an exorbitant reward for a necklace which I knew to be false, but which your daughter identified as her own and which you were both foolish enough to believe real. I trust that you understand what a contemptible trick you have played in luring an honest man into your house—or, rather, into the house of Monsieur Mirval, your accomplice—by the offer of a reward. You have even gone to the laughable length of passing off your own daughter as Madame Mirval. That was in bad taste, monsieur. Then, with the gesture of the stage police-officer, you step from behind the arras, where you have been in hiding like Polonius, and you valiantly clap the handcuffs on the wrists of a person who has sought only to do you a favor. I think, Monsieur le Préfet, that you have outdone yourself on this occasion, and I congratulate you in the name of all Parisians who are fond of hearty laughter. Come, let us go to the jail!"

The Prefect of Police looked at his daughter, and then they both looked at the necklace. And then they looked doubtfully at each other. The Prefect, faced once more with the threat of the ridicule of all Paris, commenced an orderly retreat.

"One cannot," said he reluctantly, "arrest a man who returns a necklace of artificial pearls, and who admits that it is artificial. Are you certain, Valentine, that it is your own?"

"No," she said slowly. "I am not at all certain."

"In your opinion," demanded the Prefect, indignant with cause, "in your opinion is this your necklace or not?"

"In my opinion," she replied, "it

might well be a perfect imitation of my real necklace."

Monsieur Georges bowed. "Madame," he said, "with my aid, you will yet be a *connaisseuse*."

If she smiled at him, it was an uncomprehending, interrogatory smile.

"I have not had your experience with precious jewels," she said.

The Prefect, becoming impatient and feeling that he was risking his dignity, spoke with his official voice.

"There has been, possibly, a misunderstanding. We will give this young man one thousand francs and we will retain the necklace. We will have an expert examine it. If it actually proves to be false, why then—why then, Valentine, your sacred husband who gave it to you is even more of a miserable scoundrel than I had thought!"

"I ask your pardon," said Monsieur Georges. "The necklace is worth one thousand—yes. But my trouble and my expenses and my reward?"

"Two thousand in all," said the Prefect, "and I trust I never see you again."

"I trust not," said Monsieur Georges gravely.

"But I shall have you watched," added the Prefect.

"You honor me," said Monsieur Georges.

They took from the table eight of the ten thousand francs, leaving him the remaining two; and they took from his wrists the handcuffs. Then they led him to the door and allowed him to depart.

Twenty minutes later Monsieur Georges took off his overcoat in his apartment, and out of the pocket of it he took a pearl necklace.

"There!" he said to Kiki. "There!"

He tossed the pearls across the room to her, and she caught them deftly, sensing their value.

"Well?" she inquired.

"Well," he answered, "it was as we thought—a trap. I have gained only two thousand francs, in cash, but, as you see, I have still the real necklace. You may wear it once in a while, on one of your frequent birthdays, Kiki, but not, I suggest, when the police are in the vicinity."

Then he pinched her affectionately and told her to turn on the hot water in his bath.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

IN THE place which we outlanders speak a bit chokingly of as "Home" there exists a sentimental, and to me an extremely irritating notion. This notion is that in the mining camps of the far-flung corners of the earth the woman and the child—always *the* woman and *the* child—are desired as is precious gold, are placed on pedestals, are worshipped with awe. Only a few days ago, while reading the semi-scientific, semi-sentimental outpourings of Dr. Marie Stopes, I came across this: "And men who go far afield to outposts remote from women have told me how the craving for woman is to some extent satisfied, at any rate soothed, by the mere presence even of an elderly woman in the farmhouse. They would travel miles only to sit in the kitchen near her while she cooked." Maybe so, maybe so, but I have yet to meet such men; and I could wager my Sunday hat that the lad who offered the above information was—as a native friend expressed it—pulling for Marie the leg.

After nearly fourteen years spent in the mining camps and oil fields of the world, I can no longer keep from denouncing such sentimentality, from trumpeting forth the real truth—to wit, that at best the child has precious little place at all in the general scheme of camp life; and that the woman, unless she learns to mind her business, to hold her tongue, and to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men in danger or trouble, has an extremely thin time of it.

I myself was a victim of the myth, and it took several years and many a hard knock to show me the light. I first encountered the legend in this way. When I was a small child, I regularly spent my Sunday afternoons with my grandmother. She lived in a big brick house on Linden Avenue, in Baltimore—a tall house with an air of haughty withdrawal. Its steps were proud and white, its long windows were curtained with Nottingham lace, its door knobs and knocker and bell glittered with cold brilliance. In its armor of cool respectability, however, was one weak spot. On a table of gilt and onyx in the long, dim parlor were three books—a chaste leather volume that meekly proclaimed itself in raised letters as "Poems," a brass bound tome unmistakably the Bible, and The Book. The Book was green, with a blonde lady, distressingly undressed for the period, embossed on its cover; and written across its face in scrawly script the word "Album." When opened it exuded a faint, musty odor, and its yellow pages were a patchwork of clippings—extracts from sermons, reports of long past parties, jokes, poems. To a small girl alone in this desert of gentility while her grandmother took her afternoon nap, The Book was an oasis of clear delight. I can see myself now—a plump, red-cheeked child with barrel curls—perched on one of the gilt-and-brocade chairs, breathing hard under the intellectual strain. Nothing escaped me—a caustic critique of Robert Ingersoll, a flowery and highly optimistic prayer, a poem on the death of Henry Ward Beecher, a recipe for Virginia spoon bread. One gem, however, really and definitely impressed my young mind; and every Sun-

day, a peppermint lozenge tucked into one cheek, my feet on the forbidden rungs of the gilt chair, I sensed its delight and allowed large fat tears to drop unchecked on the yellow pages of The Book.

This gem was a long narrative poem entitled "The Clown's Baby" which had been clipped from the *San Francisco Chronicle* sometime in the seventies. The poem told of Christmas Eve in a wild and woolly mining camp in the West—apparently a camp for men only, as the note stressed was the total and devastating absence of woman or child. A circus had arrived, and a very poor affair it must have been, as the star attraction seemed to be a dejected clown, who wreathed his woe in merry smiles, and his equally dejected wife. Just as the unhappy couple were about to advance on the audience and do their act, the property baby (rubber) was discovered missing, so—well, what could the wretched creatures do but seize their only offspring and carry on. All went well at first, but when the moment came for the clown to throw the child lightly into the air, the ungrateful and unnatural brat rebelled and let out a loud howl. There was a dead silence. Then one of the miners sprang to his feet and cried, "Boys, the kid's alive." I can remember the very words.

The effect on the Boys was electric. The bearded fellows leaped from their seats, they stampeded the ring, they craved almost tearfully for a chance to hold the infant; and, when each man had had his turn, they passed round the hat, collecting in less time than it takes to tell enough dust to provide for the future of the child and its parents—college education and all. Then in a hushed silence, those rough miners stole from the tent—"out under the pure, star-spangled vault of God's firmament."

On such sugar pap was I nurtured. The years passed, and with them the Linden Avenue house. The Book vanished with the other treasures of the dim parlor. I outgrew my fattish youth, pinned up my barrel curls, married; and my virtue, like that of the heroine of the fairy tale, was shortly rewarded by two beautiful children. My husband is a geologist, and before I had been married many years I had become a specialist in mining camps—mining camps in all parts of the world, but mainly in the high Andes of South America. These camps, unlike that of the poem, were never strictly men's affairs; there was always a woman or two or three about, as well as an occasional child, no matter how isolated or wild the place. And were these women and children regarded with awed reverence, did any one man ever travel miles merely to sit in my kitchen and watch me cook, did the bearded miner crave to hold the little child in his arms, was the hat passed round? Never.

Indeed, it would seem that the mining camp of reality resembles in no one item the mining camps of song and story. In the first place, beards have gone out of fashion along with sweet lavender and illusions. The simple miner has been replaced by the college-bred engineer, entirely sophisticated and quite prepared to guard his man's world to the last ditch.

Apparently the absence of women, or at any rate, women of his own race and class, disturbs him not at all. I have known men to remain quite content at the mine for six or seven months at a stretch, when, by a mere three hours' muleback trip, they could come down to the base camp, there to revel in the luxury of hot baths, good—or better—food, and the soothing society of one or two gentle and refined females. To this same modern miner the little child spells not romance and sticky sentimentality, but a young devil who enters his tent and loots his treasures, who makes unseemly noises on Sunday mornings when sleep is both possible and desirable, who regards him with a cold and fishy eye when the last cocktail has rather got the better of him.

II

A number of years ago we were living in a very small camp on the east slope of the Andes. Besides my two offspring, there was one other child in camp—a freckle-faced kid of a New York son of the people and a pretty Chilean girl. Little Eduardo was only five, but he spoke Spanish and English with equal ease and could carry on a spirited and, I suspect, highly profane conversation in either of the Indian languages. He was a pretty child, too—just the kind whom you might have expected to be the golden haired idol of the camp. Quite otherwise. I to this day meet men grown, if not gray, at least motheaten in the service, who will discourse solemnly and at length on the awful deeds of that fair child.

Once he had broken up a poker game by entering the tent that harbored the gamesters, fixing his eye severely on his parent, and remarking severely:

"James, your *wife* wants you at once —*at once!*" . . . What a child!

Again, he had invaded Jeff's tent, taken from a shelf six bottles of Gilbey's Old Tom gin, and with loving care had watered the newly planted garden with their contents. The gin had been imported by train, automobile, and mule from La Paz, and the hardy bottles that had survived the trip were highly esteemed. The alcohol, furthermore, seemed not to agree with the new garden, for most of the young plants ungratefully withered and died.

One can picture the Boys of the poem slapping their thighs, tossing their beards, and rocking with Jovian laughter over the childish prank. Not so our sophisticated miner. He resents the loss of his gin, he considers the child an infernal nuisance, and years afterwards he remembers his wrongs with bitterness. Even the small episode of a soap box—a soap box in which Eduardo habitually placed himself early Sunday mornings, and, with an Indian child as horse, scraped unpleasantly up and down the gravel path between the two rows of tents—is often recalled with rancor in gatherings of old-timers. Of course, the noise was of a peculiarly horrid character, but think of the glee the Boys would have shown over such sportiveness!

Another most annoying phase of camp life in connection with children is the hearty and unstinted assistance one gets in their upbringing. The proverbially public life of the gold fish is a sheltered existence as compared with ours. If it becomes necessary to lambaste the child—and I have yet to meet a child who does not at times suffer from the need—the little community of friends will rally round and either cheer you on or assure you that you are breaking the youthful spirit by such brutality. If the child throws discretion to the winds, flies into open rebellion, and goes generally berserk, the camp mutters darkly and hints of gallows at the end of a long, long road of crime. The youngest engineer feels himself quite competent to offer advice and suggestions on the education and deportment of the young, and no considerations of delicacy restrain him when the constructive urge is upon him. My two offspring were fairly decent specimens of the young American—at least I thought so—yet times without count was I called to order for my laxity of discipline, my unnecessary harshness, even my obvious carelessness in allowing them to lose their front teeth.

"That child Polly." Mack stood in the door of my tent, viewing me with evident disfavor. "She was a pretty child when she came into this camp, and look at her now. Not a tooth in her head, her hair all bleached out by the sun, her socks always hanging down! A horrible sight!"

There was a rustling and a snigger, and the young woman in question burst from around the side of the tent, followed by her brother Bob, and Cæsar, the houseboy. Looked at dispassionately, they were rather fantastic. They

had been building a dam in the small stream that runs down the mountainside back of the camp, and all three children were thoroughly caked with black loam. Bob's five-gallon hat—a parting gift from one of the boys—was pushed on the back of his head, his knife swung in a leather holder at his belt, his puttees and spurs, which he always put on when he rose in the morning and took off as he sprang into bed at night, were heavy with mud. Polly's once pretty yellow hair, now bleached by the tropical sun and dried by the thin light air, stood out from her head like tow; her socks were not merely hanging down, but had been boldly removed and given over to Cæsar to carry; and her cordial smile revealed a large expanse of gum.

"There," said Mack, pointing an accusing finger at the group. "What did I tell you? Indians, perfect Indians!" He focussed his attention on Polly. "I was just telling your mother . . ."

"Yeah, I heard you. I heard every word you said." My daughter wiped her nose nonchalantly on the back of her hand and wagged a muddy forefinger at her traducer. "I heard you, and you're not so pretty yourself. Your nose is red because you drink too much *cerveza*, and your own teeth come out, because I saw them in a glass one morning when I peeped into your tent."

The last of these remarks issued from the kitchen, where none too gently I had propelled my child. I returned to Mack and tried to make the best of the situation. He assured me that he had really expected nothing better of the child, considering the way she was being brought up; and then launched into a lengthy account of his own youth in Scotland, which appeared to have been a somewhat drab routine of oatmeal, sound thrashings, and churchgoing. I wanted passionately to tell him to mind his business; but Mack was a friend—a real friend. It was hard to forget the night that Bob nearly died with croup. Mack and I fought alone through those dreadful hours when the little chap beat the unsatisfying mountain air with frantic hands and struggled hideously for every breath; and it was Mack who turned a gray face to me just after dawn and said:

"He's sleeping now. I guess he's all right. But, Lord, what a night!"

Besides, I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that I might resent his taking a hand in the upbringing of my family.

III

Christmas in the poem of my youth was apparently a time when the heart dripped tender thoughts of home and mother and especially of the little child. In the mining camp of reality I saw no such mellowing. Gayety there was in abundance, and rejoicing of a kind; but hardly the kind best suited to the gentle nature of the child. I remember a particular Christmas in this same Andean camp—the last spent by my children in unfettered liberty.

On Christmas Eve a party was given at the *gerencia*. No well-loved detail had been omitted—tree, Santa Claus, presents. Everything was there complete—everything but the children, who had been early and hurriedly sent to their beds with vague promises of the delights that the next day would undoubtedly bring forth. We were five women at that party—a quite unheard of number for our tiny camp—and, if I do say so, we were not too bad. Our evening frocks were of the current year—two were even imported from Paris—our satin slippers and chiffon stockings were faultless, our heads were correctly, if painfully, shingled. Having no barber in camp, we perforce cut one another's hair, and the results, although they might at times be a little surprising, were on the whole reasonably good. The men had all come down from the mill and the mine, and when at half-past eight we assembled in the long drawing-room of the *gerencia*, we were thirty-two Gringos in all. With the curtains drawn to shut out the mountains and

the blackness of the night, with the tall pine that had been brought all the way up from the coast by train and truck and peon blazing in its corner, with the shaded electric lights and the regulation "overstuffed" furniture, with "It Ain't Going to Rain No More" shrilling its blatant strains from the big orthophonic, with the well-dressed men and women—who could have guessed that we were nearly thirteen thousand feet up in the air, over a hundred miles from a railroad, thousands and thousands of miles by land and sea from the homes of our fathers!

And what a party it was! Red cocktails made of brandy and lemon juice and grenadine, perfectly chilled with ice from the glacier and served with exquisite trifles of caviar and pâté. Then such a buffet supper—tomato soup with whipped cream (in tins), roast turkey with stuffing, corn pudding, potatoes *au gratin*, salads, ice cream, plum pudding blazing with brandy, coffee. We even had a mistletoe bough, cunningly constructed from a branch of a stunted tree on which we had sewed pearl beads. After dinner we danced until midnight; and when I say we danced, I mean we danced. Picture five women pitted against twenty-seven men, all young and agog with Christmas spirit. There were no intervals worth mentioning between dances. When the orthophonic stopped, the pianola carried on; and the brave five twirled from partner to partner without time to think of feet that might be aching from unaccustomed high heels or heads that might be spinning from those vicious red cocktails. At midnight there was champagne and "Auld Lang Syne," sung a little tearfully; then Santa Claus and the presents. Little British Mr. Hawke, our camp wag, was Santa; and it had taken quite a dozen pillows to fill out our stock Santa Claus suit, which had been built for a much more robust saint; but he was fairly bursting with spirits (of both kinds). A big diamond driller from the mine draped himself in a scarlet shawl and did the Mexican *Jota;* our latest arrival from the States performed the then new Charleston with easy abandon; our intercollegiate wrestling champion, all of a gentle glow, offered in pure kindness of spirit to take on in combat any member of the party—male or female. I was having a thoroughly satisfactory time when a sudden awful thought smote me. The children, the children's Christmas tree! In the exuberance of getting into my new evening dress and feeling entirely civilized and almost lovely, I had neglected to trim the tree, or even to get out the presents. I hunted up my husband, and found him earnestly arguing with Santa Claus over the sheer futility of dropping h's.

"The children's tree," I cried in a voice of desperation. "It's nearly four now, and we haven't touched it."

The gentlemen registered attention but little interest.

"Keep your 'air on," soothed Santa. "Keep your 'air on. What's the 'urry?"

"But what if they should wake up and not find a tree or anything!" I wailed. "I'm going this instant."

I tore my satin slippers from my tormented feet, dragged on a pair of cool, comfortable brogues, flung my coat around my shoulders, and rushed from the house.

Christmas is midsummer south of the equator, and the sky was already graying. I stumbled down the rocky trail, Santa Claus and my husband, both palpably resentful at being torn so early from the scenes of gayety, tottering behind; and we crept as quietly as possible into the sleeping camp. At the door of our tent I offered my hand in farewell to Mr. Hawke, but he overlooked it and pressed in with us. Obviously the good saint was in that state of mind when any place is better than home; so when he draped himself on the sofa and fell into a peaceful sleep, I considered it the better course simply to ignore him.

Hardly daring to turn on a light, I

delved into the small shed that was the only storage place in our tent home, and dragged out the dusty artificial tree that had been handed around camp for the past five or six years as quite good enough for the children. Naturally the stand was broken, naturally the lights would not work, naturally most of the ornaments were broken off at the base and could not be fastened to the tree without much painful endeavor. With the sweat rolling from our brows and a boiling desire to strike each other seething in our respective breasts, we labored, until at half past five we had assembled a complete, if rather intoxicated-looking, tree, and had set forth the presents in some sort of order.

"Get Hawke home," I moaned, "and let's get ten minutes of sleep anyway."

Hawke proved not too unpleasant. He suggested at first that it would be as well for him simply to remain where he was and surprise the children when they got up; but he was perfectly amenable to reason when we pointed out that minus his beard and cap and pack he was unmistakably Hawke and not Santa Claus.

"Right-ho," he assented, and accepted in good grace an arm up the path to his tent.

I am sure my eyes had not fully closed, when ringing cries of "Merry Christmas, Muddy and Daddy" smote on my anguished ears. I sat up in bed and with both hands tried out my head, turning it gently this way and that until I was absolutely certain that it really belonged to me. Then I slid carefully from my bed, threw a shoe across at my husband's sleeping form, and answered with what enthusiasm I could muster:

"Merry Christmas, children. You stay in bed just a second while Muddy lights the lights."

I plucked fiercely at my husband, and with violence urged on him the necessity of getting up. In a second or so he realized the situation, and also lowered himself to the floor. We stood looking at each other. Christmas!

"Comb your hair and up and at 'em," I whispered.

He grinned companionably.

"Pull up your own socks," he hissed.

With a silent prayer that the lights would work and the tree not look too awful, we loped into the little sitting room, yapping with a merriness that really hurt:

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all."

The lights did work, the tree proved—well, not so bad as it might have been, and the children and Teresa, our little Chola cook, evinced fair enthusiasm over the small homemade gifts.

Much later in the morning a very shattered Mr. Hawke hove in, and with trembling hands extended to the young folk gifts of toys and candies.

After a Christmas dinner which, somehow, lacked the savor of such meals at home, I heard the children discussing the day.

"That wasn't Santa Claus," remarked Polly scornfully. "It was only old 'Awke. And this is a heluva doll he brought me."

Bob rolled his eye dispassionately over the gift under discussion.

"It's cockeyed," he said at length. "Old Hawke probably dropped it. He was spilling everything. I believe he was *muy borracho*. Gee, I wish Fidel would bring up the mules and take us for a ride."

"He won't." There was no rancor, merely a tranquil acceptance of facts in the reply. "He's probably *borracho* too. Remember, Bob, it's Christmas."

IV

So much for the place of the little child in modern camp life. What then of the women? Despite the sweetness of the home thought on the subject, in the wild places there seems to be one commonly accepted idea—that women are at the bottom of any mischief in the camp, that they are envious and jealous, that they quarrel amongst themselves, that they

secretly connive at all times to usurp the place of their betters—man. We are not infrequently referred to as "those damned women." I have never had the fortune, or the misfortune, to live in a large, permanent, well organized camp; so I have no way of knowing how my sisters act under such circumstances. The geologist goes out with the advance guard, maps the property, and, if all seems well, lays out a campaign for future development; then moves on. If, however, the mine proves not all that the heart might desire, or the structure is particularly tricky, the geologist stands by and personally conducts development. Advance work or an uncertain mine means pure pioneer life—small camps, temporary housing, makeshifts of every kind. For months I may be the only woman in camp, perhaps there may be one more; at best we might run to five or six. The years I have spent amongst these pioneer women have taught me that they are a pretty good lot—not plaster saints, perhaps, neither craving nor receiving the bent knee of adoration; but on the whole loyal, uncomplaining, courageous, unselfish, and gallantly willing to do their part and more in any emergency. Yet the miner clings with almost childish insistence to his theory of the villainy and duplicity of woman. He is convinced that she is going to tame him, domesticate him, encroach on his domain; and, while he may extend to an occasional woman his unstinted comradeship, he, nevertheless, regards the sisterhood on the whole as distinctly dangerous.

He has, of course, at times a basis for his horrid fears. Inexperienced women nearly always come into camp glowing with the sentimental tosh set forth in the Poem. On the one hand they expect to be set on a pedestal and admired with tender reverence by the hardened miner; on the other hand, they pant to allay the hardships of the creature's life, to tidy him up, to "bring a bit of home" to his door. They almost invariably come bounding in all fresh and smart, fully armed with new clothes and new ideas; and they regard us callous, weather-beaten veterans with impatience as either too careless or too lazy to try to alleviate the lot of "those poor boys." If they are sufficiently young and sufficiently pretty, they may get away with it for a time. But we know it won't last, and it never does.

Sometimes the poor newcomers don't even get a running start. I remember one dreadful occasion when two new arrivals attempted to clean up the tent of our doctor. I won't say that it did not need cleaning. It was really quite the most poisonous looking place imaginable, with books and magazines cluttering the sagging couch and all the chairs, a condor on the table in the process of being stuffed, cigarette butts on the floor, orange and lemon skins, several empty bottles, a cocktail shaker and a lot of sticky glasses—tokens of slight parties the night before—on the top of the stove, and behind it Gypsy—the most intelligent, the most sweet-tempered Airedale in the wide world—and her latest litter of perfectly delightful, if carelessly sired, pups. But for all its rank filth, it was the nicest tent in camp. There we gathered nearly every evening, and over a cocktail or two discussed the state of the mine, the stock market (our latest news over a month old), the last book sent out from home, the trend of modern thought from soap to sex—everything.

Imagine how devastating it was, then, on a certain morning when the doctor had gone to the mine, to see the two new ladies, sparkling fresh in their house dresses and with towels binding their heads, advance on the beloved tent. Fire was in their eyes, they bore brooms and cloths in their hands; Modesto, the camp *mozo*, unwillingly followed them with pails and soap and scrubbing brushes. Min, my fellow-veteran, and I tingled with excitement. We had so few thrills in our restricted life, and the Doctor was so perfectly wonderful when aroused. All day long

we heard exclamations of surprise and horror from the cleaning ladies, we heard Gypsy's growls of remonstrance and her children's wails, we heard Modesto being hurled back into action at each repeated attempt at flight. Late in the afternoon the welfarers came and invited Min and me to regard the results of their efforts.

Min's reaction was hardly satisfactory. She gave forth a hard drawn "Good God!" and then tried to cover her error by whistling. I have an uneasy habit of wanting to laugh when seriously disturbed, and now I burst into a gale of hollow mirth, which I could only hope would be taken as a sign of appreciation. What a place! The magazines, many of them technical and procured at great pains, had vanished entirely; the books were neatly stacked; the pictures, mostly lovely undraped ladies cut from colored supplements, had been boldly removed; the condor, gift of a grateful patient, along with the trappings for its rehabilitation, had also disappeared, and its place was taken by a chaste bowl of flowers set on a crochet mat. The floor was scrubbed almost white and denuded of the messy little rugs that had been bestowed on the Doctor by various loving native friends, the windows were curtained in virginal white, little ruffled pink shades covered the two electric lights and robbed them of most of their power, the rust-red potbellied stove was polished to the glistening point. And the place behind the stove was quite clean and empty—Gypsy, the wise friend of all the camp, was gone.

"Where's Gypsy?" said I.

"We fixed a bed for her in the shed," replied the ladies almost in a breath. "She made the place smell."

"It's nice and neat," said Min vaguely. "I bet the Doctor will be surprised."

"At least," said one of the ladies virtuously, as she unpinned the towel from her head, "it's sanitary. Heavens, we're tired. How could anyone live in such filth!"

My tent was next to that of the Doctor, and my heart swelled with pleasurable anticipation when, a couple of hours later, a mule galloped up to the camp gate and a familiar whistling announced that my neighbor was at hand. I heard the door of his tent open, I heard the whistling stop abruptly, I heard mutterings and then roars of apparent agony, I heard sharp crashing sounds. My door flew open, and the Doctor, his face quite red with passion, one hand grasping a mangled pink lampshade, fixed me with his glaring eye.

"Who in hell's been mucking up my house?" he howled.

"The new ladies," I replied blandly. "They've been working like dogs all day for you. They have . . ."

I got no farther. The Doctor, under provocation, really did use rather awful language. I followed him to his house, and viewed with dismay the wreck of that good day's work. The bowl of flowers was on the ground, smashed to bits, the other pink shade lay beside it, marks of muddy boots were all over the pure white floor.

"Where's Gypsy? Where're my magazines? Where's my bird?" whooped the Doctor.

"Now, calm yourself," said I—which, to judge from the reaction it produced, was the wrong answer. The Doctor snorted fire at me. "Well, anyway, let's go and see."

We went to the small *calamina* shed back of the tent, and found Gypsy, who neither knew nor needed restraint, tied in the midst of her whimpering family. She welcomed us with short, deep yaps of sheer bewilderment, and we sat down on the floor with her, explained the whole unhappy affair, and admired each of her fat black puppies. Then we took her and her dirty rag bed and her babies back to their cherished place behind the stove. The condor—somewhat mussed—was retrieved and returned to his table; the magazines were heaped afresh on the couch; the little mats of red and green and orange were spread again on the floor. I think the ladies must

have burned the pictures as undesirable, for we never did find them.

Dinner that night at the staff house was very uncomfortable. Reticences and repressions are unknown in camp life. The Doctor, thoroughly disagreeable, muttered dark things about people minding their own business. One of the welfare committee burst into tears and left the table. Their husbands were restrained and obviously on the thin edge of voicing their feelings. Min and I, as members of the sisterhood, were oppressed by a heavy feeling that our stock had dropped and we were the beloved of none.

Later, in the privacy of our boudoir, my husband took me to task roundly.

"Say," he asked with a disheartening lack of affection in his voice, "why in thunder did you and Min let those girls make such damned fools of themselves? You know how the fellows hate to be cleaned up and interfered with. Why didn't you tell them?"

I eyed him pensively and continued to massage my scalp.

"Tell them?" I echoed. "Tell them what? Tell them to mind their own business and leave the dear lads to wallow in comfort and filth? Not on your life! If we did, they would think we were jealous of their youth and their prettiness, of their snappy clothes and their newness; and wanted to keep the center of the stage for ourselves. No, let 'em learn as we all have, through tears and bitterness, and they'll come out all right in the end."

Which they did, and for nearly two years we four women held down in peace and loving-kindness a small and rather dreary camp—good friends, good comrades, certainly not uplifters.

In another camp we had a woman with a passion for collecting the men's dirty clothes and having them washed. The craving appears at first glance innocuous enough, yet it removed this girl, who was young and pretty and should have been the belle of the camp, into outer darkness. The men whispered about her furiously, they hid their dirty clothes or even locked them in their trunks; and some went so far as to cease from changing in order to deprive her of her simple pleasure.

One day Johnny bounced into my sitting room, his face set and angry.

"I'm quitting," he announced briefly, and dashed his respirator and Brunton noisily on my table.

"Johnny! No!" I quavered. At times I am almost staggered by my own virtuosity. That quaver was wonderful, for Johnny quits at least once a month. "What's the matter?"

Johnny's voice rose to a howl, and he waved his arms wildly.

"The matter! The matter! My God, that damned woman has been cleaning me up again, and if I don't go now, I won't have any clothes left to go in. My pajamas, my best pajamas"—his voice sank to a pathetic wail—"she's gone and had 'em washed twice, and I've never had 'em on my back. You know, Alicia, us fellers never wear pajamas in weather like this. It's bad enough to have to pull off your boots and pants."

As a matter of fact I did know all about the uncleanly habits of junior—and some not too junior—engineers; how they slept in their clothes, how they washed as little as possible, how prone they were to balk at the Saturday night bath, unless prodded into action by a worthy but unappreciated wife. Still I did think that Johnny need not have been so clubby about the matter. Crushing down my rising desire to laugh, I asked sympathetically:

"But how does she find your pajamas?"

Johnny drew himself up proudly.

"I always keep a pair under my pillow. A feller can't let himself get too uncivilized, even if he is living on the top of the world."

A proud spirit is another thing that must be shed like a snake's skin by the woman who hopes to make good in camp. Meek and humble of heart

must she be—at least outwardly—for at the slightest evidence of high-hat the boys go mad. Once we had in our midst a woman from New York. She had read most of the books sent out by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club, she had played golf on most of the best courses, she had seen most of the shows on Broadway, she had been abroad. And she told us all about it with the breathless enthusiasm of a bedtime-story teller on the radio. Well, we ourselves had read a bit. It is always surprising what men and women cast entirely on their own resources will read and enjoy. I shall never forget my astonishment when a very soiled young man, badly needing a shave and quite without a collar, rose at one of our gatherings and recited the chorus from "Atalanta" in such a way as to cause little sparkling needles of delight to pierce the heart. Again, few of us could not play golf, just give us a whack at a course; and, if we had not seen the shows, at least we had read the reviews. As for having been abroad, we poor devils had spent most of our lives leaping over the face of the earth. So the lady was not beloved, and before many moons had passed she removed herself to a more appreciative atmosphere.

At another time a couple who had spent some years in China joined us. In those gay Chinese days she had been something that sounded like the Ham, and he had been the Rice; and they had had eight servants and a rug thirty-five feet long. The Ham and the Rice seemed to have been quite the go in China. They could throw persons into prison, and entertain diplomats and distinguished visitors on the thirty-five foot rug, and do lots of other alluring deeds—powers which seemed rather wasted in a small camp in the Andes. The boys firmly took them in hand, it being rather a slack season and there being nothing else to do; and by the time they had come to answer meekly to the names of Ham and Rice, had buried deep in their bosoms the anecdotes of the eight servants and the rug, and had realized that China was taboo, they had become cherished members of our society.

V

I think it takes no more telling, then, to prove that for a woman social success in camp life is a thing not easily or quickly achieved. On arrival you are apt to be regarded by the men, and sometimes by the women also, with a jaundiced eye. Housewifery of the first order will not help you, youth and beauty are no permanent open sesame. Before you are taken into the innermost places of the tabernacle you must serve your apprenticeship and show your stuff. If you learn to mind your business and hold your tongue, if you learn to remain cheerful through weeks on end of blinding rain or months of blistering sun and dust and wind, if you learn to approach the camp boss with deceptive gayety to remark for the seventh time that the plumbing has been running amuck for days, if you learn to curb your desire to scream when you have to listen for the tenth or twentieth time to the same joke, if you learn to eat unspeakable food without a whimper, if you learn to send your children home to be educated and give no sign, if you learn to conceal homesickness that turns your heart to lead and not squeal, then perhaps—perhaps—in the course of years you may find that your period of probation is over and you are accepted without reservation to full comradeship.

Of course, you are invariably assured, you are an exception to the usual run of women. "Now, when I was down at Braden," or Chuqui, or Cerro, as the case may be . . . And then follow harrowing tales of the roguery of the sex, of the quarrels they brewed, of the gossip they broadcast, of the class wars they instigated. At first I was fired with a militant desire to come back with tales of the women I had known who had stood by in times of illness and death, who had given wise counsel and nourishing egg-

nogs to men straightening up after a bat, who had faced the starkest loneliness and privation without complaint. I could have told, too, of several merry little messes that had been brewed by the gentlemen themselves through tale bearing and idle gossip. It is a fact that if you really want the low-down on any scandal, you should go to the men. They always know, and I have never found them reticent about telling. But what's the use! The Boys of the poem of old cherished their sticky sentimentalities about women; the Boys of our modern mining camps cherish their acid generalities. One set of theories comes about as near the truth as the other. Of one thing I am certain, though—which is that on the whole the acid generalities are much better for "us gels" than the sentimentalities. They make us sit up and take notice, they make us guard our tongues as well as our steps, and, if we watch and pray, in the course of time they make right decent fellows of us.

THE MOON CAME UP

BY WITTER BYNNER

THE moon came up to-night a different way:
Not the round death of heat frozen with night,
Round death of all autumns and of yellow clay
Poised upward on the mountain, but a white
Swimmer, a dead world swimming through clouds sidelong,
The dead body of a world upon crested waves
Of cloud and airy time. It was a song
Remembered from dead lips. There were many staves
Of slowly forgotten music in the ascent
Of a dead world from a still living world,
Of death and life secretly folded and blent
Like water and earth and air in the unfurled
Frond of a fern. There is only this to say:
The moon came up to-night a different way.

SPECULATION AND GAMBLING

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

IF YOU are so foolish as to suppose that gambling goes on in the New York Stock Exchange I venture to refer you to Article XXXVI, Section 4 of the Constitution of the Exchange which forbids gambling within its consecrated precincts. If you imagine, however, that this does not mean what it says, you might try shooting craps on the floor of that august pavilion and behold with what stunning swiftness you would be ejected.

To be sure you can take a "flier" in stocks there. But that is not gambling. If you think it is, I refer you to the President of the Stock Exchange himself. He will explain patiently enough that what goes on in his eminently respectable institution is speculation — something very different from gambling. He will tell you that those who confuse the two terms are "ignorant, unfair, and often ill-tempered." And he will add that people who condemn speculation "have the illusion that they are engaging in genuine processes of thought." All this he will cap with the remark that "after all, the United States was not built by pawnbrokers." Of course the inference is easy: the country was built by stock brokers and their clients—those constructive ladies and gentlemen who cluster about stock tickers or watch the quotation boards in brokers' offices.

It is very difficult for the average man to believe that there is a very real difference between a Park Avenue bear operator selling the market short and a racetrack operator placing his stakes on various race tracks for a day's shrewd killing. The technic of these two gentlemen is different. The counters used and the instruments of play are not the same. The players are drawn from different social strata; but certainly the spirit of both games is the same.

Fortunately the differences between gambling and speculation have been officially stated for us by Mr. Edward Meeker, the economist of the Stock Exchange. They are worth examining.

The first difference to be noted is stated thus: "Speculation involves the purchase and sale of some form of property, while gambling does not."

It would be interesting to know where this notion regarding gambling comes from. It bears the marks of having been invented for the purposes of this distinction. I suspect that Mr. Meeker has here confused gambling with betting. Betting, it is true, does not involve a purchase of property. But betting is merely one form of gambling. You can gamble without purchasing property. But you can also engage in forms of gambling which involve the purchase of property.

After all, what is meant by the word property? It is any object of value which a person may lawfully acquire or hold. A certificate of stock in a corporation is property. To speculate in stocks one must buy a certificate. But a lottery ticket is also property in those countries which legalize lotteries. A lottery ticket may be lawfully acquired and held. It may become the subject of a lawsuit. It is the same form of property as a certificate of stock in a corporation—a *chose-in-action*. And of course to participate in a lottery you buy a

lottery ticket. Buying a lottery ticket is certainly gambling. And we find a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* defining a lottery as a "speculation to obtain prizes by lot or chance."

II

It would not be possible for us to live under our oppressive system of morality if it were not mitigated by certain convenient fictions. Thus, for instance, some of us find it necessary at times to do a little stealing—the theoretically honest methods of acquiring property are so discouragingly slow. But no one wishes to break into a man's house and sneak away with his purse, or hit him on the head and rifle his pockets. It's dangerous. It's messy. It's disreputable. It's so obviously stealing. However, we have composed certain little comedies in which we get possession of our victim's money or chattels by having him voluntarily deliver them to us. We have such clever little farces as bargain-sales, pre-inventory and post-inventory mark-downs, certain disreputable kinds of oil and mining stocks, harmless concoctions marketed under fanciful trade names guaranteed to make us socially endurable, and so on. And in the realm of gambling we have the same delightful fictions. No one, for instance, can conceive of Bishop Cannon, special agent of God in the Virginia territory, squatting on his heels and shooting craps. That would be so openly, so obviously, so frankly gambling. But the conscience and the taste of the good bishop can be lulled to peace by so simple and crude a fiction as is found in the operations of a bucket shop.

Some years ago in one of our states race-track gambling was thwarted by a law against book-making. The gamblers at once devised a neat little fiction to get round the law. In that state it was lawful to engage in horse racing. The owners could enter their horses and put up entry fees. These entry fees could be pooled and constitute a purse for which the owners would race. And so a system was devised under which if you wished to wager ten dollars on a horse you had to buy a ten-dollar interest in the horse. And so before each race the horses were offered for sale. The book-makers became dealers in horseflesh. If a hundred men wanted to bet on a given horse they handed over their money to the brokers, who handed them back slips of paper bearing witness that they had bought a certain dollar-interest in the horse. The same thing took place with reference to all the other horses in the race. All the sums bet were then pooled, and this became the purse for which the horses raced. When the horses went to the post each one belonged to a large group of co-operative horse-owners. When a horse won, his owners of course were entitled to the purse which was then distributed to all of his numerous lucky purchasers.

Is it not possible that many stock speculators buy stocks in the spirit in which these race-track habitués bought horses? The exchanges, it is true, require them to take certain steps not taken in the fictional buying of the bucket shops. In the bucket shops no stock certificates are used. On the stock exchanges certificates are actually employed, and brokers and their clerks run around very busily passing them back and forth in making deliveries. Thus they go to an immense amount of expense and trouble to perfect what is in many cases only a fiction: that they are actually merchandising stocks.

Prof. F. W. Taussig, the distinguished economist of Harvard University, ventures a comment upon this matter.

> The brokers receive from the outsiders orders to buy or sell and by the rules of the exchange are held responsible for the delivery at a stipulated time. The brokers in turn hold their customers to the same responsibility. But though thus in form like any other dealings on the better known exchanges—the cotton and grain exchanges for example—the immense majority of the transactions have in view no bona fide busi-

ness. The machinery which has been devised for the easy and rapid transaction of business is utilized for gambling on a large scale.

Let us examine another distinction between speculation and gambling offered by Mr. Meeker.

"The risks entailed by the speculator arise fundamentally from the risks *inherent* in the property which he buys or sells, while the risks of gambling are created by the gambler and are based upon future events without any necessary relation to the ownership of the property."

This sounds well enough, but what does it mean? What is the property involved in the case of speculation? It is the share of stock. That share of stock is a right to a proportionate share of the assets and earnings of the corporation. Now what are the risks of the stockholder? They are twofold. There are those risks which are inherent in the property itself. The property may prove to be wholly unproductive. Its products may turn out to be unsalable or worthless. A hundred risks threaten the property itself at all times. These risks are inherent in the property. But there are other risks which the stockholder incurs—risks which are not inherent in the property. His stock sells for one hundred dollars to-day and for ninety dollars to-morrow. There is a loss of ten dollars, not necessarily because any change has taken place in the property, but because a change has taken place in the opinion of the investing public about the property.

There are two kinds of profits which arise out of speculation. A buys a piece of land because he believes there is oil in it. He puts up his money and puts down his drills. The oil gushes forth. Here is A's profit—something coming directly out of the land itself. B, however, buys another piece of land. He does nothing with the land. He expects it to yield nothing. But he holds on to it. He believes the town will develop in that direction. He thinks the city will build a great boulevard in front of it. All these things come to pass. No change has taken place in the property itself. The only thing which has happened is that a demand for that land has been created by forces wholly extraneous to it. B will get his profit not from anything which comes out of the land but from a purchaser who will buy it at a higher price because he wants it more than B does.

It is possible to see in a speculative venture risks inherent in the property itself. But there are also risks which have nothing to do with the property and which grow out of a number of factors wholly unconnected with it.

It is not true to say that the risks of gambling are necessarily created by the gambler. He may merely choose his risk. He does create the risk when he throws a nickel into the air and bets it will come down face up. He sets in motion an operation the essence of which is its uncertainty. He could lay the nickel down head up or tail up as he chooses. But he chooses to throw it up in order to introduce into the act the element of chance. He creates the risk. But he does not create the risk when he bets on the time made by a locomotive or on the result of an election. The risks are already there. He merely chooses the risk with which he will trail, just as a speculator in stocks chooses the risks upon which he stakes his money.

One may buy property in the hope that it will produce double its value. Another buys in the hope that the number of people who want it will double.

The third distinction is somewhat amusing.

"The speculator's buying or selling operations," says Mr. Meeker, "affect the forces of supply and demand and tend to bring about the very change in price for which he hopes, while the bets placed by the gambler have no effect whatsoever in determining the actual outcome of the fortuitous events upon which he stakes his money. In other

words, a speculator who purchases one hundred shares of Northern Pacific because he anticipates a rise in its price assists by this very purchase in bringing about the rising market for which he hopes, while a gambler who bets ten dollars that it will rain next Thursday or that Yale will win the Harvard football game exerts absolutely no effect upon atmospheric conditions and in no way strengthens the sinews of the team of his preference."

Gambling is by no means the simple thing that Mr. Meeker envisions it to be. A bet on the state of the weather next week is a very simple form of gambling. But has he ever heard of that popular pastime known as draw poker? To be sure, the buying or selling of Northern Pacific stock may conceivably result in increasing or decreasing the demand for that stock in the market and thus bring about a change in the price. But what about the skillful betting of an astute poker player? Surely Mr. Meeker will concede that a well-timed raise will have an instantaneous effect upon the demand for further participation in the game. Theoretically the best hand wins. But a player with an inferior hand may bring about a profitable stroke by skillful tactics. It must be conceded that the players' bets *per se* frequently exert a crucial effect upon the outcome of the hand, though there are other factors to be considered, as there are also other factors to be considered in the case of speculation. A bet on a football game may not strengthen the sinews of the team, but a bet on a busted flush at the right moment may induce a gentleman with two pairs to lay down and leave the field.

Here is the final difference. "In gambling transactions, the winner makes what the loser loses. But in speculation, in the alternate rise and fall of the market, there are occasions where practically everyone profits and where practically everyone incurs a loss."

Professor Emery of Columbia University, who originated the definition of these differences, undertakes to illustrate this point. "A dealer in wheat," he suggests, "may buy of a farmer and sell to a speculator, and the wheat be sold at a constantly rising price through a line of speculators till bought by a miller for grinding at the highest price of all. Neither the dealer nor the miller loses by the transaction, which is not speculative on their part, yet each speculator wins."

It is amazing that an economist should leave out of his reckoning so many factors. Where two men bet, it is very easy to locate the gain and the loss. However Professor Emery makes the mistake of supposing that in speculation it is a game of only two persons—the buyer playing against the seller. But this is not so. It is a game in which a vast number of people participate, using their stocks or their grain as counters. Professor Emery's illustration is an excellent one to bring out this point and to reveal the further point that a large number of persons are drawn into the game of speculation who hardly realize it, who have no wish to be in it, and whose chief part is in cashing the counters received from the more active players.

Professor Emery arbitrarily removes the farmer and the miller from the speculative chain. Of course that is a wholly indefensible step. These two men, engaged in important productive enterprises, are necessarily drawn into the game and, what is more, the public too is forced in whether it knows it or wishes it.

The price paid by the miller is the highest of all, we are told. It is he who pays the profit which is distributed among all the preceding buyers and sellers. Their gains have come out of his pocket. It is now up to him to get them back, and this he can do only by levying upon those to whom he sells his flour. Up to the time he sells the flour he is "carrying the bag." When he sells the flour he can pass part of the loss

on to the public. If he does, the public pays the winnings of the speculator. Otherwise the miller pays them. Not infrequently the miller and the public divide them.

III

What, then, is the difference between speculation and gambling, if there is a difference? My own view is that there are two distinct types of speculation, and that one of them is gambling and the other is not.

In its narrowest sense gambling is the staking of money upon a game of chance. It is clearly gambling to bet upon the result of a throw of dice. But no one will deny that it is also gambling to bet upon the result of a game of billiards, which is a game of skill. Indeed, no one will insist that the wagering must be upon a game at all. It will be admitted that it is gambling to bet upon the result of an election. We may say, then, that gambling is staking money upon the risk of some event.

There must be a risk involved. There must be a putting up of money or other object of value upon the risk. A farmer who plants his seed takes a risk. His hoped-for crop is subject to the hazard of innumerable favorable and unfavorable factors. He must put up money and he must assume a risk. Is he gambling?

I am disposed to adopt the view that he is not gambling, because he puts his money not into the risk, but into an enterprise in which the risk is merely an incident. The gambler puts his money primarily upon the risk. In the case of the farmer the risk is an incident. In the case of the gambler the risk is the essential factor in the enterprise. That is why I define gambling as staking money upon the *risk* of a certain event.

Now for speculation. It too consists in putting up money where uncertainties are involved.

One man buys a share of stock. He puts his money into an enterprise. He does so because he has faith in the future possibilities of growth of that enterprise. He believes it will expand, pay good profits, enlarge its holdings, and be worth a good deal of money. He looks for earnings—not necessarily in dividends but in increased values. He is a speculator. But he is not a gambler. He hopes to get his reward from the enterprise. He stakes his money upon that. The risk is an incident.

Another man buys a share of stock. He is not interested in the industry. He believes that in a week or month or two there will be a sudden demand for that stock because of the happening of some future event. He plans to sell when the demand grows. He is interested primarily in the risk. He stakes his money upon this risk, not upon the basic enterprise. He is gambling. And he is gambling whether he buys on margin or not. The use of the margin merely intensifies the gambling character of the transaction by increasing the risk. It serves also as an evidence of the real character of the transaction.

I think it must be conceded that, however we name them, the great bulk of the transactions on the stock exchange falls into this latter class and that, therefore, the bulk of transactions on the stock exchange is gambling.

The defenders of the exchange give the whole game away when they try to justify the place of the exchange in society by asserting that it takes over the risk-bearing functions of business. "A special class of speculators," says Mr. Meeker, "has been created who make it their business to assume the risks of enterprise for a possible profit."

In other words it is argued that there are certain risks in business which the business man ought not to be forced to assume. The grain buyer, the grain seller, or the stockholder can get rid of the risks incident to their special business by unloading those risks on the exchanges. The exchanges and their following of speculators specialize in risks. They are defended on the ground that

they take some of the risk out of business, but they are supposed to do this by locating the risks in the exchanges and the speculative markets. These markets, if this defense be sound, are, therefore, primarily concerned with the risks and not with the enterprises out of which they grow. That is why most of the speculation in these markets must be written down as gambling.

There are some very respectable authorities who brand these operations as gambling in spite of the Stock Exchange president's insistence that such persons are moved by ignorance and ill-temper and the illusion that they are going through the processes of thought.

Professor Irving Fisher writes:

> During recent years the general public has been beguiled into the folly of entering the speculative markets, yet the public has no special knowledge of market conditions and their participation is apt to aggravate the inequality in prices. In such cases speculation becomes mere gambling. In fact it is worse than gambling for the evils are more extensive, being shared by the producers and consumers and all who are affected by the price fluctuations thus caused.—*Elementary Principles of Economics*, p. 317.

Professor Edwin R. Seligman of Columbia speaks of those "individuals who are constantly taking fliers on the exchange to *gamble in securities or commodities* as they would at cards" (*Principles of Economics*, p. 309).

Professor F. W. Taussig of Harvard says: "They virtually bet on the future price of commodities and gamble about it as men gamble at cards or horse races."

It is important that these transactions should be called by their right names. Before we can decide whether the operations on the exchanges are good or bad, useful or not, we ought to be sure that we understand their true nature. There has been a very extensive propaganda of recent years to throw a halo of respectability around this practice of gambling in stocks and to get the performance called by a respectable name. I think it important that the public should understand precisely what it is doing when it goes into the stock market.

Following the disastrous October break on the New York Exchange, we beheld newspapers, the Federal Reserve Board, banks, financial experts, and government departments all vying with one another in the most elaborate and determined effort to summon the public back into the market in which it had been so thoroughly stripped. One wonders if these various agencies would have been willing to go so far if the public had clearly understood that the feast to which invitations were being so vigorously pressed was in large degree a great gambling affair.

IV

I have not gone into this matter to condemn stock-market speculation. I see no inherent immorality in gambling. I have no objection to gambling. I rather like the philosophy of some of the Roman Catholic moralists. They insist that gambling is ethically defensible as long as it conforms to four conditions:

1. The one who gambles must be able to do so without causing injury to another. Thus an agent who gambles with the funds of his principal or a father who imperils the income needed by his family fails to comply with this condition.

2. The game must be without fraud. The colored gentleman who plays with loaded dice and the race-horse clique which tampers with the horses or "fixes" the race beforehand turn that gamble into something morally indefensible.

3. The gambler must act of his own free will.

4. There must be some sort of equality among the participants. Thus the bridge expert who snares a raw amateur into a game taints the gamble with the vice of inequality.

I think these are excellent tests to determine the character of speculation. The man who brings into a speculative enterprise the funds required for the security of his family; the stock-market manipulator who produces even small

fluctuations in market prices by means of skillfully placed buying and selling orders and adroitly provoked rumors; the brokers and tipsters and manipulators and propagandists who induce hundreds of thousands of people of small means to go into what they imagine is investment without realizing it is a gamble; the set-up of a vast game to which millions sit down and in which legions of uninformed amateurs are pitted against a small number of veterans—all these things taint speculation just as they would any other form of gambling.

To what extent are these vitiating elements found in the markets? How far are productive enterprises and the public injured by the operations of speculators? What degree of equality prevails among the players? I should like to see these propositions searchingly examined. They could not be examined without a very full investigation of all the economic aspects of the institution.

I do not propose to offer any views on these points. Nor should I be construed as condemning the existence of exchanges because they may be used by great numbers of people for gambling of an indefensible sort. An institution may be necessary and valuable and yet be subject to abuse. I do wish, however, to call attention to a matter of immediate importance—the deplorable lack of complete information on the subject to justify anyone in forming an intelligent conclusion as to how much gambling takes place on the exchanges, how much of it is harmless, and how much of it is harmful. I, myself, believe that the majority of operations on most exchanges are gambling, and that much harm results to many individuals as well as to the general public from part, at least, of this gambling. I also know that the exchanges do perform certain economic functions. How important those functions are, how well the exchanges perform them, whether they actually furnish all the services attributed to them, whether or not there is some better way to achieve the same ends and whether or not these services actually outweigh the harm which results are matters upon which even experts may well hesitate to pronounce.

I have a reasonable familiarity with most of the literature on the subject, and the thing which impresses me most is the lack of adequate data. The exchanges have been criticized by numerous writers who are without special qualifications for understanding them. An immense amount of ignorant and highly emotional denunciation has emanated from outsiders. On the other hand, few students of economics who deal with the subject reveal an extensive acquaintance with it. They repeat, copying from one another, a group of stereotyped views on exchanges and speculation. One finds in all the books the same phrases beginning with the famous "corners" of Joseph and Thales and ending with the enumeration of the various accepted services—stabilization of prices, assumption of the risks of business, an open market for the ready sale of securities, providing credit for business and, now, the distribution of securities.

Does speculation stabilize prices or unsettle them? Does it provide credit for business or is it a machine for diverting the profits of business into the hands of promoters and speculators? Does it really help distribute securities? Does it assume the risks of business or does it introduce additional risks into business? Indeed, is it essential or even important that the risks of business should be assumed? Is it important—in fact is it desirable—that the market for securities should be made easy and simple? May it not be that the ease with which the owner of securities can unload his holdings has resulted in the extinction of all the responsibilities of ownership which Professor Ripley charges is one of the crowning weaknesses of American business?

I do not believe that we are in a position to return an intelligent answer to

any of these questions. And I do not think we shall be able to do so until a thoroughgoing examination of them has been made by some authority equipped to assemble all the facts and properly appraise them.

For some years I have insisted that the subject ought to be studied by a government commission. At this moment there is a strong and a widespread movement for a congressional investigation. I think this would be less useful. We have had one such investigation as well as several state legislative investigations. I have read the testimony in all of them and I have not found very much real light in any of them. A congressional investigation would merely be another show, with the foes of the exchanges hurling abuse at them while their apologists indulged in sneering replies.

I urge the naming of a commission which would explore fully and impartially the whole subject of speculation and its agencies. Such a commission should be made up of several economists, several financiers, members who are familiar with the processes of production, manufacture, and distribution, and a statesman or two. It should be organized under federal authority and provided with all the means necessary to extract information. And its sessions should be private. It should proceed with both eyes on the subject and neither eye on the newspapers. Its methods should be the methods of the student and thinker rather than those of the politician and publicity seeker.

Mr. Hoover has gone in for commissions to study our national problems. Here is a problem well worthy of study. Perhaps he may be induced to take a vicarious look into it before he moves from his present quarters.

LET US PRETEND

BY FLORENCE NASH

LET us forget ourselves a while
And, hand in hand, erase the years
Until we stumble on those days
When this estrangement had brought tears.

Let us revert to what we were
And look at life through mist of dreams
And know our love has never died
However dead our love now seems.

Let us pretend we still have need
To call each other well-loved friend.
If you'll do this, I humbly swear
I shall pretend I just pretend.

OUR FAILURE IN THE PHILIPPINES

SHALL WE GOVERN OR GET OUT?

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE traveling American is as a rule proud of his country. In spite of some obvious national shortcomings—and what nation is perfect?—he is inclined to be pleased with his country's evident material prosperity and its unquestioned industrial efficiency; and, if he is at all human, he derives considerable satisfaction from the envy which these things have aroused in others. If he is of open mind he will admit that America may be deficient in some of the refinements of life, but it would never occur to him that he might see his flag ten thousand miles from home and be ashamed.

Yet it is just this shock which lies in store for the observant American who visits the Philippines. For, on landing in Manila—if he lands without prejudice or preconceived idea—he finds that in the eyes of more than half the world we are making an exhibition of ourselves which would never for an instant be tolerated at home. If he has in the past dismissed the Philippines as "just something which belongs to us," he finds after only a few days in Manila that he no longer so easily dismisses them. For he discovers that conditions exist there which are at present nothing short of scandalous, which may have far-reaching implications for his country, and about which nothing whatever is being done.

In order to understand the many implications of our tenure of the Philippines it is necessary, first of all, to clear one's mind of certain "imperialist" and "anti-imperialist" notions which may have been sound enough in Kipling's prime or when Bryan ran for President but which are quite useless now. The era of the expansion of powers of the temperate zone into the tropics is practically over, and this makes a discussion of the rights and wrongs of our acquisition of the Philippines extremely academic. It can safely be set down, however, that this expansion, commonly called "imperialism," does not depend so much on the Kiplingesque motive of giving the brown brother a lot of moral improvement which he does not want as on motives of self-interest. Britain, like Holland, France, and all European countries, needs large quantities of goods—notably raw materials—which cannot be obtained at home. She also needs markets. Neither goods nor markets are to be had unless law and order exist and, once these are established, railroads and irrigation works can be built which will further increase both the supply of goods and the purchasing power of the market, and will yield a profit in and of themselves. It seems wholly unnecessary to conceal these highly intelligent motives beneath the Kipling idea of bringing holiness into wild places.

No less superfluous are the declarations of the so-called "anti-imperialists" about the immemorial rights of man; for such declarations run in the face of all the facts. The tropical man—of which the Malay is one—is about the clearest example the world affords of the influence of environment on human beings.

Nature does practically everything for him: she gives him food, clothing, and shelter for next to nothing; and the climate makes it difficult for him to do anything for himself. Therefore, his inclination is to do practically nothing. He makes a fetish of passivity.

We, whose fetish is activity, would probably react in the same way if our ancestors had lived in the tropics. But our ancestors originated in the bleak north of Europe, where the beast had to be hunted and killed to provide clothes, the tree felled to get shelter, and the hard, ungrateful ground laboriously tilled to get food. We learned to combat and overcome nature and developed a fierce joy in so doing which has led to our present complex material civilization.

The result is that when the Northern man, with his taste for doing and overcoming, comes into contact with the tropical man, with his taste for submitting and enduring, the tropical man always submits. To rail against this purely natural phenomenon and to talk about right and wrong in connection with it is as fruitless as to rail against the changes in the seasons. It should be accepted as a fact, and programs for change should be based on this fact as a point of departure.

So far as this article is concerned, the fact narrows down to the Philippines—an archipelago of some three thousand islands extending north and south about as far as Maine is from Florida, whose capital is three days' steam from China, four or five days away from Singapore and Java, and whose northernmost islands are about forty miles away from the southernmost islands of the Japanese Empire. This archipelago has a population of some eleven million people, predominantly of the Malay race. The Malay, to complete the setting of the stage, was called by the Spaniards the "brother of the water buffalo." The water buffalo, or carabao, enjoys sitting in one place: the Malay has always put up with tyranny and brutality because these are so much less trouble than to show an active interest in his own destiny. Long ago he was ruled by petty princes. Then came the Spaniards, who substituted their tyranny for his. And thirty years ago, by a strange turn of the wheel, the islands were laid on our doorstep. We thus became a colonizing power, though in our case there was scant practical justification for it because, unlike Britain or Holland, we not only did not need many kinds of raw materials—the disposal of our own was a serious problem.

II

As one goes round the world from New York eastward, the word "tyranny" seems less and less objectionable to the people one encounters. When one gets half way around the world—to the Philippines—it actually seems mild; for many Orientals, responding to an immemorial tradition, regard tyranny as an essential attribute of government. In the tropics this view is held all the more strongly because a tyrant's government, requiring no civic mental effort on the part of the governed, is appropriate to indolent people. To be sure, the Oriental tyrant can be deposed if he goes too far, but another tyrant is then set up in his place.

This fundamental of government is joined to another which is still a strong factor in the East—that is the idea of government in a small community as distinguished from social organization on a national scale. The idea of nationality has appealed to us in the West because it is essential to us. Living in relatively barren places and having insatiable appetites for things we could not get where we lived, we have been compelled to look far afield to satisfy our wants and exchange the goods of one section with those of another. Nationalism, or government on a scale broad enough to include these activities, is a natural and meritorious result.

The tropical Malay, however, wears next to nothing, lives on a frugal diet of

astonishing monotony, and shelters himself from the sun and rain with plants that grow without any help from him. Everything he needs he finds almost in his back yard. Why should he build roads, why should he think corporately, why should he look beyond? And why should we be surprised, as we always are, that he does not do these things?

This local point of view may explain his indifference to appeals for funds for hospitals and public projects, as it also explains his family feeling, which is stronger than we Westerners can conceive of. Children will sacrifice themselves for parents and parents for children, and the motto is, "We look after ours; you look after yours." The Malay thinks locally, as his circumstances require, and locally he is a success.

So it is that although the inhabitants of the Philippines are of the Malay race and brown-skinned, this subdivision into small communities has created differences—and allowed virginal differences to subsist—which are as great as the difference between the white-skinned Englishman and the white-skinned Bulgar. Perhaps greater, because in addition to differences in features and language (there are eighty-seven Philippine tongues), there are fundamental differences in religion which add to the hardship of forcing these peoples to have intercourse with one another. In European countries there are still racial differences between the citizens of the same state, witness the Breton and Gascon of France and the Prussian and Bavarian of Germany. We Americans, however, in addition to loathing tyranny and exalting nationalism, have no such long-standing, aboriginal divisions to enable us to understand the divisions of others.

When the Spaniards came to the Philippines in the early sixteenth century they found a host of small and unrelated communities ruled by petty princes, rajahs, and headmen. The Spaniards did not destroy this system but used it and governed by means of it. In the early days of American military government the system was not much interfered with. The great change came under American civil government, when the attempt was made to transform a sprawling archipelago of tropical, Oriental islands into a centralized nation on the Western, twentieth-century plan; in other words, to impose the nationalist ideal upon a group of peoples having no need for it. Development along this line went on rapidly until, under the administration of Governor General W. Cameron Forbes, a noteworthy degree of centralization had been reached.

By 1912 the American government of the Philippines was something positive. Although it rested on the highly unsound assumption that what was good for us was good for the Malays, it was in its own American way efficient. A remarkably able American civil service was in charge and was achieving results. Roads had been built, and public health was good. Then in 1916 a Democratic Congress, frankly desirous of getting rid of the islands but lacking the courage to do so, passed the Jones act, thus completely changing the situation. This law was written by a man who had little knowledge of colonial problems and it was based upon the political axiom that everything which one American party has done is *ipso facto* wrong and should be changed by the other. This law inaugurated the system of American responsibility without authority under which the Philippines have been administered ever since. It seems to justify the statement that while the Spaniards killed the Filipinos with cruelty, we are reducing them to nothingness with kindness.

Instead of allowing the plain facts to modify our first judgment, we have since 1916 assumed more strongly than ever that the Filipino is exactly the same as we are. We should have satisfied the requirements of democracy if we had assumed that they were our equals. But we declared that the tropical, village brown man was just like the Northern,

national white man, and in the most important respect we showed that we did not mean what we said. In fact we showed that we were actually less democratic than the Spaniards, for they married the Filipino and gave the offspring a distinct social position. With the customary low-grade exceptions, Americans do not marry Filipinos but maintain a separate social life.

Under the Jones act we set up our own triple-branch, water-tight-compartment system of government—with a Senate, a House, a Judiciary and an Executive—and handed it over to the Filipinos. Our system is difficult enough for us to operate; it would be wholly unworkable in most of the highly civilized, politically educated European countries; and the result with the politically ignorant Filipinos is not hard to imagine. We complicated our own system further by placing an American at the head as Governor General who is not responsible to the Filipinos and receives only spasmodic backing from his own country.

The American Governor General of the Philippine Islands is one of the most hopeless creations in the whole of governmental history. He is supposed to represent the sovereignty of the United States, and in that capacity is supposed to be supreme. At the same time he is at the head of a government of Filipinos, and in that capacity he can appoint no one to public office without the consent of the Filipino legislature. He is thus a complete contradiction in terms.

Only a genius could get positive results from such a system. The late Leonard Wood was just such a genius, but he was also mortal, and his labors killed him. The administration of his successor, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, shows why men of ability are no longer considering it a tempting honor to be offered the post of Governor General. Mr. Stimson attempted to strengthen the islands by giving legislative aid to the development of their economic resources—one of the most important problems in the islands to-day. He got some of the legislation he desired—as much of it as could be repealed at once without any permanent changes having been effected. When it came to a bill to change the present system of restricted land holding—which would have involved permanent changes in titles—he was defeated. In return for these rather illusory victories he was obliged to make concessions involving a disheartening weakening of what little American prestige there was left.

Under this system of governmental stagnation less than one per cent of the American civil servants have remained. Public health, which is such a vital matter in the disease-ridden tropics, can no longer be discussed because there are no longer accurate figures. The educational policy has had the result of filling an agricultural country with quantities of young men who refuse to engage in agriculture, their American education having taught them that white-collar jobs are the only proper ones. Instead, they head for the law in a country too poor for extensive litigation. Mr. Stimson himself has said that in a recent year the number of applicants for bar examinations in Manila would have excited comment in New York. There being not enough legal work to go around, these young men have gone into the most profitable occupation in most poor countries—politics.

We not only try to implant our notions of government and education; we are trying to implant also our law and our language. If the Americans going to the islands went via Suez and thus noted the experiences of others, instead of going via San Francisco, we might not be repeating the mistakes which other colonizing powers have made and have now ceased to make. We might, for instance, have seen what the Dutch are doing in Java, and emulated them. The Dutch have been in Java for three hundred years and have discovered that the Malay has his own ideas of right and wrong, which may seem strange to us, but probably no stranger than our ideas seem to him. The Dutch did not force

their law on their peoples. Instead, they studied the Malay customary law, codified it, and learned to live by it. The Malay has confidence in his own law; he understands and respects it. In certain sections of the Philippines, on the other hand, a year may go by without a civil case coming to court. The native, not being able to adjust himself to our system, is apt to feel that "pull" is all which counts in our courts and prefers to settle outside.

The same thing holds true of language. We did not remember that in medieval Europe Latin was the language of the school and that English, French, and German were the language of the home. We are trying to make the Philippines into an English-speaking nation; but in the homes Tagal, Visayan, and the other native dialects are spoken, lending color to the belief that English will always be as infrequently spoken in the islands as Latin is in the Western world. The language of the home is the language which survives. The Dutch have realized this and do not seek to impose their language on the native.

If our American officials had stopped at Batavia and Singapore on their way out, they might have received some even more fundamental notions. They might have seen the way in which the Dutch, for instance, who are the most dispassionate and scientific of colonizers, treat the question of the half-caste. Space forbids a complete consideration of this most interesting question here. It is enough to say that the Dutch, after first encouraging the creation of the half-caste, later reached the conclusion (which is now generally shared) that he is an unfortunate creature, unfit for the great responsibility of government and unfit for the plain life of the native.

We, on the other hand, have made the latest chapter of Philippine history the glorification of this inglorious creature in the civic sense, although socially we do not accept him. The Filipino half-caste or "mestizo" lives in the towns. He is glib, he can make phrases the meaning of which he himself sometimes does not comprehend. He has little less than hate for the white man and contempt for the pure-blooded native. Yet when we turned over the government to the natives the "mestizo" was the only class literate enough to govern. So it is that we abdicated our power in favor of this creature, and so it is that Philippine history may be said to consist of four periods in which the native was governed respectively by native chieftains, Spaniards, Americans, and now the half-castes—in the name of local self-government and under the American flag!

Although we pay lip service to local self-government, the half-caste, or his henchman, is in control throughout the villages off the islands. We cannot blame him if he practices ignoble extortions in Filipino villages—if he perpetuates, for instance, the custom of the village headman spending the first night with each newly married bride. Such is his nature. We cannot blame anyone but ourselves if we have put the American Governor General in such a position that he can get nothing done without licking the boots of such persons. It is our fault and only ours if so distinguished a critic as Professor Ralston Hayden can say, "With the co-operation of an American Governor General and the approbation of an American President, the Philippines obtained practically complete autonomy under a system of government which had never been authorized or even dreamed of by Congress."

III

We, through our representatives, have made many promises to the Filipinos—many of which we have broken. The last expression of the American people through Congress on the Philippines was in 1916, when we pledged ourselves to fit them for independence. It seems idle to say that Congress had no right to make such a promise; for the pledge was taken as such by the Philippines and the world in general.

Woodrow Wilson spoke truly when he said in 1907:

> We can give the Filipinos constitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, a government based upon some clear understanding, intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. But we cannot give them self-government. Self-government is not a thing which can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. . . . To ignore these fundamental things would be not only to fail and fail miserably, but to fail ridiculously and belie ourselves.

In other words, if the Philippines are to attain independence and stand alone they must have strength in and of themselves. In the words of the old adage, they must be made healthy, wealthy, and wise. We cannot make them wise, educate them as we will. We have made them healthy, although since the Filipinization of the government it is impossible to tell whether that health has been maintained. Wealth lies within our grasp and within the sphere of our responsibility—and wealth is power, and power is independence.

The wealth of the islands, like that of all tropical countries, lies in the production of those raw materials—rubber, sugar, camphor, etc.—which we of the North import in such huge quantities. The Philippines are potentially capable of producing such raw materials in imposing quantities, but in order to do so they need capital. In spite of the fact that we need many of the materials which the Philippines could produce and in spite of the fact that certain American business men have examined the islands with optimistic interest, capital has not been forthcoming.

Here again because of the apathy of the American people, as this is represented by Congress, American capital hesitates to enter the Philippines. No one knows how long the islands are to be under our flag, and so long as the political future of the islands is so uncertain what sensible man would invest there? The laws governing capital in the Philippines and the laws restricting the ownership of land also make development extremely difficult. The Dutch, again, have a system of land laws which facilitates development and protects the natives from ruthless exploitation. But we refuse to learn from the Dutch.

Congress could change this condition and so fulfill part of its promise to fit the Filipinos for independence by making them economically strong. Nothing except the overwhelming indifference of the American people stops it from repealing the preamble to the Jones law (to which the political uncertainty is due) and from enacting modern land laws. Given this policy of neglect, who can be surprised that in the last few years one American rubber company has gone to Liberia, another to Brazil, and still another to the Dutch East Indies? In spite of the fact that the Philippines could produce rubber, American business men do not dare to do business under the American flag.

Look at the economic question from another angle—public revenues. The annual revenues and public expenditures in the small Japanese possession of Formosa were in a recent year greater than those in the entire Philippine archipelago. In our Philippines the revenues have been about the same for the past three years. Yet the population is growing and, thanks to the American tenure, so are their wants. These wants cannot be satisfied in so poor a country; and this is one reason why the Philippine immigration to California is assuming noteworthy proportions.

The only positive economic fact seems to be that because of us and their free-trade connection with us, their standard—and hence their cost—of living has gone up far beyond that of any of their neighbors. The point has now been reached where we have turned out crowds of American-educated natives wanting American luxuries into a land

which is economically unable to support them. It is like putting a Rolls-Royce body on a Ford chassis. At present they can trade with us because they are exempt from the tariff. If they were cut loose from us they would be unable to compete with Java, British Malaya, or Indo China, where living standards are roughly only a tenth as high. We have weakened them to such a point that independence would be the most wanton cruelty.

A concluding instance of what happens in the islands regardless of the nobility of our intentions is afforded by the Chinese, who are hated and feared by the Malays because when Chinese meets Malay, the Malay always comes out second best. In British Malaya, for instance, Chinese were admitted. To-day it is estimated that half the population of what was once a pure Malay region is Chinese. No wonder the Malay is glad to have the protection of the white man where the Chinese are concerned!

We have an exclusion act against the entrance of Chinese into the islands, but enforcement is so lax and incompetent that to-day roughly eighty per cent of the retail trade and about fifty per cent of the wholesale import trade is in their hands. They can work harder and more cheaply than the lazy native. The result must either be a pogrom of Chinese or the recession of the Malay. So it is that during 1928 and the first two months of 1929 an average of 2,120 Filipinos left every month for Hawaii and the United States, while Chinese were easily bootlegged into any one of the thousands of Philippine islands and started to breed the native out of existence. What can one say about this in the face of our responsibility to protect them?

When asked this question, Americans in the islands admitted that Chinese were entering and were conquering—not with guns and warships, but with their ability to intermarry. They admitted that we had not strengthened but weakened the economic condition of the Philippines. But they said that our intentions were good, that our policy was humane. With that it is difficult to disagree. Our motives may be nobler than those of the Dutch or the British or the French. But in their possessions the emphasis is placed on the day-by-day, efficient execution of their policies, such as they are. We place our emphasis on spectacular enunciation. That is why there is the same difference between the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies as there is between a neglected charitable institution and an establishment efficiently run for mutual profit.

IV

If, then, we are doing the islands more harm than good, the next question is: what good, if any, do they do us? It seems scarcely deniable that at the present time they are beneficial to us in only the most insignificant ways. They are too poor to be an important market for our manufactured goods or for our raw materials. They are so undeveloped that they cannot supply us with the tropical raw materials which we buy in such enormous quantities from others. Potentially they could become both a market for our goods and a source of supply for us. But this would require action by Congress, and, owing largely to the fear that the islands might produce enough to endanger domestic producers, the chief interest Congress has taken in the islands has been unfriendly. Whoever expects Congress to take the few necessary steps for making the islands useful to us is taking a great deal for granted.

It is frequently said that the islands are useful to us because of their nearness to the Chinese market, which, some persons say, will some day grow into an enormously rich one of great importance to our national prosperity. This, too, is uncertain; and there are plenty of students of the Orient who predict that China can never become an important

consumer of American goods. The optimists, however, hold that it soon will and that the Philippines will be invaluable to us as a trading post.

If this day does come we could, to be sure, use an international port like Shanghai or a British port like Hong Kong, not to mention the Chinese ports themselves, all of which are nearer to the Chinese market than Manila, which is three days away from south China and a week away from Shanghai. But one is told that in case of war we should be "shut out of the East" without Manila—that China would be "encircled" by the British, French, Dutch, and Japanese, and that our commerce could not get in.

This picture of an Anglo-Franco-Dutch-Japanese alliance against us may to some seem fanciful. But even assuming that it is extremely likely, the sad fact is that with the Philippines we are in a weaker military position than we should be without them. Our naval force in Asiatic waters could be swept off the seas by the Japanese and our military forces in the islands could not withstand a determined attack by a neighboring power. While there seems to be slight possibility of a major war in the Far East, those who defend retention of the Philippines base their argument on that possibility, and for that reason it should be considered.

Our naval establishment in Asiatic waters consists of one old cruiser, twenty destroyers, a submarine division, a mine-laying detachment, two aircraft squadrons, a few auxiliary vessels, and ten gunboats, principally for police work against Chinese pirates. Honolulu, the nearest completely equipped base, is six thousand miles away. Any fleet equipped with capital ships and supported by neighboring bases could wipe our naval force off the seas in short order or send it scurrying to cover. Our force in the East might have a momentary harassing value. It might, like the "suicide squads" of the Great War, delay the enemy advance, but that would be all. Moreover two years would probably elapse before the United States fleet could function in Far Eastern waters with an adequate train and control force, that is to say with a force capable of supplying the fleet and of protecting effectively the long line of communication.

The Army garrison, centered for the most part about Manila, consists of about ten thousand troops, most of whom are native. Their loyalty to us is not doubted; but neither was that of the native Indian troops before the Sepoy mutiny. Nearly all the officers are white. A well-supported landing force could defeat these troops and seize the great northern island of Luzon. At the entrance of Manila Bay is the island of Corregidor which is so heavily fortified that it is known as the "Gibraltar of the East." Military men have been fond of saying that, regardless of what happened, the garrison at Corregidor could hold out for a long time, as its gun fire would control any sea approach to Manila. But aviation has altered this dictum as it has altered many. Under the terms of the Washington Treaty gas-proof chambers cannot be built on Corregidor; and no one knows how long it could endure. But would not its very endurance create that wave of sympathy which would impel the American people to hold the Philippines at all costs? Can one not imagine the demand for the relief of the heroic little garrison?

The Philippines, far from home and inadequately defended, are clearly the weakest link in our chain of national defense. Being the tender spot in our armor, it is against them that the first hostile arrow would be aimed. The result would inevitably be that we should lose the Philippines if any vigorous power wished to take it.

Once our naval and military forces had been swamped, two courses would be left open to us. One would be to surrender the islands, with a view to defeating the enemy in a theater more

suited to our strategic needs. The other would be to pitch right in and fight for them on the spot. The excitability of the American temperament in time of war lends color to the belief that we would demand their recovery at once and make it politically impossible for any President or for any War Department to do otherwise. The result would be the sending of an expeditionary force to the islands, which we are entirely unequipped to do both from the standpoint of men and matériel. The picture of young American men, dying from tropical diseases, in a wilderness twelve thousand miles away, for a possession of questionable value to their country is not a pleasant one.

V

Three salient facts with regard to our tenure of the Philippines are apparent. In the first place, we are doing the Filipinos more harm than good. Second, the Philippines at present do us more harm than good. Finally, there is virtually no prospect that Congress will take the few easy steps to strengthen the hands of American authority in the islands and make their economic development a likely prospect. What courses, then, are open to us?

The answer to this question is as simple as the problem is complicated. It lies ready-made for us in the message of Theodore Roosevelt to the British on their occupation of Egypt—govern or get out. If we were to follow this maxim and compel Congress to translate it into action, the abuses which are now taking place under our flag would cease, and the islands would become a source of profit to us and to the Filipinos.

If we persist in doing nothing it would be better for ourselves, for the Filipinos, and for the world in general for us to get out. But this, in spite of the pretensions of "anti-imperialists," is not an easy thing to do. We cannot give them independence because independence cannot be given; it must be attained. If we were to cut them loose, as the late William J. Bryan suggested, they would speedily fall under the domination of a foreign financial protectorate. One can say this with some certainty; for when the Wilson policy of leaving them strictly alone was in force and the American Governor General purposely made himself into a figurehead, the Filipino politicians did not take long to come within an ace of bankrupting the government.

It is suggested that we grant them independence and guarantee that independence by a treaty with the other great powers. Apart from the historical lesson that nations which cannot stand by themselves do not stand at all, it should be realized that with such an arrangement the United States would be regarded as primarily responsible for protecting the islands, the other powers merely agreeing not to harm them. We should thus be in somewhat the same position of responsibility without authority in which we now have placed ourselves, with the difference that we should have no military establishment quartered in the islands and should have even less authority than we have at the present time.

There is, besides, the constitutional point that Congress cannot alienate American territory. The Philippines were not acquired by Congress, but by international treaty. There are eminent constitutional lawyers who have studied the point and who say that we can get rid of the islands only in the same way. This, and the manifest impracticality of "giving them independence," suggests turning them over to another power better equipped to govern them than are we.

If we are to get rid of them, this seems like an intelligent method worthy of careful consideration. Both the outright method of cutting them loose and the guaranteeing of their independence by international treaty would be extremely disturbing to the Far Eastern situation, which is not very stable any-

way. Moreover, the best experience through several centuries shows that the Malay, lovable as he is, is incapable of protecting himself. Throughout the East the nations of the West stand guard over him lest he be overrun by his neighbors.

If we were to decide on this course the British or the Dutch or the French immediately suggest themselves as peoples with a broad experience in colonial government and won over to the humane view of colonial responsibility. But, as matters now stand, it is doubtful whether they would care to enlarge their imperial responsibilities. The sale of the islands to another Far Eastern power, were it to Russia or to Japan, would probably have a disquieting effect on the Western nations now in the Pacific.

If Russia were to have the islands, Japan and China would raise loud cries, and the rest of the world could only view with apprehension the installation of such a power in a position which offers such good oppportunities for trouble-making. The sale of the islands to Japan would have a most disquieting effect on the Australians, who live in a state of perennial nervousness about Japan. It would also alarm the Dutch, who are unable to defend their own possessions without outside assistance. Politically speaking, the Orient is like a jelly—poke one part of it and it all shakes.

Whoever speculates on this problem—and it must be speculation, for on this as on any other Philippine question, the United States has taken no important step—must naturally think of Germany, a nation with colonizing experience and with a surplus population ready to brave the risks of a new and distant land. For some years enlightened opinion in the Allied countries has held that it would be a good thing for the peace of Europe if Germany had colonies. Putting it bluntly, this opinion has taken the view that if there were fewer Germans in Europe the chances for peace would be greater.

The presence of another Teutonic power in the Far East would probably be a pacifying factor as far as the general situation is concerned. It would ensure efficiency in the government of the Philippines and a realization of their great economic possibilities. Perhaps they could be sold at a nominal price with a pledge for eventual independence and the open door for the commerce of the world. Under German management the Philippines might become a field for profitable investment—both for native and for foreigner—which they certainly are not to-day.

After the blood we have shed and the patriotic and distinguished service of individual Americans in the islands, it would be a painful thing for any American to see such a transfer occur. But such a transfer would be more honest and more high-principled than our present policy of allowing the islands to drift aimlessly along on a sea of false hopes and unkept pledges. Such an act on our part might be regarded by the rest of the world as a confession of our inability—or, at the very best, our unwillingness—to cope with a problem which we had pledged our faith to solve. But such an interpretation, however unpalatable to us, would be merely the truth.

In other words, if the facts are faced honestly, this seems to be our choice: to do the job well ourselves or let someone else do it as it should be done.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE CONCERT GODS

BY JEANETTE EATON

A YEAR or so ago that section of New York lying south of Washington Square possessed a unique supper club. The food was good, and the Chinese waiters deft and silent. Yet the lure of the place lay, not in these attributes, but in the peculiar charm contributed by the proprietor's air of faded distinction. It was picturesque to be greeted in his accented English, to be waved to a seat by those sensitive hands, and brooded over by his detached and melancholy solicitude. He was vaguely mysterious. Despite his pallor, his reddened eyelids, and the lines of his long, thin face, his look was that of a man whose years had been bitter rather than numerous.

Once in a while a client who lingered and questioned was initiated into the secret. From his desk the proprietor would bring a huge book pasted with clippings. Here were columns of praise, encomiums beyond most mortal dreams, renown such as few achieve. In every capital of Europe, in every large city in the United States this man's name only a few years ago had been heralded on billboards and in the press. For he was André Polah, the violinist.

Yes, the artist who from Vienna to Los Angeles had held thousands under the spell of his magic strings was now making out menus and adding bills of fare in an out-of-the-way restaurant. Why? For a reason that concerns every musician and music lover in America. Every young person of musical talent, every parent of such a child should know the experience of André Polah. For it is typical. Despite his triumphs and the praise of the music critics, Polah could not keep body and soul together by playing the violin. And despite their dreams and convictions, nine hundred and ninety-nine young musicians in every thousand who attempt the same career will have a fate exactly similar.

For the concert artist is likely soon to be as extinct as the cavalryman. The modern world has little further use for him. Recent surveys have shown that less than four per cent of the American people attend concerts. In New York and Chicago less than one per cent of the population attend musical events of any kind. Only seventeen artists in the entire world can fill Carnegie Hall. Musicians of distinction are abandoning their careers, and one hears of concert managers selling out or going bankrupt. In short, the proverbial camel wishing to make his exit through the needle's eye has a more hopeful prospect than the concert artist who is obliged to make a living.

Surely, you protest, this is not true of the great musician! And instantly a glittering pageant of glorious figures passes across your mental screen. But how many of them are exclusively devoted to concert work? The opera presents a very different situation. True, the opera career is no easy avenue to fame. Schumann-Heink, with endearing candor, has described the difficulties which she encountered during the early stages of her great destiny. Intrepid young Dorothy Speare has woven the painful items of her Italian debut into an unforgettable story of

travail. But once a singer reaches that goal she is secure. Only marked failure of voice or of acting or an untoward attack of temperament is able to dislodge a member of either of America's two great opera companies. Moreover, the ample salary offers sufficient margin to make financial independence possible. Concert work alone, on the other hand, holds no such promise.

Take the case of a singer sufficiently experienced and renowned to be engaged by one of the great music clubs of the Middle West at a price of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Railroad fare, hotel bills, and incidentals lop off one hundred and fifty dollars. The accompanist receives a like sum. So does the concert bureau which secures such engagements at twenty per cent commission. Perhaps you think the remaining three hundred dollars ample reward for one hour's actual singing time. If so, you need further details.

The singer's likeness to a bird ends at the bill of fare. Crumbs will not produce the vital force necessary to sustain a Bach aria or one of Respighi's fearful and wonderful compositions. The singer must live well. He must, also, in preparing a program, spend from thirty to fifty dollars a week for the accompanist and, if his drawing-room does not accommodate a grand piano, he must hire a studio. There should be funds to provide for professional as well as for personal emergencies. Not only is it difficult to obtain summer engagements, but such are the exigencies of the busy season that it is not at all unusual that a concert at Palm Beach is followed by one at Winnipeg. In that case the railroad office absorbs most of what the box office yields.

Remember, too, that no woman, no matter how splendid her voice, can get concert gowns for a mere song. Thus it is obvious that forty concerts at a net price of three hundred dollars are needed to assure the singer the necessary margin.

But how, in Heaven's name, is the artist going to get these forty engagements? So extended a tour is possible to few musicians. Moreover, the concert singer never makes the popular appeal of the opera celebrity. Jeritza, Mary Garden, and Rosa Ponselle can fill a house anywhere, at any time. Before their retirement Schumann-Heink and Geraldine Farrar were prime favorites and, so long as her novelty lasted, Marion Talley enjoyed a lively popularity. As for the men, the greatest rewards are reaped by Gigli, Chaliapin, Schipa, John McCormack, and Roland Hayes. These artists, with possibly a dozen others, are the star singers of the concert world. But most of them are recruited from the opera.

Nor is the situation any more favorable for the instrumentalist. Like the singer, he must have a manager whose agents are always combing the country for bookings with local organizations. Reputable bureaus charge the artist no retaining fee for this service and depend for their profit on the ten or twenty per cent commission to be collected from subsequent concerts. It is obvious, therefore, that managers are interested only in musicians who are certain of large receipts. And few they are. Remember that the artist who appeals not to the masses but to music lovers is always in peril of having the audience lured away by some local event.

One manager recounts a typical incident of this kind of fatality. He had booked an artist of renown for a concert in Minneapolis. With billboards plastering the city and publicity filling the press, the outlook was most favorable. But on the afternoon before the concert the artist, who knew her signs and portents, when driving from the station to the hotel saw something which dismayed her—an awning was being put up before a handsome church. At the hotel desk the artist snatched a local paper and turned to the society page. "I knew it!" she cried in despair. That night one of the leading heiresses of Minneapolis was being married, and the wed-

ding was to be followed by a magnificent reception. Naturally this function lapped up the cream of the city's fashion and culture and, as she had foreseen, the artist's audience was so thoroughly skimmed as to offer not the smallest nourishment.

Had Jeritza or Heifetz been giving that concert, a dozen weddings on the same date would not have mattered, for the great crowd would have gone to hear them just the same. It is a foregone conclusion, therefore, that no manager will handle many musicians who are lacking in enormously popular appeal. Arthur Judson's Concert Management, for example, says, "It is only after mature consideration that we would consider the possibility of increasing our list of pianists, already large. There is difficulty in providing an adequate tour for any but the established artists." One reason for such hesitancy is the fact that even the favorite loses his magnetic power if he plays too often in the same town.

As for the artist, he, too, tries to provide against these same risks. Even those instrumentalists sufficiently distinguished to be managed by the best bureaus have some reliable supplementary source of income. Josef Hofmann is director of The Curtis Institute and, like Zimbalist, who teaches there, he devotes to it the bulk of his time. Harold Bauer emerges only periodically from his august studio of teaching. Robert Schmitz derives his chief revenue from master classes held in the West. Albert Spalding, whose private fortune eliminates economic anxiety, can wait between tours until his public clamors for him. Ernest Schelling and Percy Grainger are composers and conductors as well as pianists, and de Falla is better known for his compositions than for his incomparable performance on the cello. There are hardly a dozen players who can make all the money they want by concert work alone. The most golden favor of the public is lavished on Fritz Kreisler, Paderewski, Heifetz, and the boy wonder, Yehudi Menuhin. Next in grace come such artists as Rachmaninoff, Horowitz, Rudolph Ganz, George Copeland, Myra Hess, Hofmann, Cortot, and Novaes.

II

With this glimpse of the limitations imposed upon all but the most brilliant musical lights, we return to our question: For that artist whose budget we presented in detail, how are the forty concerts it demands to be secured? There is only one answer. They can't.

No sadder comment on the fate of the concert singer has ever been uttered than a recent statement made by Eva Gauthier. Exquisite artist, adored by music lovers on two continents, Madame Gauthier's press notices from every civilized country indicate her unique place in the world of song. Yet she recently declared that for the present, at least, she had abandoned her career. "The more I advanced in my art," she writes from Paris, "the less I earned. I have been labeled as a musician—a fatal thing for a singer. For it is such a small public that is interested in the musician. Hence the impossibility of making a living. I am waiting to see what will happen. But I believe the condition of the concert singer is almost hopeless."

One of the most experienced of America's impresarios carries this doubt even farther. In the same fatal category he would include also the instrumentalist. I refer to Mr. George Engles, manager for Paderewski, Schumann-Heink, Heifetz, and the American star of the Opéra Comique, Hallie Stiles. "Nobody can predict the future of the concert artist," said Mr. Engles. "The situation has changed even since last year. The United States is by no means an unmusical nation. After all, we spend about twenty millions a year in the support of twelve symphony orchestras, two great opera companies, and fifteen or sixteen famous individual

artists. But the glorious concert field of the past is no more. Only the high lights remain. The public will still pay for the greatest names and the most attractive novelties. But so far as the lesser artists are concerned, the outlook in the concert field is profoundly discouraging. I know of several managers who have given up the struggle and closed their offices."

These are the facts. Yet they are appreciated only by those who have personally suffered from them. Dreams of success are too stubborn to be eradicated except by bitter experience. There are thousands of young prodigies in this country concentrating exclusively on music, and it never occurs to them to doubt their ability to set the world on fire. Ambitious parents and music teachers urge them on. Backers are found to pay for their training. And it is a training so highly specialized that the musician can seldom turn successfully to other activities. In the end André Polah took up teaching. Even the lovely Lina Cavalieri found that it required more than the prestige of her name to convert her Parisian beauty salon into a gold mine.

It is high time the real situation in the music world be faced honestly and bravely by everyone responsible for gifted young people. Otherwise we are dooming these youngsters to inevitable heartbreak. Musical talent is likely to be considered not a gift from the gods, but a curse; and boys and girls trained to play and sing will bitterly regret that they had not been prepared to lay bricks or pack biscuits.

Don't imagine for a moment that a combination of money and talent can beat all these stacked odds. The following story is one to be taken to heart. A young business man, brought by affairs from the West to New York, met and married a woman of some wealth and great ambition. At once she discovered that her husband had a voice of beauty and power—even as hundreds of others. "You must be a concert singer," declared the loving bride. "You shall give up business, and I will invest my money in your glorious voice."

Four years were spent in cultivating that voice at ten dollars for each half-hour lesson. Against all advice, the debut was made in Carnegie Hall and, in spite of the efforts of a press agent engaged at seventy-five dollars a week, in spite of the free distribution of hundreds of tickets, a bare quarter of its three thousand seats were filled. Two music critics, however, who were trapped and borne to the concert, praised it mildly in their columns. Thus encouraged, the pair went abroad to seek that tag of European approval supposedly essential to success. At the end of two more years the baritone was offered a contract for a season of singing at Salzburg. The three thousand dollars which would have been paid him would represent the wife's only return on her investment of fifty thousand. It was the bulk of her fortune. Convinced that the rainbow's end had yielded too meager a pot of gold, the singer refused the contract. Now with youth and capital spent, he is once more in America attempting to get into business again.

"He had a lovely voice," said his press agent, "but he wasn't sensational enough for nowadays. Had he sung cowboy ditties he'd probably have gone over big. But he would sing good music."

Not only does this history illustrate the difficulty of initiating a career, it also throws light on the myth that what doesn't go here will go abroad. The recent experience of Katherine Ruth Heyman throws further light on that myth. She is a musician's pianist. Yet her career, brilliantly begun by appearances in concerto work with the Boston Symphony and the Royal Philharmonic in London, involved solo performances from coast to coast of the United States and in every European country. Then the long interruption of the War, of course, served to dim her

lustrous success. She had to "come back." So two years ago she decided to concertize, not here, but abroad.

Her reasons for the decision are just those which have impelled many an artist to make the same move. First, she felt that Americans would accept her as authentic only after Paris and London had again placed upon her playing a fresh seal of esteem. Second, she believed that the kind of program she wished to play was in greater demand where audiences were musically more sophisticated. But she had not reckoned on post-war conditions. No one realizes until he has experienced it how deep seated is the general prejudice against American artists. Paris looks to us only for a Josephine Baker or a George Gershwin and admits not at all that our classic line could approach in perfection the European cut. Furthermore, cultured groups over there have little money to spend. When they invest in concert tickets they want to hear a native artist of whom they can be sure. Katherine Heyman scored her accustomed triumphs among music critics. But, like every other American artist abroad, in London, Paris, and Vienna, she tested to the full the value of the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Please remember, indeed, that it costs to give music away. Mr. Walter K. Varney, one of the few American managers of European tours, has plenty of facts to prove this anomaly. When one of his singers actually netted one hundred and eight dollars from a Parisian concert he considered the occasion a singular triumph. Usually there is a considerable loss. Mr. Varney managed the first Parisian concert of an American pianist of great reputation, and the gross receipts were one hundred and fifty dollars less than his expenditure. In Holland he spent six hundred florins to launch the appearance of a celebrated singer and recovered but two hundred florins at the box office. The cost of giving a piano recital in Vienna was four hundred dollars more than was reaped from the sale of tickets.

"Unless an American musician has novelty value, or some special propaganda to back him," said Mr. Varney, "there is small chance of making money in Europe. Even if you have novelty appeal you can't make much, but in that case there is undoubtedly a favorable reaction upon your prospects in the United States. On the other hand, if you've only been hiring halls at your own expense you cannot impress managers. What these skeptics want to know is how many people paid entrance admissions. For this reason I consider the average appearance of an American artist in Europe one of the most expensive and useless of luxuries."

Mr. Varney was the foreign manager of the Fiske Singers. Because the Old World wanted to hear the negro "spirituals," they sang everywhere to crowded houses. The tour was an outstanding success. Yet the financial harvest was small. "How could it have been anything else?" asked Mr. Varney. "Take from the receipts each country's tax on foreign artists; deduct the cost of transporting, feeding, and housing the five singers and myself; subtract publicity expenditures—and how much is left?"

Of course, it is easier for one artist to make a profit—provided that he has the proper appeal of novelty. The charming work of Lester Donahue received everywhere a hearing on his recent European tour because he demonstrates a new mechanism for the piano invented by John Hays Hammond, Junior. Everybody goes to hear the tonal pedal, but they stay to enjoy Mr. Donahue's artistry. Somewhat similar was the initial experience abroad of that great artist, Mr. Roland Hayes. He did not have to cry with Portia's lover, "Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun!" By the very tone of that complexion he first attracted an audience which was thereafter enslaved by the tone of his voice.

Roland Hayes has a name to conjure with. And that is exactly what is necessary for the billboards. What most people do not estimate is, that in addition to years of training, a musician has to spend years in propaganda before becoming a box-office attraction. When you have a great tradition behind you, then the mere announcement of your concert is enough either here or abroad. If you haven't, then miles of such announcements won't get you an audience on either side of the water. But the great question is, how is such celebrity established?

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the thirteen-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, for he is one of the absolute exceptions to present-day limitations. Of course, he has definite backing. His support, the cost of his continued studies and of managing his occasional concerts is assured him. Apparently, his genius is so unusual that his future is secure. But what an isolated case is his can be grasped by noting that all the other stars exclusively devoted to concert work are men and women well beyond the early thirties. Most of them are past middle life. Their reputations were made in that happy yesterday before the World War when the situation was altogether different.

Thirty years ago Paderewski and Schumann-Heink were just getting their firm hold on American hearts. How easy it was for them to do so! Not only was travel cheaper, not only did auditoriums rent for moderate sums, but the concert field lay fertile for their tilling. The great artists had few rivals. America was not then turning out its yearly quota of a hundred aspirants for the concert stage. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler was one of the few pianists, and Maud Powell one of the few violinists produced by this country. Such artists as Melba, Nordica, Ysaye, Rosenthal, and Teresa Carreño toured the country only rarely, and when they came to a town it turned out en masse to hear them. For life was simpler then. The age of jazz was still in the distance. People had free nights to devote to cultural experience and were eager for it. But as the tempo of living accelerated, this eagerness began to subside. During the same period the accretion of concert artists was enormous. From Europe and from our own conservatories alike they came crowding forward. Towns which thirty years ago had but four concerts a year were now asked to patronize twenty concerts. Yet travel, sports, social and business activities had arisen to deflect interest in music. In the clash of these opposing tendencies the concert career was smashed to atoms. It is no longer possible for any but the most supreme genius to build that illustrious reputation which is the one essential to success.

III

No matter where you turn for information concerning the procedure of the musical beginner, the prognostication is forbidding. It requires an enormous investment of time and money to get oneself before the public, and when one gets there the public has shrunk to nothing. Mr. Fitzhugh W. Haensel of the well-known concert bureau of Haensel and Jones went so far as to say that, while his organization would not undertake to manage an unknown artist, it would at the artist's own expense put on a New York concert. In Town Hall this would cost not more than $650; in Carnegie Hall, not more than $1200. Such sums must be guaranteed, but the receipts, if any, go entirely to the artist. "Then," concluded Mr. Haensel, "if the artist makes a hit we might be willing to manage subsequent concerts on the commission basis."

When the manager was asked if expenditure for publicity would do something to insure "making a hit," he merely shrugged his shoulders gloomily. Newspapers aren't interested in copy about beginners. Music critics are so harried by constant debuts that not even a smart press agent can guarantee their presence at a concert. As for the

music journals, not only do they not reach the general public, but the publicity they offer is said to be not unrelated to the artist's expenditure for advertising. An advertising manager of one of the most illustrious among these magazines stated its policy succinctly. "Naturally," said she, "in printing news, pictures, plans, and reports of concerts for musicians we give the greatest attention to those who have bought the most space in our advertising pages." Naturally! But since the music world knows this all too well, publicity of that kind gives little sanction to true merit.

Pierre Key's International Music Year Book, on the contrary, lists all artists of standing whether or not they advertise. Moreover it offers an entire page of advertising for $150, and the notice is good for a year. A page in the *Musical Courier* costs $450 and is good for one week. You can inch along, however, to the tune of $400 for fifty-two issues. Doesn't it begin to dawn upon you that it would be less of a financial drain to keep up a limousine and a town and country residence than to attempt a concert career?

But, as we have repeatedly pointed out, it isn't a question of mere money. Certainly Madame Ganna Walska has flung gold in all directions without being able to satisfy entirely her ambition to be accepted as a singer. Mr. Laberge of the Bogue-Laberge Concert Management makes quick work of young artists who come talking to him of short cuts to success because of their unlimited backing. "Don't spend your money on European tours!" he tells them. "Don't make an expensive New York debut! Don't throw away funds on publicity! People will only think you are making money a substitute for genius. If you can afford to be indifferent to returns on concert work you are lucky. Then you can go quietly along and give concerts in little towns until you gradually gather experience and reputation. Even so I advise you to pursue music because you enjoy it. For you can't count to-day on getting the world at your feet."

Every manager is not so sound. There are vultures in the music field who require a retaining fee before their fat hands are lifted. Nor will they give any corresponding guarantee to obtain engagements. One hears of artists who have spent from three to five thousand dollars on a manager who provided them with only a few concerts "in the provinces." Such agents and those who play a sharp game of personal politics in which they jockey their favorites into position have disgusted honest managers with their own profession and have aroused suspicious resistance from music clubs and orchestra leaders.

It was to assure fair treatment to young musicians of moderate means and equally fair treatment to the public that the National Music League was organized by Mrs. Otto Kahn and a group of public-spirited music lovers. Free of charge, this group gives auditions before musicians of first rank. For successful competitors engagements are booked at a low rate of commission. Because the artist's fees are moderate, many small music clubs and small localities are enabled to afford such concerts. A somewhat similar service is offered Western artists by a dynamic impresario in Chicago, Miss Dema Harshbarger. Undoubtedly these efforts not only assist young people of real gift; but they stimulate the love of good music throughout the country. Yet it remains true that very few of the musicians so handled are earning enough to live on.

IV

Then, what remunerative outlet remains for talent? The number of music students is increasing in the United States by leaps and bounds. Three years ago there were only a few conservatories of importance. Now there are more than a dozen. Peabody Institute in Baltimore alone has three thousand students. If, when these young

men and women complete their technical studies, they wish to function vitally and happily they will renounce the concert stage. Nothing but frustration lies that way. Nevertheless, they need not despair. There are by no means the same dark clouds hovering over other fields of musical activity.

Probably the broadest of these is teaching. Private instruction has always been profitable. From tiny town to metropolis, the music teacher has ever been a prominent feature of cultural life, and all indications point to an increase in his importance. Moreover, both colleges and public schools are developing departments of music so high in standard and so remunerative as to attract musicians of distinction.

For those who play stringed or wind instruments an even more important possibility is offered by the orchestra. The huge demand for the orchestra player can be indicated by one statement. The American Federation of Musicians, covering the United States and Canada, claims 150,000 members and all of them belong to orchestras and bands. The New York Local alone has 16,000 individuals enrolled. This branch of the American Federation of Labor is almost as superior as the Equity Association. It has established in such organizations as the Philadelphia and the New York Philharmonic orchestras a minimum wage of ninety dollars a week. Maximum pay, however, may reach four or five times that amount. Members of a theater orchestra such as the one at the Roxy receive a weekly minimum of seventy-five dollars. Even members of orchestras playing in smaller theaters and hotels are well paid. Indeed, one of the secretaries of the New York Local was willing to say definitely that "no gifted, industrious, and experienced orchestra player ever need be out of a good job."

Time was when the organist found an excellent opportunity in motion-picture theaters. Four and five hundred dollars weekly was no unusual pay for a player who knew how to pull the vox humana stop just when the heroine was pulling the heart-strings of the audience. But the advent of the "talkies" has thrown all these trained musicians out of work. Indeed, those highly specialized classes for the movie organist held in the famous Eastman School at Rochester have been abandoned. Many people believe that the demand for the individual artist's interpretative skill will bring him again to the cinema palace. But at present the situation is chaotic. The organist, like the vocalist, is taking refuge in the church whenever possible. Far more stable in these unsettled days is the public demand for phonographic records. Every successful musician has enormously supplemented his income from other sources by making records. But this opportunity is offered only to artists who have achieved great renown.

Indisputably the latest opening for the musician is the most far reaching—the radio. It is true that being able to turn on a concert while one lies in bed, sipping iced drinks or smoking, has added a new hazard to the course of the concert artist. Nobody who can be æsthetically satisfied by the turn of a disc would go out in the rain to a distant music hall. Doubtless, it is the development of the radio which makes Mr. George Engles say that the concert situation has changed for the worse since last year. Yet if this invention has taken away with one hand, it has certainly given with the other.

At the National Broadcasting Station alone there are two hundred artists on exclusive contract. This number does not include musicians engaged for special occasions nor those who represent commercial firms in programs organized for advertising purposes. Salaries for broadcasting slide down the scale from a maximum of five hundred a week. Even at a hundred dollars a week, the profit is in the end worth more than seven times that sum collected as a fee for appearances on the concert stage. In the first place, engagements are regular and certain. Moreover, such

expenses as management, concert costumes, and railroad fare are entirely eliminated. Finally, the time required for the preparation and presentation of a program is by no means equal to that required of a concert artist.

One of the most interesting features of this amazing development is the chance it offers the musical beginner. Many are the artists who have been introduced to the public by radio. Such a one is the gifted young violinist, Arcadie Birkenholz. From the moment he left his teacher he made such a success "on the air" that he was able to build up an enthusiastic following for his occasional appearances on the concert stage. The same happy result succeeded the radio work of other young artists such as Devora Nadworney, Jessica Dragonette, Genia Zielinska, Keith McLeod, and Graham McNamee. It isn't that broadcasting stations are not on the lookout for celebrated artists, but that programs are so diverse and continual that a wide range of talent can be absorbed. Moreover, there is every indication that love of music and knowledge of it are increasing rapidly by means of these infinitely extended waves of freighted air.

Walter Damrosch receives the most touching letters from New England farms and Western ranches. They tell of the profound gratitude felt by lonely families for his charming children's concerts heard on the air. It is even said that since men are the chief manipulators of radio sets, there has been a decided weakening of masculine resistance to classical programs. It is said that men have been seen in greater numbers at symphony concerts than ever before.

We may well be grateful for any influence which incites a love of good music. Nevertheless, the fact that American dependence on mechanism is constantly growing does tend to submerge the individual. No matter how bright an aura surrounds this opportunity of making music on the air, the artist is left a little cold. He even fails to be passionately allured by the idea of becoming a mere part of an orchestral group—however eminent. No satisfactory substitute can be offered for the picture which has so long dominated his imagination. The vision of a great audience listening rapturously, faced from the platform by a glamorous figure in solitary splendor—that is the very epitome of personal triumph! Only with the most bitter reluctance can this dream be relinquished.

To be heard and not seen, to be a mere blend of the whole! It is not thus that artistic ambition can be wholly gratified. And yet, it is possible that something better than that gratification is evolving from this period of chaos and new birth. Gifted children may study music not for egoistic aggrandizement, but for the mere love of it. Further merging of the individual with the ensemble may produce heightened effects. Response to pure harmony may become less and less diluted by reaction to personality. We can but hope that the drastic changes of the present may bring us closer to what Andrew Carnegie called "the loveliest of the arts," and that music may take an ever more perfect form. If so, we can summon courage to watch the passing of that brilliant phenomenon, the concert artist.

A BURIED TREASURE

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

BEN fished in the stream all the afternoon, smiling whenever he thought of the kettle of money and of the two drab figures bending over it to draw it from the earth. The secrecy of the pot was a seductive thought, playing over his mind as soft fingers might play over his shoulders. Or, on the following day, still considering the curious treasure, he walked about among the fields and pastures, viewing impartially all that he met there, keeping himself apart. He went near to the house into which the kettle had been taken and he spied on it from a barn lot, but he saw no sign of good fortune upon it.

The days were long and slow, the nights short, the summer approaching midsummer day. Ben wondered about the kettle of gold he had seen unearthed in the cornfield of the patched farmer, half expecting to hear some report of it when he went to the store in the village where he bought his food for cooking, but no word of it came to him. The people were busy with the fields, the season for plowing being at hand, the wheat harvest approaching. Few came to the store to buy and none came there to loiter during the working hours of the day. The storekeeper had little to tell when Ben asked for news.

Ben gave little heed to the country, letting it assail his senses in whatever way it would, letting the bells ring in whatever way they would without giving them direction or reason. Thinking of the pot of money he had seen taken out of the earth, he would remember his home in Jessamine County and remember his mother and father moving vaguely about in a large house, and he thought that he would write a letter to his brother and ask him to send some of his clothing. He yielded himself to the unreality of the pot of money and let the clothing go unasked for, let Jessamine County and his family there sink backward into a remote and blurred past. A midsummer quiet rested over the hills, the growing herbs having some deep business with what lay under the surface of the soil, the growing herbs taking first place and contriving cunningly to have the best.

A day late in the week and Ben went to the village to buy, finding several people astir there. A hard rain during the morning brought an afternoon of leisure to the plowmen, the ground being too soft for working. Ben viewed the village, seeing the people come and go, and he lingered for a while at the store.

He heard people say that there was to be a surprise party at Andy Blair's home the following night. One or two said they had been invited and another, hearing of it, said he intended to go.

"Old Andy himself invited me," a man said.

"Philly invited me," one or two said, speaking together. "Said a surprise would come off. I wonder what surprise old Andy could have to show."

Ben heard one or two whispering surmises as to his identity. They returned to talk of the party, and all seemed to

intend to go, some with interest, some with but a dull wish to be where others were assembled.

When the store was cleared Ben bought a pair of shoe laces, smiling a little within to see himself in this act, for he knew that he had no claim on Blair's party. But in the event that such a claim might arise, he ruminated, letting his inner laughter complete the condition; and he walked away from the hamlet staring down at his old laces and judging them unfit for a public appearance. He walked along a lane where the way dipped downward among cool green trees, and presently he saw that he would be overtaken by two riders. One was a lovely girl of nineteen or twenty who rode an old white mare, sitting sidewise without a saddle. The other girl was scarcely less lovely, and she rode a thin little gelding that was not broken to be bridle-wise but was gentled by hard work in the plow until he obeyed her guidance without protest although with awkwardness. They drew near slowly, coming from the rear, and Ben heard their voices speaking.

"I'm surprised already," the girl on the white horse said. "I'm already surprised enough."

"I'm surprised old man Andy Blair gives a party, let alone a surprise party," the other girl said, holding the thought forward for further consideration. Her voice was sweet and resonant, hollow and tender, like the voice of a coo-dove.

Ben drew aside from the way to let the girls pass, lifting his cap. The girl on the white mare rode easily, her little feet scarcely swaying with the rise and fall of the mare's back. Her flowered dress fell in soft ripples over the white hair of the beast and seemed of a kind with the snowy coat that spread to the animal's flanks and rounded over the plump haunches. The girl rode her beast with a stately grace, as if she rode to be crowned. Her lips were lightly parted, making ready for speech which was delayed in the moment of passing. The other girl came forward then, guiding her gawky beast aside to share the way, her pretty voice calling:

"Say, Robbie May, does Imogene take cream to Coulter's?" The cry of the coo-dove went over the lane and spread among the boughs of the trees. This girl moved quickly, asserting herself above her beast with swift grace that flowed out of his awkwardness and brought it to a fine flower. They had passed then, the horses moving away with slightly accelerated gait, but they kept in view until the road forked, when they went away into the hill toward the left.

After the girls had left the road Ben cared no longer for it, and he turned into a field where he walked across sparse clover. He liked the country well then, and he liked all that it gave and all that it promised. Having lifted his cap, though not his eyes, to two strange girls on the road, he knew that he must now gain a name and a place in the community to make what he had done have value. He must have a house where he stayed and a reason for staying there, and he searched about for reasons. Reasons were not easily found, and he let his thought slip about over the country to contrive some purpose for himself out of the labors that were passing among the farms. The wheat was ripening in the fields, and he thought that he might offer himself somewhere as a hand.

A man was walking about a barn enclosure, a ruddy man whose stride was long and whose way treaded in and out among the beasts there. His strong, rough farm jacket was soiled with the dust from the hay, and his hair lay in long pointed locks against his moist and reddened brow. Ben stood at the gate in respectful indifference, and the man came forward when he had hurried his work mule through a gate and had given his sow a measure of corn. They stood by the gate and talked of anything, not wanting to hurry forward the main point too suddenly, giving their minds time to gather all the threads of acquaintance before the mouth was let

speak. Ben wanted a piece of work with some farmer, enough work to help pay his way in the country. The other man was named Giles Wilson, he said. He did not need help for himself, he said, but he knew a man that needed a hand in a bad way, a man no longer what he used to be, heavy work now at hand with the oats and the wheat ripening. Then Giles Wilson went away, striding through the muck of the barn lot, and he cleared two pigs away from a trough where the calves should be eating and cuffed a mule out of the way of two humble nanny sheep.

When he was striding about over the soft black loam of the barnyard floor, Ben saw that he had fastened horseshoes to the soles of his shoes to save them from wear and he saw that his feet made horse prints in the earth as he moved. When he had set his barnyard to rights he trotted back across the trampled way and he took up again the inquiry Ben had made.

"Bud Stoner, yes, he's a good man. Pay all he agrees on," he said. "I went by there to-day and I see Bud Stoner, he's about to get his house new painted. There's work to do there. Pays all he promises. You go see Bud Stoner."

Ben sat under his ledge during the cool of the evening, adjusting his new shoe laces, or he washed his clothes in the creek and spread them to dry on the bushes. He decided to apply to Stoner, to find himself a place in some house, to belong to the community in some more secure way than that offered by a ledge of rock as a shelter, the ways of houses being now fixed upon men. There were lovely girls in his mind as the sunset faded, as the light slanted away from his small ravine to give his gorge an early twilight, and he wondered, glowing warmly within, at the sunsets that are in lovers' eyes and the slow dawns that are in their faces. His mind's eye saw a long way ahead, leaping over the difficulties that surrounded him, seeing Robbie May and the other girl at Blair's party; and he thought that if he might dance once with each of them he would be willing to accept his vacation as finished and call it well spent.

Early in the morning, before the cocks had finished crowing for the first hours of the day, before the farm bells had jangled and replied in their sweet distresses of dissonance, Ben left his half-cavern and walked toward the house which he knew to be Stoner's, finding the owner of the farm, Stoner himself, just coming from the house door to make his way to the barns. When he offered himself as a laborer he was told that there was no farm work to be done that day, but that he might paint the shutters of the house, and he was told how to remove each pair, and where he would find the green paint, and where he might stand them for drying. He sat with the farmer and two house painters for breakfast in the kitchen, and by the time all had eaten he knew that the farmer's wife was all but stone deaf and that one painter was named Larkin and the other Grove.

He painted during the morning under the shade of a great tree, standing the shutters, one at a time, against the trunk of the tree and laying on the green paint carefully, teaching himself to be a painter. Grove worked at the front of the house, Larkin at the side, but they talked together, flinging out comments and reminiscences between long sweeps of the brushes and long periods of quiet. They seemed but little acquainted with each other, as if they had met only two days before, as if they continued confidences begun a short time since then.

"Some days I used to knock down, anyhow, as much as six dollars, above my wages," Grove said.

There was a long period of quiet, no comment offered, their brushes slapping at the house walls making the only sound. The morning was warm, the wheat ripening, the farmer running a mower over a field of clover. The click of the cutting instrument came up from a valley field. Grove made a lumbering

noise lowering his scaffolding, and then his voice broke out on the air:

"But you couldn't knock down anything now, system they got now. Street-car jobs are a mighty poor make-out nowadays."

The coo-doves in the trees sounded as if they were a long way off, making their coo-cries together. A cuckoo went into the dense foliage of a young sugar tree, assuming the motions of a snake as it went creeping through the air and penetrated the green banks of the leaves. Then Larkin spoke, his voice a sudden flutter of crumpled, unjointed phrases, a cracked voice uttering a crackling phrase:

"Best knock-down job I ever had was ice-wagon job."

Regret stood about the house wall, another day having dawned. Grove daubed paint on the boards and spread it smoothly, making an even tattoo with his brush. Three times that morning they had agreed that everything was tight now, nothing open and free, that the good day was past. Coal wagons, ice wagons, street cars, wherever money was passed freely the new system was over all as a blight.

"I can paint, but I only aim to work this job till I see something better," Grove said. He spoke twice to Larkin's once. "Too much like work," he said.

"Ever knock down anything while you painted a house?" Larkin flung out in disjointed caution, speaking in a low voice.

"Twice."

The morning was long, the farmer off in the meadow with his clicking knives. The farmer's wife hoed in the garden back of the house. There were no others about the place. The windows were open, the shutters spread about among the trees. The cuckoo peered out from its hiding and turned about within the dense leaves, its long tail like a sword against the limb of the maple. "Twice, I did," Grove said.

"Get away with it?" Larkin asked.

"Sure, I always get away with whatever I knock down. Easy if you know how."

There was quiet and talk alternating between them. The brushes worked forward steadily, laying on the paint. The farmer's wife finished her herbs and came from the garden, and presently she was walking about in the rear of the house and the kitchen yard. It was after ten now, the morning moving slowly, but passing. Ben would make seventy-five cents, above his day's food, for his work on the shutters. The labor in the field would begin for him the following workday, Monday, and he would sleep meanwhile in the farmer's house.

"Once it was twenty dollars," Grove said. "When I painted a man's store over in Bloomfield. Funny part was, nobody ever put any blame on me about it. . . . Other time was when I painted a roof for a rich old woman in Fayette County. Money saved up in a green teapot. Old woman so stingy she never missed it. You wouldn't believe me when I tell you it was three hundred dollars."

The shadows thickened for the noon of the day and the cocks crowed from farm to farm, bringing an end to the morning. After food and a rest Ben went back to his work under the tree, and the house-painters moved to the west wall. They seemed aware of him as they had not been during the morning, and their confidences were given in low voices. The farmer's cutting instrument made its pretty clatter in the meadow, and the cries of the doves broke now and then through the trees. The light was hard and brilliant, lying densely over the trees during the afternoon, destroying the shadows, and hard brilliant insects leaped now and then out of the grass.

Ben heard the painters tell each other of the surprise party at Andy Blair's house. They had heard of it at the store the evening before and they announced their willingness to go. Any small pleasure that could be had in a country community was theirs of their right, they said, exchanging opinions that varied

less than one hair's breadth the one from the other. They always went wherever there was a country party, they said. Later they came down from their ladders and mixed paint at the back of the house, and thereafter Ben heard little of their interchange. He spread the green paint on the last of the shutters, having sunk now into the reality of the countryside, having earned himself a place there.

There were bees in the air during the afternoon, and Ben thought a swarm must be in motion, but he did not trouble to find out which way they went. The grasshoppers leaped out of the grass and dissolved themselves into grass again. When Giles Wilson passed in a battered car he stopped by the roadside and walked into Stoner's yard, looking at the shutters. He had been to town, he said, to the county seat. He made nothing of the heat, hot and cold, wet and dry, these being his daily wear. He carried a long, crisp, white paper which arose stiffly from his coat pocket.

"And what is that?" Ben asked, not minding what he asked him.

"Hit's a pair of licenses," Giles said. "Hit's a pair of marriage licenses. Wheat harvest comen on now, and I didn't know when I'd get to town again, and Imogene says she'll have me, Imogene Cundy, that is. You wouldn't know her. And so I thought I'd get a pair of licenses this time I was in town to-day, in case the time rolled around before I went again."

Ben asked leave to see the papers, drawing them from Wilson's pocket as he made the request. The shifting foot printed two hoof marks into the soft path, and the hand, moist and hot, gave up the crisp paper to be viewed. It was a marriage bond, prepared with decorum, founded in the law, waiting now to be served by some authorized person.

"But I have to run off with Imogene, whenever I do it," he said. "Imogene's daddy, old man Cundy, he won't let me set a foot inside the place. Run off, I've got to."

"What does Imogene look like? How does she look?" Ben asked then.

Wilson said he did not know. He stared off across the lower meadow and frowned and said "Shucks!" condemning his incompetence at description, saying again, with a smile, that he did not know. Changing the subject quickly, he spoke of the surprise party at Andy Blair's home, saying that it would be that evening. He would see Imogene there, he said, and perhaps he would name the wedding to her. Anyway he would show her the papers. He had caught up with his part of the work, he said. It was now Imogene's work to name what day she would run. He admired the green paint on the shutters and said the house would be set-off when all was finished. He told again of the surprise party and advised Ben to go, saying that everybody was invited. He took the papers again and settled them to his pocket, leaving with a sudden good-by, clinking his irons on the stones by the gate.

Ben laid on the last of the paint, finishing his day's work. As he touched neglected crevices and looked over the wood, searching for flaws in what he had done, he felt a satisfaction in himself as a painter. His overalls were marked a little with the green but his shoes were free of it. Andy Blair and his wife Philly, having found a pot of money, would have all their neighbors in that evening to tell of their good fortune and to show the unearthed treasure. Two rogues who filled in the time between their rogueries with house-painting, would be present, and they would undoubtedly have possession of the money pot before morning. The earth could scarcely hide so showy a loot as a pot of gold but that they would uncover it, once they knew of it. He wondered what his own part should be in the drama, ruminating the perils that lay about the treasure, wondering who had buried it under the root of the tree, and wondering how the ancient owner would look at Andy and how he would look at

Larkin and Grove, and whose act he would consider the greater roguery. The air was heated now, the sun having penetrated all the shadows, the rays of light coming in hard, slanted lines across the air. He decided that he would be, as formerly, a spectator to the show. Dreaming over the last of the shutters, touching unnecessarily at crevices, he fell to dreaming of all lovely ladies and of Imogene whom Giles could not describe, and she arose before him as a remote smile on Wilson's hot, red face as he looked across a meadow.

The long twilight tarried among the fields, making more yellow the ripe wheat and putting a stranger green on the still corn. Ben visited his camp to secure the things he had left there, and went then to Blair's home, approaching it slowly in the dusk. A few hurried sounds came to him from the inner part of the house, and Andy came out of the house, carrying a basket filled with yellow clay. There was a sound of tools clattering on stones inside and almost at once voices began to approach along the lane. Ben lingered outside to watch the people appear, a few coming at first, others following closely. Inside some joked with Andy and teased him to name his surprise. A large group of young people came, some of them singing, and while these lingered about the door, Ben drew near and joined himself to them. The two girls who had ridden the horses were in this group, one called Robbie May and the other Bonnie, and presently he knew which girl was Imogene. Larkin and Grove came, walking boldly in at the door and seating themselves in a window, viewing all that came to pass. When Giles Wilson came, Ben greeted him and passed inside with him to stand among the young girls and young men at the rear of the room.

III

Calling out that she heard steps, Philly addressed Mr. Blair with deference and terror, buttoning meanwhile her best dress. She could hear two or three speaking together at the door, and then others came. Callie came, bringing two small children who ran curiously about peeping behind shut doors and looking into hoppers and presses, spying out the place before they yielded themselves to it. Philly greeted her guests quietly, seeing Andy move uneasily about among the people making them a feeble welcome.

"What's happened to you?" more than one asked. "What's the good news you got?"

"Good evening all," Andy said. His face was drawn tight with uneasiness. "Make yourselves welcome," he said, unevenly. "What's mine's yours." Or he called out in anger, "Here, you chaps, the party, it's not upstairs. Come down from there. What you think to find up a man's stairs?"

The children came stamping down the steps and ran outside in their quest. "Callie's brats ever were a forward lot," a woman whispered.

"What's the surprise?" two or three asked.

"Don't be in too big a hurry. Give Andy time. He'll name it in time."

"Did you, Andy, get a pension off the government?"

"Did you get a letter from your cousin out in Iowa? The rich one, what's his name?"

"Or maybe he's got a nephew struck oil out west somewheres."

"Maybe hit's Andy's birthday. Maybe that-there's the surprise."

"Birthdays are no surprise. Iffen Andy brought me here over a birthday I'd hold a hardness against him. Andy knows better'n to play on me any such trick."

"What's a birthday? I got a birthday myself last week and hit surprised me not one particle."

"Surprise is what I came here for . . ."

A fine-mannered hush settled over the gathering, the first commotion of arrivals being passed. "Give Andy time. Don't crowd so. How could you expect

Andy to name his surprise when there's a rippet in your ears?" they were saying. The guests sat expectantly down into chairs and passed the talk of good manners back and forth. Then Andy came forward, striding crookedly in his best suit, and he placed Philly's chair firmly over the hearthstones, testing the stone that rocked slightly underfoot. Philly was standing by the door, but she obeyed Andy's command and took the seat he prepared for her.

"Let Philly sit in her usual place," he said. "Don't you, anybody, run into Philly. She's not so well to-day. I don't want Philly run into."

"What's got into Andy he takes pains over Philly?" one asked. "I never see old Andy so careful over Philly in all my time afore."

Philly heard the voices, "Andy takes pains over Philly to-night the same as if they got married only to-day. It must be their golden wedden. . . ." Others had come, young people coming together, coming singing along the lane. There was a throng assembled now, all the people of the near countryside, as many as the room would hold, the center of the floor being free.

Callie opened the organ and began to play a march, filling the whole house with a great leaping of noises out of the reeds, the time beaten with the windy pedals that sucked at the air and blew up the music or let it fall away from moment to moment. The player pulled out other stops and the music became hollow and thin and leaped about as if it went off among the stair steps, or other stops again, and it surged with a brassy clatter, and all the people shuffled uneasily in their chairs and moved slightly apart from the places where they had been, making sinister faces; and Philly saw that music is a strange sort of thing and that men are strange, and she reflected that music and men have a strangeness together. Then Callie changed the stops again and blended the noises in some more accustomed way, a march rhythm beating through the reeds. Philly sat firmly over the hearthstone as Andy had placed her, her eyes darting about over the company, her feet pressing the place that covered the pot of money. Back in the throng she saw the strange young man, the one she had seen walking outside in the dusk. She saw that he was a loose-jointed boy of sixteen or seventeen who seemed not to notice much of what passed, who sank into all that passed and let all have him. He leaned against the wall, his shoulder drooped to meet the flatness of the plaster, or he talked a little with Robbie May or Bonnie when they stood near. He watched two other strangers who sat together in a window; and Philly knew that these were the painters who worked at Stoner's farm.

While Callie's music shuffled at a march piece, Bonnie and one of the young men began to dance, holding each other and taking little steps that scarcely moved them over the floor, shaking their shoulders to the rhythms Callie made, and Robbie May danced with her young man, using the same little steps. They moved out to the bare space of the floor and circled about.

"Make these young scapegoats quit their devilment," one woman said. "It shames me to see what the world's come to. It shames me to sit still here and look at what I see."

"Do you see harm in dancen?" Bonnie asked. The steps went forward in wormlike procession, and the music continued. Andy walked uneasily about, but if he passed near Philly he inspected her feet as they were set down on the hearth. "No matter if there's not enough chairs to furnish all," he said, "Philly sits in her own chair. Philly is right tuckered out and might as well sit down and take her ease." Imogene had come quietly in at the door, finding a place beside the wall. Giles Wilson stood beside her and Philly remembered her promise to Imogene and she pressed her feet more firmly down on the stone.

Three men sat near together beside

the door, drawn together to talk in low tones. They were hardly aware of the rest of the gathering, but they talked of their cultivating and offered arguments back and forth to prove the virtues of deep plowing or shallow, as one or another was convinced. In their talk the fields came within doors and the spongy loam gave out moist odors. "I always tear in deep, to the roots of my corn," one said, but another, "Plow shallow, I always say. I'll tell you what I've seen in my time. . . ." Or another again, "You take a ten-acre field . . ." Their voices did not blend with the clatter that was passing about, but flowed rather with the outside where the loam was sleeping, where it rested for the coming of another day of rain or warm sun. They talked about the power of the light moon over the dark one and they told signs and recounted virtues of sprays and of terracing for hillsides. Their words lay under the general confusion and were never lifted above it, but they were often heard clearly when the din broke apart and burst into nothing.

Callie finished the piece she was playing, and there was a lull of the windy music, but the rhythm went over them, kept unbroken while the music rested. The rhythm was continuous, beating about, and one or two beat their hands together or they tapped the floor, and when Callie played again she but fitted the throaty measures of the organ to what already pulsed. The young people seized the rhythm again and danced upon it, making their bodies quiver, or they sang brief phrases, looking at one another with kind eyes.

"Oh, it's harm to dance," one woman said. "Devilment, it is. Look at Bonnie!"

Giles Wilson leaped out onto the floor and began to prance to the music. All the people present had seen the horseshoes that were nailed to the soles of his brogues to save the leather, and there was no amazement at the noise he made. He came to his place near the wall and stopped beside Imogene and Robbie May, but he made one last sally about the floor and ended with a prancing step beside the girls.

"I don't care which nor whether if I dance or not," Bonnie said. "I just thought I'd dance a little while I waited for Mr. Andy to name his surprise."

The dog had come in and it had lain for some time on the floor not far from the door. When Giles left the floor the dog arose and went toward the hearth, sniffing at the boards, but suddenly it leaped forward and began to claw at the stones, bounding about, and Philly could scarcely push it away from her feet.

"It's a rat he smells," Rudd said. "I never see a dog so keen after a rat afore." There was a great deal of laughter at the eagerness of the dog. They were making opinions.

"Look at that-there dog. There undoubtedly must be a varmint under the floor, the way he tears at the boards."

Andy put the dog outside and closed the door, and the people forgot him in a moment and turned back to their pleasures again. Giles leaped once more to the floor and he pranced there alone, the girls now being beside the wall. Hez Turner and Rudd and some of the women drew near the organ and called for songs that were sung in the church, saying that they would have a singing. Then the pulse that poured over the gathering was used for religion, and a great throbbing revival singing leaped to the ceiling and beat up the staircase and shook the pictures hanging above the organ. Imogene moved timidly about near the wall, passing the two house painters who sat in the window looking at all that came to pass; and she came at last to the hearthstone and stood beside Philly, inquiring after her health.

"I'm afeared you might be sick, Cousin Philly," she said. "You don't look so well as common." Her feet were beside Philly's feet now, on the hearth, the stone moving a little under their weight.

"Hit's about time Andy named his surprise," a man said. "I'm ready now

to hear what the good news might be. Bedtime is not far off, and I'm not a mind to sit up to-night."

"Yes, that's hit." There was a clamor, wanting surprise.

Callie set forth on a long jiglike song which none sang, and Turner, the evangelist, stood near the wall, nodding his head to the tune in apathetic hostility. Robbie May and her young man began to dance in their corner, and presently Bonnie and the strange young man, Ben Shepherd, began to tread the measures softly and decorously under their feet. Taking the rhythm, they used it now, and they passed one of the seated women who saw harm in dancing and made a slow path to the edge of the floor.

"It's a sin to dance to organ music," the woman said. "I'm surprised the floor, it won't open and swallow us all down inside."

"I'd be afeared somebody might die in family iffen I danced right on top of church music. It's time Andy told what his surprise is. Unconceal what 'tis. We're a good deal out of patience to wait any longer."

Giles gave Philly a stiff paper to hold, saying as he dropped it into her lap, "Take care of my papers for me, Miss Philly. I'm bound to lose it or drop it on the floor one, afore I know. These are a pair of licenses for me and Imogene I got in town to-day. Could you take care of my licenses while I stay here?"

Philly fingered the papers and, when she realized them as of great importance, she closed her hands firmly over them and pressed them securely together. Somebody had opened the door and the dog came in again, sniffing at the hearth at Philly's feet, insistent now although she pushed him away. The people were curious of the dog and they said again that a varmint had hidden under the floor. "Hit's a polecat," one said, "I can smell hit myself." All sniffed at the air to test it for signs of the polecat, but many were uncertain of what they smelled. The dog continued to paw at the floor or the stone, and several came forward to watch what he did.

"There's a polecat under the floor," the house-painter named Larkin said. Both painters came forward with the crowd that gathered about the hearth, but the strange boy, Ben Shepherd, sniffed at the air and said he did not smell anything unusual. He had come forward with the young men.

"If you want us to get that polecat out we'll open up the floor and put all back again," Grove said to Philly. "Let's get the varmint out for Andy and Philly," two or three called out. The party swayed, all the young men crowding near the hearth to sniff at the air and watch the dog.

The two painters, Larkin and Grove, and Ed Sims pressed forward through the young men. Grove had brought the axe from the yard, and Sims had brought Andy's pick. Sims was a brawny man of a great size; the pick seemed to be a toy in his hand as he tossed it lightly, telling meanwhile what should be done, his great arm muscles leaping in little jerking movements as if they laughed together and were eager to show their force.

"It's a rat, that's all," a boy said.

"No, hit's a weasel," another contended. They were laying a bet on the result of the search. Philly spoke out then, forbidding any to tear up the boards, but her voice was scarcely heard in the din. The strange boy, Ben Shepherd, came to stand close before her. She was not uneasy of him now, since he had danced with Bonnie. He was smiling, as if he cared only a little whether the boards were moved or not.

"The lady says she doesn't want her floor torn up," he said.

"Stand aside. We'll put back all we rip up," Grove and others were speaking.

"The boards are in a manner loose. They'll come up and go right back. No trouble."

"If a lady says, 'Don't tear the floor out,' you can't do it, can you?" The strange boy was speaking to Sims rather

than to Grove. One or two standing apart agreed with this opinion, and they dropped back out of the crowd, saying the same thing in different ways. The men at the front wavered, swayed by Grove's voice, and Sims called out:

"A varmint is a dangerous thing to every hen roost in the whole country. Hit has to be killed no matter whose woodpile hit hides under. That's how I've always heard hit said."

"But if a lady says, 'Don't tear out the floor' it's good manners not to tear it out." Ben was speaking still to Sims and to the young men who stood behind him. "That's how I've always heard it said." He was laughing, as if he did not care much about the matter one way or the other, but he kept his place before Philly and did not step back when Grove tried to push forward again.

Sims smiled a long, slow smile and he flung his pick out at the door. "If Miss Philly, she don't want her floor opened we won't tear out e'er single board," he said in a great voice, his long arms reaching about. "Like the strange boy says, hit's not in good manners to go against a lady in her own house." He reached for the axe Grove carried and flung it outside the door, and he cuffed the dog out, closing the door tight. "No matter if there's lions and tigers underneath the floor," he said.

Philly saw that the floor would not be opened and the disturbed hearth revealed and she was glad with a brief rush of gladness. Some of the women called for more singing then, and Callie spread a new song on the organ, the singers gathering near. Shepherd went back to stand beside Robbie May and Bonnie at the edge of the wall. The singing leaped up swiftly, the rhythm used now again for religion, and the song was like a quick chariot that rolled over the air. Hez Turner was beating the time with his hands, himself riding on the power of the song, and he began to admonish with a loud voice, his phrases thundering with the rolling song and making terrible warnings and judgments that seemed to be falling from the leaping music. Then he began to address himself to Andy, admonishing him.

"I do believe Andy, he's about to get Hez Turner's religion," a woman muttered near Philly.

Turner flung out a long chant, his eyes on Andy's face and his hands sweeping and pointing through the air close before Andy's gaze. Philly shifted her feet about to cure them of a stiffness, and she saw prayer and singing confused, Turner's voice being lifted continually above the song. She saw Andy groan and beat the air with his hands and she saw that the buried pot of money was not yet free from menace. Andy was weeping and tearing at his coat, rejecting Turner's discipline, shaking his head, but Turner pursued him, crying over him, "It's your pocketbook is your stumbling block. Lay your whole pocketbook on the altar!"

Some of the people were watching Andy closely, but some were indifferent, sitting apart to talk of their own affairs, being well used to Turner's ways. "A party ever was a hard-to-manage thing," Philly was thinking. She held tight to the marriage papers, her toes pressed firmly down over the stone. Wilson was speaking near her shoulder:

"I'm bound Hez Turner, he'll get every cent Andy's got. He's a master hand to make a man give up his pocketbook and all he's got saved by."

"I've noticed a change come over Andy here of late," a woman said, coming near. "He's as apt as not been in mind to get Hez Turner's religion, worried and all. As apt as not that's what his good news is. I saw Andy had something on his mind as soon as I came here."

Turner had pressed Andy down to his knees and was bending over him to cry out his continual advice. "Lay your whole pocketbook on the altar," beat over Andy continually and he was thrusting at the air with his hands. "But I'll tell you what I can do," a level voice said, the men beside the door

still talking. "You let me have four bushels of good clover seed . . ." The admonitions of the fanatic burst over the speech about the clover and ran above it, but when the outcry was done the quiet voices were saying, "Orchard grass, though. I take a heap of stock in orchard grass . . ." These voices brought the level of everyday into Philly's mind, and she began to see oncoming days beyond Turner's frightful voice and hypnotic hands. She thought of Imogene and Giles as being near and as being willing to help her, and it came to her as she turned the bond about that if they would stand forth to be married by the evangelist, Andy might be saved from yielding his money pot to him. She whispered a moment with Imogene and Wilson and told them what she had devised, overpowering their objections, talking swiftly.

"Offer Hez Turner three dollars spot cash and see how quick he'll let Andy be . . . or whatever ready money you've got in your clothes." She made her wish arise before them, and they were more than half willing. Standing behind her on the hearth and gathered more nearly together under her urgent whispering, their wishes arose to meet her wish.

"You could come with me to-night to my house," Giles said to Imogene. "I had a woman, old Mrs. Rudd, come one day this week and make all fitten for a lady."

"And of a morning I could help you milk the fresh cow, so you could get to the field soon after sunrise. And raise the little pigs on the skim."

"The sow littered to-day, for a fact she did, and it's as much as a man can do to keep the field work in hand. But to-morrow is a Sunday and you could rest all day about the house, or whatever you so desire." The steady talk of the doorway continued, flowing now about some low-spoken things, the nodding of heads accompanying what was said. Giles and Imogene made their sweet final promises, whispering behind Philly's shoulder, but Philly was calling Rudd and making known what would follow, asking him to stand forth and announce that there would be a wedding. Then Rudd's voice began to grow out of the noise, a hush falling slowly. The voices fell away as if a swift rain had blown over, and one patter of words after another ceased.

Turner left Andy and turned about, and Rudd brought Imogene and Giles forward to stand before him. There were whispered agreements, frankly spoken, bargains made, and the papers were offered for inspection. The people settled into a pleased silence. Released, Andy arose from his place and settled himself, growing calm as soon as Turner had moved apart, and when he had steadied his shaking legs and straightened his back he went out through the rear door. The words of the marriage went forward and the quiet held, the words uniting Imogene and Giles running solemnly through the settled hush.

The house-painters left as soon as the last words were said, and several others followed them. The men who sat near the door came forward, with Callie and Rudd and the young girls and young men to shake Imogene and Giles by the hand, to wish them good luck. Words expressing pleasure and surprise were passed swiftly about. Philly felt a mass of pleasure arise in her breast to spread to her shoulders, for all the people were sufficiently pleased and startled. She knew that Andy would not come back until the last guest had left. The moon was bright outside, making the departures gay, the people lingering at the door to say another pleasant thing and another. Philly left the hearth to its own security and stood beside the door to wish her guests good-by, and all the young girls and boys went across the pasture with Giles and Imogene to conduct them, all singing, safely home.

THE JOB AND THE LIFE SPAN

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE work a man does, the conditions under which his work is done, and the wages he receives for doing it determine in great measure, for him and those dependent upon him, the circumstances of his life, the house he lives in, the clothes he wears, the food he eats, and his recreation. A man's occupation is, therefore, probably the most potent single factor in deciding the state of his health and fixing the span of his life. In the peace and security of an English or American parsonage the minister at the beginning of his professional career may look forward with considerable assurance to a ripe old age. His chances of enjoying a long and healthy life are greater than if he had chosen almost any other occupation. Long life also can be expected by other professional and white-collar workers. At the opposite end of the scale are found those who work as miners, sandstone grinders, and those who are—or rather were—engaged in the liquor traffic. They have a relatively short span of life and a mortality rate about two or three times that of the average. Between these two extremes the various occupations may be listed—ranging all the way from the best to the worst according to the degree of hazard or protection pertaining to the specific job in question. In this paper we propose to discuss some of the relationships between work and the life span, so that we may know what dangers attend work in our modern industrial civilization and what is being done under private auspices and by the agencies of government to make occupations safer and to smooth out the inequalities which tend to shorten the lives of workers.

The relationship between occupation and the length of life is not a definite and simple one of cause and effect. Whether we shall live to a ripe old age and enjoy good health; whether we shall be disabled long years before we die; or whether our span of life shall be comparatively short depends on many conditions in addition to our occupations. Inherited vigor or weakness, the surroundings of our youth, the economic position and the general intelligence of the families into which we are born play a very important part in determining longevity and health in later years. Unfortunately it still holds true that hard work and poor pay often go together. When earnings are small the worker and his family suffer privations of many kinds; they may lack what others consider bare necessities. Their food and clothing are apt to be inadequate and their living quarters crowded and insanitary. Men working in the lowest income groups, where the daily bread depends upon current wages, will often continue to work under handicaps of ill health long after they should quit and seek medical advice and treatment. Economic pressure is powerful enough to keep men on the job after common sense and sane medical judgment would suggest a vacation, and perhaps even a period of medical attention in a hospital or some other institution. It is, therefore, not always possible to say how much of the sickness and death which occur among wage earners is due to their occupation and how much results from

other conditions some of which may in themselves be directly related to the man's work. Unskilled workers are generally disadvantageously situated in all respects; but their higher mortality may often be the result of small wages and a low standard of living rather than the hazard of any particular occupation.

These indirect effects of work are obviously difficult to disentangle and to measure accurately; but an analysis of the available data shows that they vitally affect the picture of longevity. The experience of the life insurance companies throws much light on this subject. Their records cover large groups of people called "Industrial" policy-holders, who earn their livelihood in manufacturing plants, mines, transportation industries, and other mechanical pursuits. On the whole, they command only moderate wages and constitute a fairly homogeneous economic group which may be described as the urban, wage-earning population. In contrast, there are the "Ordinary" policy-holders who earn higher incomes consisting mainly of persons engaged in non-hazardous pursuits—the clerical, professional, mercantile, and commercial classes of the community. Agricultural workers and the better paid mechanics are also represented in fairly large numbers. When we compare the expectation of life of these two groups we find a difference of seven years in favor of Ordinary policy-holders. At age twenty they may expect to live an additional forty-nine years, which gives them an even chance of reaching sixty-nine; whereas the industrial workers of the same age have an expectation of life of only forty-two years and may, therefore, expect on the average to live only to an age of sixty-two. We believe that the type of work which a man does is a most important influence in this difference of seven years; especially if to the direct hazards are added those indirect social and economic factors which are so intimately connected with occupation.

The latest report of the Registrar General of England and Wales confirms this hypothesis and helps to clarify the relationship between grade of occupation and the duration of life. It groups the workers of England and Wales into five social and occupational classes, which are also broad economic divisions of the population. The first includes the professions and the higher ranks of business life; the second, retail traders, clerks, and teachers; the third, the skilled workers; the fourth, for the most part, agricultural laborers; and the fifth, the large group of unskilled laborers. It was found that the death rate of men in the lowest economic group exceeded by more than 50 per cent that of men in the highest. As one went down the scale from the top to the bottom, judging by income, there was an unbroken increase in the rate of mortality. In general, the mortality from nearly all of the principal causes of death was higher among the poorer classes. Tuberculosis and other diseases of the respiratory system were relatively much more common among them, while diseases of the genito-urinary system and diseases of the digestive system occurred relatively more frequently among the higher economic groups.

Our American data, although less authentic, support the same conclusions. In 1927, the United States Public Health Service attempted to evaluate economic position as a factor in health conservation. The study substantiated the correctness of the prevailing opinion that sickness and premature death occur more frequently among poor people than among the well-to-do. This is strikingly true of the victims of tuberculosis. In spite of a very gratifying decline in recent years, this disease is still responsible for a loss of about two years in the longevity of workers and goes a long way to explain the differential of seven years in their lower life expectation. Recent studies show that the disease is chiefly prevalent in the congested and poorer areas of our cities. In New York City the heaviest mortality is found in the old wards of the lower west

side, whereas the lowest death rates are always associated with the choicest residential areas of the city. The heavy incidence of this disease among workers is due partly to their poverty and partly to specific occupational hazards.

II

On both these scores, as one might expect, professional men and women occupy an extremely favorable position. Records which cover a long period of years show that the mortality of Protestant clergymen is exceptionally low, being only about half that of the general run of working people. For some reason, Catholic priests do not fare quite so well, although their death rates too, according to English figures, still remain very decidedly better than the average. It is interesting to note that suicide is almost an unknown cause of death in this group, only the Anglican ministers showing anything approaching the average rate. Likewise cancer mortality is extremely small, reaching the very lowest figure recorded in any of the 178 occupations studied.

Teachers are another group exhibiting an unusually good mortality picture. A careful study made some years ago of the physical disability of school teachers in New York City disclosed that their death rates were among the lowest for any occupation, and that the rate of disability was one of the lowest found among employees of the various departments of the city's service. Contrary to prevailing opinion, the death rate from tuberculosis was very low—instead of being above the average as has been claimed. The main causes of disability among teachers were influenza and bronchitis and nervous diseases. The data did not permit us to state definitely that the considerable number of cases of neurasthenia reported are the result of occupation. Teaching is admittedly exacting work in its demands upon vitality; nevertheless, it is quite possible that some nervous diseases are the outgrowth of the individual teacher's personal constitution rather than a result of the character of the job performed. The fact that a large group of female clerical employees showed as high an amount of disability as a result of nervous disorders would seem to substantiate this point of view. Other American investigations record essentially similar findings; in England and Wales, likewise, the mortality of teachers was exceptionally good.

Physicians, apparently, do not enjoy as favorable a mortality situation as other professional workers. In fact, they have an expectation of life at age thirty—when they are entering upon their chosen careers—of between two and three years less than a selected insured group; and they surpass the general population in longevity by barely a year. In spite of the fact that as a group doctors are endowed with better than the average physique, mentality, and social position, their irregular hours, the liability to emergency calls at any and every hour of the day and night, and exposure to all kinds of weather which inevitably accompany rural and small-town practice more than counterbalance their assets. Influenza and pneumonia are very common causes of death and explain in part the high mortality. These diseases may be considered occupational in character since doctors are constantly exposed to them in the course of their day's work. Organic heart disease and diabetes are also decidedly higher among American physicians. The suicide situation in this group has often attracted attention. In this country available figures, although inconclusive, suggest that the suicide rate is slightly above the average. In England and Wales, however, mortality from suicide is very high, being twice the average. The mortality of dentists is lower than the average for all occupied males; but like that of doctors, it is not as favorable as that which the professional and white-collar class as a whole enjoys.

The mortality of trained nurses, on

the other hand, is very favorable. This is probably due to the fact that the group is composed mainly of young single women and, as is generally known, spinsters have an exceptionally low mortality. But even if we compare the mortality of nurses with that of spinsters, their situation is very good. Much has been written, especially in Europe, about the danger of infection as a result of nursing tuberculous patients. Some European investigators have found that as high as 12 per cent of the student nurses have been infected. There is considerable difference of opinion in the United States regarding this important question, since the issue is clouded by the fact that many institutions for the tuberculous have employed nurses who are themselves sufferers from tuberculosis. The opinion is rather generally held that nursing entails comparatively little danger because of the care and precautions which the larger and better equipped hospitals and sanatoria take to safeguard the health of their staff. The few studies which have been made in this country indicate, however, that the incidence of tuberculosis among nurses is about a third higher than among women of the same ages in the general population.

III

It is obvious that professional workers are not exposed to specific occupational hazards such as accidents from dangerous machinery and unsafe processes, the inhalation of harmful dusts of various kinds, the absorption of powerful poisons, the necessity of working in excessively hot, cold, or humid places, and the strain which heavy, unremitting labor produces. Many groups of workers are not so fortunate as the white-collar class but are subject to one or more of these factors; these combined with low incomes tend beyond a doubt to shorten their lives and injure their health. The most important hazard from the standpoint of the number of men directly exposed to it is industrial accident. There are at least twenty-four thousand deaths and three million accidents annually serious enough to cause loss of time from work among the 45 million occupied persons in "careless America." If we compute the loss of future working life due to fatal accidents and to accidents which cause permanent disability and add the actual days lost because of temporary disabilities, we arrive at the staggering total of close to three hundred million days of labor lost to American industry each year. This is equivalent to the full-time labor of a million men working a whole year. The cost of these accidents in lost wages alone amounts annually to well over a billion dollars. To this loss must be added the cost of medical care and the losses that the employer sustains through decreased production owing to lessened efficiency in his plant. Over three thousand men out of a total working force of one million are killed each year in mine and quarry accidents; while the toll of fatal accidents among one and three-quarter million railroad employees is approximately 1,500 men. Large numbers of men are killed on the farms and in lumbering operations, in iron and steel mills, and in other metal-working establishments. Building operations and the use of motor- and horse-drawn vehicles also cause a large number of occupational deaths.

In spite of much admirably organized accident prevention work, the situation is still very unsatisfactory in our country. Underground coal miners, for example, have a death rate from accidents almost ten times that of clerks and men in non-hazardous occupations. Accidents are largely responsible for the fact that coal miners have a mortality about twice the general average, and that their expectation of life at age twenty is curtailed as much as ten years. That this loss is not inevitable is clearly indicated by the much lower accident rates of English miners working in deeper mines. Excessive accident rates are found also among electric light and power linemen,

structural iron workers and bridge builders, railroad brakemen, hull construction workers and riggers in shipbuilding trades, as well as among sailors and marine workers and factory workers who handle explosives. Finally, there are divers, steeplejacks, building wreckers, and aviators whose accident hazard is so great that the life insurance companies will either not accept them for insurance at all, or if they do, only at much higher premiums.

The increasing number of persons taking up aviation, both as a profession and as a mode of travel, has recently led the insurance companies to determine how great the flying hazard really is. Although the companies are anxious to write this business so that pioneers in the field of aviation may be protected, the lack of trustworthy statistics has been a real handicap which the Bureau of Aeronautics of the United States Department of Commerce is now trying to overcome. A few companies reckoned tentatively upon a fatality rate of 10 deaths per 1,000 aviators, and upon that basis charged an extra premium of $10 per $1,000 of life insurance. In a very short time this amount was found inadequate to cover pilots. For aviators as a class (excluding those engaged in racing and "stunt" work) the fatal accident rate for full-time pilots is now estimated at anywhere from 25 to 50 deaths per 1,000 annually. Even if the smaller figure is correct, the mortality of aviators would be from four to five times the average for men of their age. It has become clear that the hazard to passengers taking an occasional flight is negligible, so that applicants who admit flying from time to time are now insured without additional charge.

What has the safety movement, so extensive in America, accomplished in reducing industrial accidents? Much thought has been given to accident prevention programs, and much money has been spent in fostering the safety movement in industrial plants. The activities of the National Safety Council are especially noteworthy in this connection. In many industrial organizations a systematic attempt for more than thirty years has been made to induce workers to take proper precautions. The railroad companies probably show the best results. For example, in 1889 one railroad employee in every 357 was killed in the course of his work; whereas in 1927 the figure had dropped to one in every 1,136. In the iron and steel industry there has been a decline of over 62 per cent in the accident frequency rate, and 52 per cent in the severity rate between the years 1910 and 1925. Especially spectacular are the records of the United States Steel Corporation, which is recognized as a pioneer in accident-prevention work. This company reports that, reckoned on the basis of frequency of accidents involving death, permanent disability, or temporary disability lasting over 35 days, 58,553 employees were saved from serious injury in the period 1912 and 1928, inclusive, by the safeguards which had been developed.

Nevertheless, the tangible results for industry, as a whole, appear to be rather disappointing. Some years ago when we studied the trend of occupational accidents among the millions of industrial policy-holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, we found that while the accident rate had decreased somewhat during the decade, the reduction had been rather slight in extent. Our statistics indicated that gains had been made, but also that the hazards of industry had been increasing as the result of changing methods and the more widespread use of machinery. Machine processes are more and more supplanting hand methods; the automobile is replacing the horse-drawn vehicle; building operations are conducted on a far larger and more daring scale; chemical substitutes are replacing wool, cotton, and silk. Perhaps the best thing we can say is that the accident record would have been far worse because of the additional hazards of industry had it not

been for the timely development of the safety movement in a number of our leading industries.

IV

Dust is next in importance after accidents as a cause of occupational disability and death. Stone dusts, which contain a very large percentage of free silica, are especially harmful and shorten the lives of men engaged in a number of industries. Exposed to this hazard are many metal miners, ore-mill workers, granite and slate quarriers, granite cutters, hard-rock drillers, and sand blasters. In fact, the very highest mortality rates and the greatest curtailment of life are found in those occupations where there is combined liability to accident and exposure to hard-stone dust, as in the case of gold and silver miners, copper miners and, especially, lead and zinc miners. The mortality in these occupations runs over three times the average, with a resultant loss in life expectation at age twenty of possibly thirteen or fourteen years. In England and Wales, likewise, the very highest recorded mortality is that of tin and copper miners who are exposed to hard-rock dust. These English miners have a death rate from all causes over four times the average; while the rate for respiratory tuberculosis is more than twelve times the average.

Pulmonary tuberculosis is especially prevalent in all trades with exposure to this particular type of stone dust. The lungs of workers become infiltrated with particles of dust, and as a result either of mechanical or, as is now more generally believed, of chemical irritation, fibrosis sets in, making the lung a fertile incubator for the tubercle bacilli. A study of mortality among the granite cutters of Barre, Vermont, discloses a death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis almost ten times that of the general adult population of the State. The pneumatic tools now used apparently generate a greater quantity of fine dust high in silica content and cause more tuberculosis than did the old-fashioned hand tools that they have supplanted. Axe grinders and polishers in a Connecticut factory had a death rate from tuberculosis of 19 per 1,000, which was twelve times that for other employees of this factory. Exposure to silica dust constituted the chief difference in working conditions. A valuable report on silicosis among rock drillers, blasters, and excavators in New York City showed that 81 per cent of the blasters, 59 per cent of the drillers, and 43 per cent of the excavators were suffering from the effects of inhaling stone dust. In spite of attempts to control the hazard from rock drilling, the majority of workers so exposed are as badly off as ever.

Some evidence indicates that other forms of dust also go hand in hand with a high death rate from tuberculosis. Barbers and hair dressers, furniture and other wood workers, bakers and some textile mill operatives, as well as shoe-factory and tobacco-factory operatives have also a high incidence of tuberculosis. But in no case do we find the extreme rates associated with occupations exposed to silica dust.

That certain dusts, on the other hand, may have a protective effect on individuals is suggested by the peculiar condition found in all parts of the world among coal miners, who have a death rate from tuberculosis lower than that for occupied males generally. In England and Wales during the years 1921–1923 the death rate from respiratory tuberculosis was 25 per cent lower for coal miners between the ages of 20 and 65 than for all males of the same ages. Somewhat similar conditions are found among cement mill workers. It has been suggested that lime dust, like coal dust, exerts some protective influence against the development of tuberculosis, but this has not as yet been definitely established. A well-directed research in this field may disclose that the inhalation of this sub-

stance acts as a measure of protection against tuberculosis; this would mean that the medical profession may some day be able to control the bacillus of tuberculosis by chemical means.

V

The absorption of poisons such as lead, mercury, phosphorus, brass, arsenic, benzol, carbon monoxide, and other substances extensively encountered in industry is responsible for many deaths and much ill health among workmen. With the poison hazard we might also include the exposure to x-rays and radium of doctors, dentists, nurses, and laboratory technicians. Workers employed in the manufacture of luminous watch dials are likewise sometimes the victims of a horrible condition known as "radium poisoning." Unfortunately we do not know even approximately the extent of industrial poisoning in the United States because the symptoms of occupational disease are frequently so obscure that general practitioners are often unable to detect them. Consequently, many cases are not reported in spite of the fact that the laws of a number of states require it. Recently a number of states have made certain occupational diseases compensable under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and we shall soon have a clue to the extent of such affections. The New York State Compensation Report for the year ending June 30, 1926, for example, shows 1,437 reported cases of occupational disease and poisoning. If occupational skin diseases, which are not reportable in New York State, were included the total would be much higher, judging by the record of Ohio, where there are nearly six hundred cases a year.

In general, the number of persons exposed to a specific poison is small; moreover, these workers are scattered over many different industries, making it difficult to study the mortality of the group as a whole. The difficulty is increased by the constant introduction of new substances to replace old ones, so that not many workers are exposed continuously or for a sufficiently long period of time. In fact, the elimination of an injurious substance, the substitution of a harmless one, and the introduction of adequate safeguards often follow immediately upon the recognition of danger. For example, since about 1913 a prohibitive Federal tax upon white phosphorus matches has virtually eliminated the use of this form of phosphorus in match manufacture. Recently the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics suggested abolishing the use of radium paint for making luminous dials on watches and clocks because of the very heavy toll which their manufacture entails.

Though we have little accurate information for determining the full effect of industrial poisons upon death rates, a few available facts show the relationship. Painters who are constantly exposed to lead have a mortality somewhat above the average, and we have found that about two per cent of all their deaths are due to lead poisoning. The effects of chronic lead poisoning are also apparent in the high mortality rates of painters from nephritis, cerebral hemorrhage, apoplexy, and paralysis. Lead is likewise a contributing factor in the higher mortality of pottery painters, glazers, and dippers. In England and Wales a very high death rate among file cutters is attributed in part to lead poisoning. Those working with molten brass are exposed to the fumes of zinc oxide and sometimes suffer from brass founders' ague. These fumes may account for the inordinate mortality of brass founders from diseases of the digestive system, tuberculosis, and pneumonia; although heat and dust, so common in foundries, are perhaps equally important causes.

VI

This brings us to the fourth of the principal occupational hazards—the harmful effects of exposure to excessive

heat and to sudden variations in temperature. Those who labor in iron and steel mills, in foundries, in pottery and glass factories, in engine and boiler rooms and in the stoke-holes of steamers are subject to respiratory diseases of various kinds, the death rate from pneumonia being extremely high. In fact, iron-foundry workers show the highest proportion of deaths from this disease. Pneumonia is the leading cause of death among them. The mortality for skilled and semi-skilled operatives in many foundries and steel mills exceeds the average by 50 per cent, while that of laborers runs much higher. Certain groups of workers in textile mills exposed to heat, together with humidity, suffer from many ill-defined ailments which are not infrequently reflected in a high mortality.

Often men employed in operations where steam is liberated, such as in cleaning out tanks and vats, fall victims to chronic rheumatism, chronic bronchitis, and circulatory disturbances. Other groups suffer from excessive dryness, a condition which promotes disease, produces irritation of the nose and throat, chronic catarrh, and susceptibility to respiratory ailments. The health of workers exposed to extreme cold may also be impaired. Makers of artificial ice and workers in cold-storage plants suffer inordinately from rheumatism, neuritis, and chronic kidney trouble. Respiratory diseases are also prevalent. As in the case of workers in extreme heat, the great danger apparently lies in passing from one extreme of temperature to another.

The fifth occupational hazard is fatigue. The old adage that hard work never kills has been disproven by a recent study made by Dr. Raymond Pearl. His conclusion from an analysis of the Registrar General's Report was that hard physical labor does shorten the life of a man who has passed the age of 40. Doctor Pearl says, "It has long been known that the lives of galley slaves, the Chinese treadmill coolies, the Japanese 'ricksha runners, and the toilers in the rice fields of Java are cut short by the extreme energy expenditures involved in their occupations. . . . There is a direct positive relation between the magnitude of the death rates from the age of 40 to 45 years on and the average expenditure of physical energy, even after the deaths resulting from special occupational and industrial hazards have been deducted." This held true whether indoor or outdoor work was considered; and evidence supports also the belief that hard work, or rather the resulting fatigue, was the primary cause of premature death.

In a recent study of 22,000 iron and steel workers in England covering a period of over six years it was found that all men engaged on hot and heavy work had a greater sickness rate than those working at ordinary temperatures, and the more strenuous the work the greater the sickness frequency. Steel smelters showed a sickness rate 23 per cent in excess of all workers and the rolling mill men, an excess of 8 per cent. Another investigation has shown that primary cardiac overstrain due to hard labor is frequent among soldiers, porters, miners, and blacksmiths; while arterial strain often afflicts stevedores and longshoremen, and others who do heavy labor. Likewise, those who lift heavy weights or who are forced to do work requiring excessive muscular strain are likely to suffer from hernia. But on all these points, especially on the exact effect of fatigue upon the organism, we need fuller and more accurate information.

VII

In spite of the foregoing enumeration of the hazards which workers meet in the routine course of many occupations, it must not be assumed that all jobs are specifically injurious to health. Many men gainfully employed are no more exposed to risk than are their mothers and wives at home. Entering industrial life is by no means equivalent to receiving a death warrant or even a sentence that

life will be curtailed. Many trades, professions, and mechanical pursuits exert no harmful effect upon life, limb, or vitality as far as we can measure. Professional and clerical workers, merchants, salesmen, farmers, and financiers are especially advantageously placed. Skilled workers, such as carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, and other building trades workers; printers, compositors, and pressmen; tailors and garment workers; bakers and barbers, as well as mail carriers, storekeepers, and auto mechanics, all show practically average death rates. Skilled and semi-skilled factory operatives in a wide variety of industries encounter no specific occupational hazards and exhibit average mortality rates.

Moreover, a great improvement in mortality has taken place among wage earners since the beginning of the century. All classes of the population are enjoying added years of life and declining death rates; but during the past two decades these gains have been most marked among workers, both men and women, as insurance records testify. The figures prove also that the more important causes of death have declined most. During the last two decades the lower general mortality has added about five years to the life expectation of each industrial worker at age twenty. This is no trifling gain; it is an indication of our more enlightened social consciousness and of our concern for the welfare of wage earners.

Many factors have contributed to this result. We have already referred to the fine achievements of the National Safety Council in the field of accident prevention. This organization has distributed widely pamphlets and posters prepared with the greatest care. These teach working men how to avoid unnecessary risks and how to exercise caution in their work. The enactment of workmen's compensation laws has helped materially to reduce the accident rate in most states and has proved highly satisfactory to both employer and employee. These laws have done away with expensive litigation and have provided financial relief to injured workmen, thus enabling them to secure adequate medical attention; they have also stimulated employers to safeguard their machinery and to build up efficient safety organizations since this reduces premiums for compensation insurance.

Many employers have begun to realize also that it is to their advantage to cut down sickness and disability among their employees whether occupational in origin or not. Such sickness and disability results not only in loss of wages to the workers but in diminished or defective production, in idle equipment, and in general discontent. It, therefore, pays employers to provide better working conditions, to improve ventilation and lighting systems, and to seek in other ways to raise the morale of their employees through a variety of activities. These include cafeterias and lunch rooms, group insurance, old age pensions, annual physical examinations, and what is perhaps most important, well-organized medical service. Some employers provide only emergency and first-aid treatment; others go very much farther, providing complete medical care and guidance. These medical departments have demonstrated their value to industry and have greatly increased in number in recent years. For example, in 1926, according to a report of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, 407 companies employing about two million workers provided medical service; 373 companies had one or more treatment rooms, and 34 had first-aid equipment only. Large numbers of physicians, nurses, dentists, and oculists are now engaged in such work.

Similarly, American workmen are displaying widespread interest in all matters pertaining to health. They are probably more alive to the hazards of occupation than are workers in other lands. In a number of industries groups of workers have combined to furnish their own health protection. This is particularly successful in the garment

trades. A number of states and cities now have bureaus of industrial hygiene which study the hazards of industry and co-operate with employers and employees in eliminating industrial diseases. The United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of Mines, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the Women's Bureau have made noteworthy contributions to our knowledge in this field. The life insurance and casualty insurance companies have also played an important part in disseminating useful information.

But just as important has been the reduction in the length of the working day and especially the high wage scale that has raised the standard of living of wage earners throughout the United States. There is every reason to believe that the prosperity of the American worker will continue and that health activities in industry noticeable everywhere will be extended. The extraordinary efficiency of industry in this country has produced an economic standard of life which makes the typical American workman the envy of the world. Such standards will result in further reduction in mortality, and it is entirely possible that at a not far distant date the expectation of life of wage earners will approach, even if it does not quite equal, that of the more favored classes of the population.

DUCKS AND HERON

BY AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

THE ducks go down the pasture to the pond,
Along their little path, one after one . . .
In file among the flowers and grass, a white
Procession in the sun.

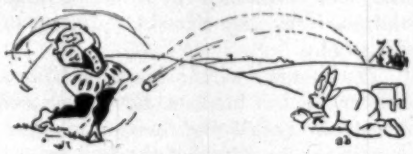
Like skiffs they launch into the water there
With grace that is the birthright of a bird;
Their splashing has the softness of a sigh
Or of a whispered word.

Once in the dusk a wild blue heron paused
Among these ducks that dived and floated by . . .
His beauty was a song, his mystery
A challenge and a cry!

A migrant to the marshes of the south
From lands that felt the first thin whip of snow,
The heron lingered for an hour to learn
The joys that ducks may know.

Then with the night, those wings that knew the sea,
That knew the strength and splendor of the wind,
Spread forth their plumes above the ducks, and left
The pond of peace behind.

The Lion's Mouth



A MEDIEVAL HOLE-IN-ONE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE Middle Ages, from what we know about them, were days of pretty tall deeds and pretty tall talk. In the Middle Ages if a man accomplished a feat of arms, or a feat of dexterity, or a feat of anything, he didn't let it get spoiled for want of telling. In witness of which take the marvellous accounts of archery, swordsmanship, strength, skill, and magic which fill the pages of medieval romance from the Chanson de Roland to Walter Scott.

But unluckily they didn't have golf in the Middle Ages. If they had, they would have known how to deal with it much better than our poor unimaginative, truth-telling generation.

What follows below respresents an account of a Hole in One, as achieved in the year 1215 A.D. and related after the style of medieval romance. It is based on the account of the famous tournament and meeting at Ashby de la Zouche (which is in England) during the reign of King John. On that famous occasion, as Walter Scott related in his *Ivanhoe*, there was an archery match between Hubert the Norman, the protégé of King John, and the Mysterious Bowman, Locksley, otherwise Robin Hood the Saxon Outlaw. In this contest Hubert "sped his arrow" (that's the medieval name for what he did) with such consummate skill that it pierced the very center of the bull's-eye, three hundred yards away. But Locksley had a still more consummate touch. He sped his shaft with such unerring dexterity that the point of it struck fair in the notch of Hubert's arrow, still sticking in the bull's-eye, and split it into two exactly even halves!

Imagine what would happen if people who could write that kind of thing and people who could believe it had had a chance at a golf story.

Come! Let us turn Hubert and Locksley into their twentieth-century form and make the contest a Hole-in-One-Shot! Thus:

All was now prepared. The vast concourse of spectators, both Norman and Saxon, crowded the vacant spaces of the course, and even invaded the fairways from which the heralds and poursuivants sought in vain to dislodge them. The humbler churls, or jarls, clustered in the branches of the trees.

King John was seated on a dais beside the sand-box of Tee No. 1, at the edge of which the pious Archbishop Stephen Langton knelt in prayer for the success of the Norman Hubert. Around and about the tee, on tiers of rudely contrived benches, the Knights of the Household in full (autumn) armor were mingled with the resplendent Ladies of Court.

"Sirrah!" said the King, turning sternly to Hubert, "dost think thou canst outswat this Saxon fellow?"

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "played in the Hastings handicap, and it shall go hard with me an' I fall short of his score."

The King scowled but said nothing.

"What is bogisey?" whispered Roger Bigod, Earl of Bygod, to Sir John Mont-

faucon de la Tour who stood beside him near the Tee.

"Three, so I thinks me," answered Sir John.

"And gives either of the contestants as it were a bisque or Loleth he in one stroke the fewer?"

"Nay," said Montfaucon, "they play as man to man, or as who should say at scratch."

At this moment the loud sound of a Tucket armored by the winding of a Hobo from the Second Tee announced that the lists were clear.

"Let the course be measured!" commanded the Chief Marshal.

On this Sir Roger Mauleverer of the Tower and Sir Eustace, the Left Handed Constable of the Constable, attended by six Poursuivants carrying a line of silken yarn, measured the distance.

"How stands it?" asked the King.

"Four hundred ells, six firkins, and a demilitre," answered the Marshal.

At the mention of this distance—which corresponds in our modern English to more than four hundred yards—an intense hush fell upon the attendant crowd. That a mere ball no larger than a pheasant's egg could be driven over this tremendous distance by a mere blow from a mere wand of hickory, daunted the imagination.

The King, who well knew that the approaching contest was in reality one between Norman and Saxon and might carry with it the loss of his English crown, could ill conceal the fears that wracked his evil conscience. A great silence had fallen upon the assembled knights and ladies, broken only by the murmured prayers of the saintly archbishop kneeling beside the sand-box. Even the stout hearts of such men as Sir Roger Bigod de Bygod and Walter de la Torre and a Half almost ceased to beat.

"Have done with this delay," exclaimed the King. "Let the men begin."

Hubert the Norman stepped first on to the tee. His lithe frame, knit to a nicety, with every bone and joint working to its full efficiency, was encased in a jerkin of Andalusian wool, over a haut-de-chausse, or plus eight, of quilted worsted. He carried in his right hand a small white ball, while in his left he bore a shaft or club of hickory, the handle bound with cordovan leather and the end, or tip, or as the Normans called it the *bout*, fashioned in a heavy knob flattened on one side to a hexagonal diagonal.

The manner of the Norman Hubert was grave, but his firm movements and his steady eye showed no trace of apprehension as he adjusted the ball upon a small heap of sand upon the forward, or front, part of the tee.

"Canst do it?" queried the agonizing King, his hands writhing nervously on the handle of his scepter.

"My grandsire . . ." began Hubert.

"You said that before," cried John. "Shoot!"

Hubert bowed and then, standing poised on the balls of his feet at a distance of two Norman demis (twenty-six and a half English inches) from the ball, he waved his club in the air as if testing its weight, while his keen eye measured the velocity of the wind.

Then, as the crowd waited in breathless silence, Hubert suddenly swung the hickory to his full reach behind his shoulder and brought it down in a magnificent sweep, striking the ball with its full impact.

There was a loud resilient "click," distinctly heard by the spectators at the second tee, while a great shout arose from all the Normans as the ball rose in the air describing a magnificent parabola in its flight.

"A Hubert! A Hubert!" they shouted. "*Par le Sang de Dieu*," exclaimed Sir Roger Bigod de Bygod, "some stroke!"

Meantime the ball, glistening in the sunshine and seeming to gather force in its flight, swept above the fairway and passed high in the air over the ground posts that marked the hundred, the two hundred, and the three hundred ells, still rushing to its goal.

"By the Body of St. Augustine!" cried the pious Guillaume de la Hootch, "'twill reach the green itself!"

"It has!" shouted Sir Roger Bigod. "Look! Look! They are seizing and lifting the flag! 'Tis on! 'Tis in! By the Shirt of St. Ambrose, the ball is in the can!"

And as Sir Roger spoke a great shout went up from all the crowd, echoed even by the Saxon churls who lined the branches of the trees. "A Hole in One! A Hole in One!" cried the multitude.

For such readers as do not understand the old Norman game of Goffe, or Gouffe—sometimes also called Guff—it is proper to explain that in the center of each *parterre* or *terrace*, sometimes called a *Green* or *Pelouse*—it was customary to set a sunken receptacle or can, of the kind used by the Normans to can tomatoes, into which the ball must ultimately be driven. The virtue of Hubert's stroke was that he had driven the ball into the can (a feat for which many Normans required eight, ten, or even twenty strokes) in one single blow, an achievement called in old Norman a "Hole in One."

And now the voice of the Chief Herald could be heard calling through hautboy or megaphone:

"Hole No. 1; stroke No. 1. Hubert of Normandy scores Hole in One. Player in hand, J. Locksley, of Huntingdon, England. Clear the Fairway for Shot No. 2."

All eyes now turned to where the splendid figure of the mysterious Locksley, the Unknown Golfer or Gopher, ascended the first tee. It was known to all that this was in reality none other, or little other, than the Saxon outlaw Robin Hood, who was whispered to be the Earl of Huntingdon and half whispered to be, by his descent from his own grandmother, the Saxon claimant to the throne.

"How now, Locksley!" sneered the triumphant John as the Saxon appeared beside him, "canst beat that?"

Every gaze rested upon Locksley as he stood leaning upon his hickory club. His mysterious appearance at Ashby de la Zouche and the whispers as to his identity lent to him a romantic, and almost fearsome interest, while his magnificent person marked him as the beau ideal of the Saxon Golfer still seen at times even in the inimical contests of to-day.

His powerful form could have touched the balance at two hundred and eighty-five pounds avoirdupois. The massive shoulders would have seemed out of proportion but for the ample sweep of the girth or waistline and the splendid breadth of the netherward or rearward hind-quarters.

He was clad, like Hubert, in woolen jerkin and plus eights, and he bore on his feet the terrific spiked sandals of the Saxon, capable of inflicting a mortal blow.

Locksley placed his ball, and then grasping in his iron grip the leather-bound club-headed hickory hexagonal, he looked about him with complete sang-froid and even something of amusement.

"Canst do it? Canst beat it?" repeated the King.

"I know not," said Locksley carelessly; "Hubert's shot was not half bad, but I'll see if I can touch up his ball for him in the tomato can."

"Have done with boasting!" cried the King. "Tell the Archbishop to count three, and then let the fellow shoot. If he fail, my lord Montfaucon and you, Roger Bigod of Bygod, see that he does not leave the tee alive."

The archbishop raised his saintly face towards the skies and began to count.

"Unum!" he said, using the neuter gender of the numeral adjective in accordance with the increasing deterioration of the Latin language which had already gone far in the year 1215 A.D.

"Duo," said the archbishop, and then in a breathless hush, as the word "tres" quivered on the lips of the ecclesiastic, Locksley's club cleft the air in a single flash of glittering sunlight and descended upon the ball with such force that the

sound of the concussion echoed back from the woods beyond the farthest green.

In a moment the glittering trajectory of the missile could be followed high in its flight and then the curve of its rushing descent towards the green. For a moment the silence was so intense that even the faint rustling of the grass was audible to the ear, then the crashing concussion of the driven ball against the inner tin of the tomato can showed that Locksley also had achieved a Hole in One! But the gasp or gulp of astonishment had hardly passed when the crowd became aware that Locksley's skilled marksmanship had far surpassed the mere feat of a hole-in-one accomplished by his opponent. His ball, driven with a power and accuracy that might well nigh seem incredible, had struck against Hubert's ball inside the can at exactly the angle necessary to drive it out with great force and start it back in flight towards the first tee.

To the amazement of all beholders, Hubert's ball, easily distinguishable by two little dots on its lower face, was seen rushing in rapid flight to retrace its course above the Fairway. So true was its path that it landed back precisely on the tee from which Hubert had shot it and came to rest on the little pile of sand on which the Norman gopher had originally placed it.

"By God!" shouted Bigod of Bygod, as Locksley picked up the ball and handed it with a bow to King John.

A wild shout that rose alike from the Saxon Thanes, the Danes, and even the Normans rent the air, while even the ladies of the court, carried away in a burst of chivalrous admiration, tore off their silken baldrics and threw them at the feet of the victor.

"A Locksley! A Locksley!" cried the multitude. For the moment the King paused. His ear caught in the roaring plaudits of the crowd the first note of that mighty unison of Saxon and Norman voices which was destined to cast him from his power.

He knew that any attempt against the life or person of the Saxon chieftain was without avail.

He turned to the venerable archbishop, who was prostrate beside the tee, eating sand.

"Fetch me the Magna Carta," he said, "and I'll sign it."

THE ART OF SPELLING INCORRECTLY

BY PHILIP WAGNER

MADAME LA GRANGE, our cleaning lady, left a note for me one day after she had spent eight hours preparing our home for Helen's return. "Mr. Wagner," she wrote, "i hav done the hous alover i went rite through it and clened the windo sils to. i had to have mrs pritchett in to help me as it was a bad mes. Pleas do not leav it this way agan as it was a horruble mes. yrs truly, Sara La Grange."

That was the note which I found on my return from work. I read it once. To what did it owe its elusive fascination? I read it twice. I saved it for Helen to read. I ended by putting it into that drawer of my desk which is reserved for unclassifiable pieces of paper that I can't bear to throw away. It is there still, and always will be because it opened my eyes to a certain grievous tendency in the English language.

Madame La Grange plays fast and loose with her spelling. She is too busy a woman to waste time checking up on her first impulses, and she rightly places the ability to spell correctly among the least essential virtues. Think of the energy that would be released for better things if all of us adopted so sound a position! And think, also, of the immense revivification which would be

wrought in our national letters by a return to spontaneous spelling.

La Grange's style has a quality that captures and holds one's interest. I wish she left more notes for me. The style reminds one faintly of the Elizabethans—who, like her, had very little regard for the orthographers. It has an air reminiscent of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in which the same word may frequently be found spelled several ways on the same page. (Remember, also, that Florio was the author of several dictionaries and grammars!)

I am not trying to imply that La Grange is any mute, inglorious Milton, nor even a slightly surly female edition of Montaigne. Nothing of the kind. What I mean to say is that a style which would ordinarily be spiritless gains much by the spontaneous and unbridled spelling which she employs. By means of it she transforms a mere note of complaint into the desperate manifesto of the Essential Cleaning Woman. Her note, intended only as a piece of information, turns out to have all sorts of harmonics and reverberations, and brings up visions of that whole vast army of persons who struggle desperately in a never-ending effort to catch up with other people's messes.

I have often wondered why we must be so tiresomely careful about our spelling. It is a great bore. Take the word egg, for instance. Why not spell it eg now and then? I have often (like the people who are always itching to call a spade a spade) been tempted to call an egg an eg; and now, at last, and only after summoning all of my courage, I have done so.

> I once knew a girl named Meg
> Whose figure was that of a keg.
> Said she: "Gentle sir, I beg
> That you poach me a dinosaur's eg."

Much better than using the word egg, I think. If the word egg had been used the chances are that the reader would have missed the spirit of the poem; he would have sensed a vague dissonance, would have felt that something—even though he couldn't quite put his finger on it—was wrong. But when eg is used everything seems in perfect accord; one is conscious of an inner harmony; one derives an æsthetic satisfaction which the reading of the word egg would never have granted.

My plea for more variety in spelling should not be confused with the propaganda of the simplified spellers. Their aim is—contrary to mine—to iron out whatever remains of charming irrationality in the English language and to reduce it to a coldly utilitarian instrument, like a potato masher or a lightning calculator. They want our language (and alas, it is the only language that most of us have) to become a machine; and much as I admire potato mashers, lightning calculators and many other types of machine, I cannot think that the divine instrument of Shakespeare and Milton and Sterne and Keats is to be confused with them.

To the casual reader my advocacy of the word eg might seem to place me among these misguided folk, because in this particular instance I am on the side of simplification. But that just happened. I can conceive of occasions when I should greatly prefer the word egge to either egg or eg. And as a matter of fact I can think of many more occasions when increased complexity would be preferable to increased simplicity. The word phlegm, for instance, is a word which derives its horrific overtones from its spelling. Spelled flem it is nothing. But spelled phleghmme it takes on all sorts of extra connotations. If someone were to write me a note saying that he was suffering acutely from an excess of phleghmme and needed ten dollars immediately, I should probably be so overcome by pity that I'd send him twenty. Such is the power of the spelled word; and I do not see why artistry in fashioning words out of letters is not just as valid as artistry in weaving sentences out of words.

There is reason to believe that the

tendency to create new and gloriously meaningless words out of a miscellaneous assortment of letters is innate in human nature. As a confirmed anagram player I have frequently fallen before temptation. The other evening, after a long and bitter battle, I emerged with the word ebfubble in my possession. This word is in no dictionary; but I am inclined to think that it should be. There *must* be a meaning somewhere that can be attached to it. In my mind, for instance, it evokes a vision of what's left when the tide has gone out. To someone else it might possibly connote something entirely different. But surely there is room for it somewhere on the broad lap of Mother English, who has borne and adopted so many other strange children.

Bitter critics deplore the fact that we live our lives, down to the smallest detail, under the tyranny of public opinion, and that none but martyrs dare think and act contrary to the conventions of the mob. If present-day practice in spelling is any indication, such criticism is surely sound. An artistic lady of my acquaintance ostracized herself from polite society by spelling the word happy with one "p" on a linoleum-block Christmas card. A young teacher of philosophy presented himself with a permanent inferiority complex by making a simple blunder on the blackboard before his class. Everywhere there is a feverish scampering to the dictionary, a cowardly and ignoble retreat to the nearest lexicon. False friends present one with lists of ten frequently misspelled words and then laugh raucously when one misses all ten of them. In the matter of spelling the faults of our age are presented at their faultiest. Like sheep we spell as we are told; and like donkeys we bray loudly when we catch someone else in a slip—someone, perhaps, like Madame La Grange, who places spelling in its more nearly proper place.

The situation, frankly, is serious. It resolves itself down to the fundamental question: Are we individuals, or are we, as Rousseau so eloquently insisted, nothing but little droplets in a great big blobby General Will? Temperamentally I cannot accept Rousseau's contention. And I await with unconcealed eagerness the emergence of a twentieth-century martyrre who shall restore the precious art of poor speling to its propper exaulted posicioun.

DONA FERENTES

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IT IS not of the great college gifts that I sing, gifts exchanged for honorary degrees and trumpeted through the public press, but of the little, unheralded libations poured out before the humble professor by parents and students. Often these are symbols of genuine gratitude, neckties and socks and cigars left surreptitiously on the teacher's desk or presented openly at Christmas or end-semesters. Sometimes they are not meant to blind the eyes of justice and must be gracefully received. But sometimes, alas, their sinful purpose is to blunt the judgment or, at least, to mellow the professorial soil for a crop of certain credits. It is of these purposeful gifts that I sing, and my song shall be in three staves.

When a mahogany-hued gentleman glided into my office one February not long ago, I divined at once that he was the father of a student whom my committee had just dropped for poor scholarship. In five courses the boy had received five F's. My task it was to refuse to reinstate him at the same time that I gave his father the pleasing impression that his son was not a hopeless bonehead but a highly endowed young man. The father met me more than half way.

"I have put that boy," he remarked

solemnly, "through all the mental tests, and he is positively in the genius class."

"Five professors," I replied, "have put him through other tests and have concluded independently that his intellectual co-ordinations leave something to be desired. He must not return."

My tone was dulcet, and my allusions to the boy's deficiencies were sweetly remote, but I created a definite atmosphere of "he shall not pass." The parent sighed gently and, leaning forward, put his hand on my knee. "He's weakening," thought I, and I began looking toward the mourners' bench for my next opponent. But instead of retiring, the colored gentleman drew from his pocket a photograph of himself and laid it impressively on my desk.

"Do you see that picture?" asked the parent.

"I do," said I; "an excellent likeness, if I may say so."

"You may," said he. "And do you see that pencil line across the forehead?"

"I do," said I; "it is plainly evident."

"That is where my hair used to come. Now look at it."

He ran his finger across his brow. Instinctively I felt of my own egglike dome, as innocent of hair as a babe's and damp with the exertion of keeping the dropped one safely among the down-and-outs. My guest gazed at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Professor," he said finally, "I have discovered a preparation which positively will grow hair, and if you'll give my boy another chance, I'll send you two whole cases of it."

I want the world to know that I refused and, in the interest of sound scholarship, am still bald.

On Lincoln's Birthday of the same month I fell from grace, for I accepted a gift—by proxy. Thus it happened. When I returned to my home after a morning walk, I found the living room in a strange state. Yards and yards of white stuff were draped over the chairs as though my wife had suddenly decided to cover the furniture for the summer. On the piano-stool sat Mrs. Johnson, and on a hassock squatted an Oriental gentleman whom I had never seen before. He arose and bowed low as I entered.

"Plesent," said he, indicating the draperies; "silk shirts."

He smiled blandly, and a certain poem ran through my head—"for ways that are dark, the heathen Chinee is peculiar." Mrs. Johnson came to the rescue.

"This is Mr. . . . Mr. . . ." She stopped.

"Wun Lung," said the Chinese. "Student in univelsity. Want to make plesent."

My wife had up and done it. Twelve yards of silk there was, and she had gathered it all in and thanked the donor graciously. Little did she know that I had been warned against Wun Lung. As a Chinese gentleman he was impressive, but as a student—alas, far from knowing anything, he never even suspected anything.

After additional ceremonies he departed, and I gathered up the welter of silk sadly and with a feeling that I had offered my high principles on a Far Eastern altar. My wife did not share my grief.

"Sam," she said, "a college professor should not wear silk. I shall have a new dress, and you may have two shirts."

I got my shirts, but I never could wear them without feeling as conscious of my fall from grace as Hester Prynne did under her scarlet A.

Near the end of the following April I was tempted again. Into my office rolled a plump little woman with a determined expression, and I put on my professional regret-that-we-cannot-readmit-your-child smile and awaited the encounter hopefully. But Rebecca Goldstein had not been dropped; Mrs. Goldstein only feared that she might be and had come to prevent such a catastrophe.

"Professor," said she, heaving herself confidentially in my general direction, "I want I should ask you a question. My Rebecca, she's bashful—she wouldn't

ask it. Do you ever wear pants—*white* pants?"

My visitor misconstrued my gasp as a lack of comprehension.

"You know," she elucidated, "the kind what they wear on the sailboats—white flannel. My husband, he makes 'em, and we want you should have a pair."

"Why, yes," I hesitated. "I wear them sometimes when I play tennis, but I have not bought a yacht yet. And really, Mrs. Goldstein, you mustn't give me any. We work for our students with no thought of reward."

"Oh, professor," said the plump woman coquettishly, "you really mustn't. I want I should give them to you. What is your waist measure?" And out came a note-book and pencil.

Sometimes professors think quickly. An inspiration flashed into my head.

"Mrs. Goldstein," I said firmly, "I mustn't take them. The President will not let his professors accept gifts of pants and things like that. I might lose my job."

Her wail of disappointment was lost in the clang of the class bell and, muttering something about not keeping my students waiting, I dived for the door. When I returned, an hour later, the plump woman was gone. But Fate decreed that I was to see her again when I least expected it.

On a hot July morning I sat before the college library on one of the empty pedestals designed some day to hold a statue which might remind students to make *their* lives sublime. Before me stretched the green campus; behind me, from the cool crypt of the chapel, came the droning voice of a speaker who was telling the school-teachers of the summer school that the children of to-day will be the citizens of to-morrow, and that each and every teacher must set a noble example to the youth of the land. "I too am a teacher," thought I; "I too must be noble and set an example. I must never take a bribe nor sell my birthright for a mess of pottage." Into my pleasing glow of self-commendation broke a sharp voice which carried me back two months in my career of righteousness.

"Oh, Professor Johnson," said the voice, "I have a crow to pick with you."

"What is it, Mrs. Goldstein?" I asked, but I knew full well what it was.

"You wouldn't take my pants," said the plump woman. "But I don't give up when I want I should make a present. You're going to get a pair of the white flannels what they wear on the sailboats. See what I have here."

She reached triumphantly into her hand-bag and drew forth, to my unspeakable horror, a long tape-measure.

"Stand right up on that stone block," she ordered, "and we'll soon get your measures."

My blood congealed, and what would have been my hair if I had had any stood up in terror. In front of me was this determined woman drawing the tape-measure through her fingers as a dentist might display his instruments. Behind me the speaker's voice had given place to the confused cackle of a women's meeting breaking up and to the scuffle of many feet on the slate steps leading from the chapel. Soon my students would be upon me, just in time to see me being measured for a pair of "pants" by a fat woman on the steps of the library building. The strain was too great. Good-by, principles. I capitulated.

"Thirty—thirty-one," I muttered huskily, holding up one hand like a broker bidding on the curb market.

"Stock," said the lady brightly, as if to carry out the resemblance to a transaction on 'Change. "I can get them right out of stock, and you'll have them to-morrow." And she thrust the tape-measure into her bag just as the chattering vestals burst through the door.

And this is how it happened that for the rest of that summer school I was disguised as Sir Thomas Lipton in "the kind what they wear on the sailboats."

Editor's Easy Chair

APE STUDY AND THE CRASH IN STOCKS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A RECENT headline in the paper read: "Study of the Apes Is Mapped by Yale as Key to Behavior."

It is true. Half a million dollars from the Rockefeller Foundation has enabled Yale University to establish a laboratory in Florida for the breeding and scientific study of anthropoid apes. Along with this goes continued observation of football players and other local and visiting material by the psycho-biology unit of Yale's Institute of Human Relations at New Haven, and "research at observation field-camps in Africa and Malaysia where the primates will be studied in their natural surroundings."

Now that is splendid, isn't it! Especially coming as it does right on the heels of an unprecedented slump in stocks and panic of speculators in which the great ape quality of imitation was marvelously illustrated. Certainly that panic was an example of monkeying with a buzz saw.

So, maybe, something will be derived from the study of apes. But how much? What really regulates and controls human behavior is what we have in the back of our minds. Have the apes any background to their minds comparable to that of human beings? That depends, no doubt, upon which human beings are considered. A good many of them do behave like monkeys. A panic in stocks is a very animal performance—a stampede, hysterical, blind; but people with a fairly good background to their minds are less apt than others to be caught by it. The whole Bull Market was enthusiastically selfish, an immense reaching out after unearned profits. Plenty of first-rate people were mixed up in it. Some of them went into it when the panic came, primarily to save the great public from overwhelming losses. The management of the Stock Exchange in the weeks of debacle was praised and, no doubt, justly. So was the action of bankers and capitalists who did what they could to make at least an orderly market. There were hardly any failures of financial houses. What the individual losses were and what consequences will follow them it is, at this writing, still much too soon to say. But it was a most curious performance and a proper warrant for the study of apes.

That study, however, is an inquiry into the derivation of human life and is not conducted for the benefit of the apes but of us human creatures. It inquires, What did we come from? A corresponding movement in London concerns itself not with our origin but with our destination. The name of it is The Survival League, and it began in October at a big meeting in Queens Hall in London. It has no endowment and passes the hat among its own members for its modest expenses. But there is back of it a good deal of driving energy contributed primarily by its founder, Mrs. Dawson Scott, story-teller and

founder of the P. E. N. for bringing into closer relations writers and people concerned with writers in all countries. The P. E. N. works to make different nations understand one another. The purpose of the new organization is to spread knowledge of the Demonstrability of Survival after Death.

All knowledge is helpful to the understanding of life, but no knowledge is more profitable to that understanding than to know what happens to us when we die. So thinks the Survival League, and believes that something can and should be done about it, and is out to do its bit. In the background of the mind, which is the real seat of self-government, there is no conviction more important or more useful than that we go on living after our bodies are dead. That conviction is the very pith of religion; and when one retires into one's mind and considers such matters as the recent smash in stocks, that conviction is a great factor in helping us to estimate and measure what has happened. For one thing a panic is discipline, and we need not sniff at discipline nor yet at affliction; for without recurrent taste of them we should soon become insufferable. Try that on the monkeys and see if it isn't so.

We shall read in the papers about people who "lost everything" in the panic. We shall doubtless read or hear of suicides. People who think they can lose everything in a panic are likely to commit suicide; but wiser people will know that nothing that can be lost in a market disturbance, provided one's own conduct is honorable, is anywhere near as important as the things that are beyond the reach of such storms.

A curious thing about suicides is the different feelings people of different nations have about them. Japanese of the highest character take their own lives, not to save themselves, but as a form of sacrifice for purposes of reparation or apology or remonstrance. Latins often commit suicide in shipwreck or disaster that looks hopeless. Celts and Anglo Saxons seldom do so. How it is with monkeys we shall know, no doubt, in due time. Suicide seems ordinarily to be inexpedient, but testimony obtained through mediums as to what effect it has on the future prospects of the suicide is conflicting. It probably depends on circumstances.

Maybe the researchers among the monkeys will point out to us that most of what we do is done to produce a state of mind. When we gamble, that is what we are after. We enjoy the state of mind. If we gamble big, as in the stock market, we have pleasant though anxious expectations of affluence. When the market goes against us we pay for that. We drink rum because we like the state of mind it produces. If we drink too much we pay for that. "Nothing too much" comes near being the greatest rule of life, still there are times when nothing less than too much will do, when prudence fails and nothing else than audacity can win out. Will they learn that from the monkeys?

To take no chances is not a sound rule of life. Life itself is a great speculation. President Eliot once said that it was an attractive feature of coal mining that the miner could not tell how much coal his pick or his explosive would bring down. That gave a speculative interest to his work which Doctor Eliot considered valuable. All business has a speculative quality, particularly farming, which depends upon weather, insects, markets, and various things quite beyond the farmer's control. The factor that stabilizes life in the face of its uncertainties is character. No matter what happens, if character is stout enough, it can win through to something worth winning. Naturally one recalls

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

But Montrose, when he said that, was talking about love and not about stock markets.

ON THE whole, the slump in stocks came opportunely in several particulars. It came before Election, and though the Election involved no issues that had much to do with it, it made people thoughtful; and people should try to be thoughtful just before Election, especially if they are voters. For another thing, and more to the point, it came before Congress had succeeded in passing a tariff bill. It seemed to mark the end of governmental laissez faire in business. The main basis of Mr. Coolidge's remarkable popularity as President was his disposition to let things alone. Business ran the country. Maybe that was a good thing. Certainly some of the results of it are very valuable. The United States is rich, and in so far as good can be done by money, it has the means to do it. But there will be those who think that business has overdone the job, particularly because the distribution of the money has been imperfect. A lot of people have got very rich, wages are high in the industrial world, but the cost of living is high, not only for the affluent and the wage-earners of the industrial world, but for everybody else. The average happiness of the country might be higher if the cost of living were lower, and herein the tariff is an important factor. The slump in stocks has been described as a case of undigested prosperity. Is it possible that with somewhat less prosperity, so-called, the country's digestion would be better?

Suppose this crash which has happened does make people think, will that be useful? Will they think sense? Of course they won't all think the same thing. Changes in human life have been so enormous since the beginning of this century that it is not a simple matter any longer to determine what any group of people does think. Quite a number of people still living were born in the nineteenth century, but a good many were born in the twentieth century, and they include those persons whom we think of as "the young" and what is going on in their minds nobody knows, least of all themselves.

But as said, the panic was well adapted to make people thoughtful, not merely over night nor for a week, but for a long time. A good many people will have reason to remember it as long as they live, and they will never think again quite as they thought before it happened. The crash not only queered the foolish but it embarrassed the wise. It was bigger and more violent than anyone expected.

WHILE we are thinking, let us think a little about the Italians. There was something about some of them in the November number of this magazine which treated of their relation to Mussolini's government. What was said in that article got notice from Congress, with inquiries, denials, asseverations, and reassurances. The article seemed to do good. Once in a while something written and printed does do some good. But there are a number of things that any inquiring mind may want to know about the Italians in the United States. The October HARPER'S told about the racketeers in Chicago, most of them apparently Italians. Take up any newspaper any day and read the reports of crimes. The preponderance of the Italian names is impressive and makes one wonder what the Italian contribution to our criminal statistics really is, and wonder also whether our government is up to the job of handling the bad characters among these remarkable people. Our Italians are valuable. They are doing a lot of rough work in reconstructing this country; they are husky, physically able, and many of them are mentally able and desirable citizens. But what ails them that the criminal records are so overloaded with Italian names; that the proportion of killers, gunmen, robbers, and racketeers is, or seems to be, so high among them? They have a gift of organization which makes it possible for them to band together and work under leadership for

the collection of blackmail. Now blackmail is out of date in this country, and the same is true of a certain proportion of the Italians. They are out of date in this country, and how to bring them up to the times is no small problem, but nobody seems to be undertaking it on a large scale. Perhaps a little discussion may help it.

Would they do better if they had better drinks? In Italy they are wine drinkers and not obtrusively intemperate. Wine is part of their diet, the rest of it being mostly macaroni, bread, onions, and such foods. Here before Prohibition days they bought red wine. Nowadays they cannot get it easily since it is no longer either cheap or plentiful, and presumably they drink what they can get, which is doubtless much worse for them. Possibly some of these furious and appalling crimes of Italians involving ill-temper are considerably due to an intolerable physical irritation which a little wine would modify. Not all prohibitionists will agree to it that murder is worse than drinks, but a good many people will think so.

PROHIBITION, by the way, has had some hard jolts of late. In the fall elections in Canada, Nova Scotia went Wet, and Ontario continued, by a substantial majority, the system of governmental control of the drink traffic. All Canada has now tried Prohibition, and at present it stands rejected by every Province except the little one of Prince Edward Island. If it were not for the constitutional amendment, the map of the United States would be appreciably checkered by States which had abandoned Prohibition and returned to governmental control of alcoholic beverages. One reads that, as it is, prisons are filling up faster and are already more crowded in the dryer states than in the wetter ones. The good that Prohibition has done is quite easily reckoned. The harm that it has done is harder to appraise. Almost all prison wardens condemn it. In France prisoners get a ration of wine; in Germany they get an allowance of beer; the diet they have been used to goes on. Some of the prison wardens say that if the same practice obtained in this country there would be no more revolts of prisoners.

If our alleged prosperity wanes a bit and dollars come to look larger to us, it may be that the costliness of Prohibition will get more notice. There is a good argument against letting government profit by the liquor trade; but if the only alternative is to let all the profits go to the bootleggers and lawbreakers, putting the government in the liquor business may not seem so unattractive.

The great modern improvement in medical education is in clinical instruction. Students walk the hospitals and see the sick people in their beds and learn what the older doctors know about it. It is very important for the doctors to be acquainted with the human body. So it is for prohibitionists and persons who legislate about drinks. As a rule their clinical experience is very limited.

One of the sad reflections that must have come to a good many people after election is that not only their votes seem to have done no good, but that the causes they voted for might have done more harm than good even if they had won. The extra good people are ordinarily conservatives. They like to vote for respectable characters, but it is not the respectable characters that are most potent in making the world better; it is the radicals—disorderly people not always moral and apt to be a little crazy; it is they who burst the hoops off of the world that the respectable characters have fashioned and give it a chance to expand into something better. The prodigious harm that Prohibition has done is a warning against legislation devised by respectable characters.

But will Mr. Wickersham's Commission say so?

Personal and Otherwise

IT WAS as a supremely skilful translator and interpreter of the Greek classics that ***Gilbert Murray,*** Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, first became known throughout the English-speaking world. In recent years he has been actively interested in international affairs; since 1923, as president of the League of Nations Union, he has been one of the leading English advocates of the League idea. The temper of such recent books of his as *The Ordeal of This Generation* (published last summer) is sufficient guaranty that whatever Professor Murray has to say on the ethical dilemma of our times will be wisely and lucidly said.

Another distinguished English writer, ***Stella Benson,*** contributes the first story of this issue. She is the author of *Worlds Within Worlds*, *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc., and has recently appeared in HARPER'S with several short stories, of which the first was "The Man Who Missed the Bus" (an extraordinary piece of work the meaning of which baffled many a reader), and the most recent was "Submarine."

The Senatorial investigations of lobbying and lobbyists have produced considerable confusion in the public mind, and apparently in certain Senatorial minds as well. We can hardly determine what the rights and limitations of business lobbyists should be until we have settled the question which ***Charles A. Beard*** asks in the title of his article, and answers in its text. Doctor Beard's answer is based on exhaustive historical knowledge and genuine political understanding. He was formerly professor of politics at Columbia; his books on American and European history and government include *The Rise of American Civilization* (produced in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard), one of the best American histories ever written; and he has served as consultant to more than one foreign country in matters of governmental organization. Doctor Beard wrote for us last year a series of articles on conditions in contemporary Europe.

Readers of HARPER'S are so well acquainted with the work of ***Wilbur Daniel Steele*** that they hardly need to be reminded that he is the author of *Meat* and of many brilliant short stories (many of which have been collected in *The Man Who Saw Through Heaven* and in his new volume, *Tower of Sand and Other Stories*). Mr. Steele is now spending the winter in Charleston, South Carolina.

Margaret Culkin Banning's name is almost equally familiar to an audience which has read her articles on such topics as "Extra Ladies" and "The Plight of the Spinster," and her many HARPER short stories. Mrs. Banning, who lives in Duluth, is also an able novelist; her latest novel is *Money of Her Own*.

Harold J. Laski was still in his twenties when *The Problem of Sovereignty* and *Authority in the Modern State* won him a reputation as one of the most brilliant living scholars in the science of government. He was for a time lecturer in history at McGill and at Harvard, but since 1920 he has been connected with the London School of Economics, and he is now—at thirty-six—professor of political science in the University of London. Last June he contributed to HARPER'S an eloquent paper on "The Dangers of Obedience."

An old acquaintance, Monsieur Georges, continues his career of crime in the second story of the month, and brings back ***Gordon Arthur Smith*** for one of his all too infrequent appearances in HARPER'S.

Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck ought to know what miners think of women and children, for as the wife of a geologist she has spent years in high-altitude mining camps in the Bolivian Andes. She has had one previous

article in the Magazine, "Life on the Hoof," which we published in October.

After the collapse of the stock market, many who had supposed themselves to be investors decided that they had been gamblers, and some who had intended gambling found themselves, as the phrase went, "unwilling investors." But where, after all, is the line to be drawn between speculation and gambling? And when is gambling permissible? ***John T. Flynn*** gives us this month his analysis of a difficult problem on which there is much violent disagreement. Mr. Flynn, who writes a daily business article for a large newspaper syndicate, has shown in several HARPER papers (such as "Our Courts and Free Speech" and "Government and Business") that he may be relied upon for intelligent and independent thought on business problems.

The indifference of most of us to any discussion of the Philippines is sublime; yet it is quite possible that some day our country might find itself drawn into a long and costly war to defend these islands. ***Henry Cabot Lodge,*** grandson of the late Senator Lodge, recently spent some time in the Philippines as a representative of the New York *Herald-Tribune;* and he now speaks plainly on what he considers the failure of the United States as a colonizing power. It will be interesting to see whether even his radical solution of the Philippine problem rouses any considerable number of us from our apathy.

If you know any young people who are planning to achieve fame and fortune on the concert platform, show them what ***Jeanette Eaton*** has to say on the bear market in concert opportunities. Miss Eaton, an able New York journalist, has based her article on the testimony of many a manager and musician, though naturally not all of them agree completely with her or with one another.

We conclude this month "A Buried Treasure," by ***Elizabeth Madox Roberts,*** the Kentuckian who wrote *The Time of Man*, *My Heart and My Flesh*, and *Jingling in the Wind*, and is now engaged on a new novel to be called *The Great Meadow*. For the benefit of readers who missed the beginning of the story in our December issue we offer the following brief synopsis:

Andy Blair and his wife Philadelphia, simple Kentucky country people, were digging in a field back of their house when they found a pot of gold buried in the earth. At first they thought they would invite all their friends in to celebrate their good luck, and they went so far as to invite several friends for a "surprise party" and to promise their young cousin Imogene a lavish wedding party if she should marry Giles Wilson. But as time went on, fear began to overtake them. Suppose the treasure should be stolen? Why on earth had they invited a lot of people to share their knowledge of it? Could they not work up some other "surprise" for their guests and thus keep this dangerous knowledge to themselves? They were in for the party and would have to go through with it, but they began to regard it with dread; and meanwhile they buried the pot of gold under the hearthstone, ignorant of the fact that a boy of sixteen named Ben Shepherd, wandering through the country, had actually seen them dig up the treasure and knew that it was gold.

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, ***Louis I. Dublin*** has at his disposal a mass of information about longevity which enables him to discuss with authority the effect of one's job on one's expectation of life. Doctor Dublin is the author of *Health and Wealth* and of several HARPER articles on related subjects.

▼ ▼ ▼

The poets of the month represent many parts of the country. ***Granville Paul Smith,*** a frequent contributor, teaches school in Charleston, South Carolina; ***Helene Magaret,*** who first appeared in HARPER'S last February, is a Nebraskan; ***Witter Bynner,*** author of many a volume of verse and founder of the annual intercollegiate poetry contest which bears his name, lives in Santa Fe; ***Florence Nash,*** widely known as an actress (she played in "Within the Law" and "Merton of the Movies," starred in "Land of the Free," and a year or two ago starred with her sister Mary in "A Lady's Virtue"), represents New York; and ***Agnes Kendrick Gray,*** whose Gettysburg Sonnets many readers will recall, comes from Atlanta, Georgia.

▼ ▼ ▼

Stephen Leacock, professor of political economy at McGill University and author of

several of the most amusing books ever written on this continent, shares the pages of the Lion's Mouth with two other writers: ***Samuel Johnson,*** whose real name is not Samuel Johnson but who is really a college professor; and ***Philip Wagner,*** who lives in Schenectady, works for the General Electric Company by day, and does his lion-feeding by night.

❦ ❦ ❦

Decaris, whose etching of St. Peter's appears as the frontispiece of this issue, was the youngest man ever to win the Grand Prix de Rome. This was ten years ago. He is now twenty-eight or nine, has spent four years in Rome, has gone through eighteen months of French military service, and is making himself one of the most important figures in French graphic art. Most of his work is done in etching or wash, and the boldness and grandeur of his Roman subjects have led critics to call him "the French Piranesi." Says Samuel Chamberlain of him: "He employs coarse triangular needles and burins . . . instead of the customary finer points. He forces his acids to be his potent allies, and his plates are bitten to an astonishing depth, so much so that only a clever printer can succeed in pulling unblurred proofs from them. An individuality of line and a richness of tone result from this, however, and distinguish the prints of Decaris wherever they are seen."

❦ ❦ ❦

The November issue of HARPER'S attracted more attention and comment than any in a long time; and Mr. Duffield's article on "Mussolini's American Empire," which appeared in that issue, was not only quoted and discussed with extraordinary interest in publications throughout the country, but led to action by two governments.

On October 25 Secretary Stimson announced—we quote from an Associated Press dispatch—"that instructions have been sent to the American Embassy in Rome to take up with the Italian Government the question of impression (*sic*) of American citizens of Italian extraction into the military service of that country."

The next day, October 26, Nobile Giacomo de Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, issued a statement denying that Premier Mussolini, Fascism, or the Fascist League of North America ever had opposed or attempted to thwart the Americanization movement. The Ambassador quoted a statement of Mussolini's made in January, 1928, expressing his belief that Italians who come to the United States should become naturalized. He continued:

> The Italian military law which is attacked in the article is not a product of Fascism. It was promulgated long before the advent of Fascism and was enforced by previous Governments. It is not a system unique in the relations between the United States and Italy, such a system existing in numerous other countries.
>
> For some months past there have been no instances of difficulties between the United States and Italy involving the question of military service under the so-called "dual citizenship." There is every reason to believe that cases which have arisen in the past will become less and less frequent in view of the broad international policy of Premier Mussolini.

The Ambassador's statement made no reference, so far as we are aware, to various other charges in the Duffield article.

On November 3—a little over a week later—the Embassy made another official statement, which was regarded as a definite promise by the Italian Government that in time of peace American citizens would not be forced into the Italian Army:

> Agenzia Stefani has issued the following statement:
>
> As it is known, the Fascist government, which has made every effort to develop or create a movement toward the motherland of Italians residing abroad, announced some time ago that no questions as to citizenship would be raised to travelers who, being born abroad of Italian parents, would arrive in Italy with passports issued by the authorities of their native land.
>
> This statement, while giving reassurance as far as questions of citizenship are concerned, might have left a doubt that these same citizens of Italian origin born abroad might meet some difficulties if subject to military duties in Italy, and it is therefore opportune to make the following matters clear in the most absolute and final way.
>
> 1. Citizens residing abroad, by virtue of the law of December 24, 1928, N 2959, are exempted from

military service in time of peace until (*sic*) they reside abroad.

2. By virtue of the same law, in the event that they should come to Italy they are authorized to remain there in time of peace for a period of one year if residing in transoceanic countries; for a period of six months if residing in the Mediterranean countries; for a period of three months if residing in Europe, without being required to report themselves for military service during those periods.

3. Leaving aside the above mentioned provisions of the law, the Fascist government—upon examining the proportion between the result of the compulsory conscription and the actual military contingent approved by the financial laws—would have no interest to impose military duties in time of peace on citizens residing in far away countries, for instance transoceanic countries, in place of citizen residents of nearest countries if not altogether residents of Italy, and therefore, under all circumstances which are not of war, Italian citizens residing on the other side of the ocean, notwithstanding the kind of passport which they might present in Italy, whether issued by Italian authorities or by the authorities of the foreign country where they were born, cannot but be considered in excess of the necessity of the military service in time of peace, and therefore free from being molested in any way, as far as the military service duties are concerned, even past duties, provided they have no reference to time of war.

It will be noted that this statement expressly says that the promise will not be operative in time of war. Nor does it admit that a person born in the United States of Italian parents is anything but an Italian citizen, regardless of whether he is an American citizen under our laws and carries a United States passport. He is relieved of military duty in Italy in time of peace because he is "residing abroad" and because Italy has enough soldiers for peace-time needs anyhow.

The military status of Italian-Americans has been a question at issue between this country and Italy for some time; yet the appearance of this official governmental promise on November 3 may safely be attributed, we believe, to the influence of Mr. Duffield's article in HARPER'S.

The article led also to the introduction into the Senate by Senator Heflin of a resolution requesting the Secretary of State to report to the Senate as soon as possible all information obtained by the Department with regard to Mr. Duffield's charges in HARPER'S. Senator Heflin spoke at some length on the subject. It was reported, too, that Senator Borah believed that the question of Fascist activities in America would have to be threshed out on the Senate floor and that he was disposed to raise the issue himself but was delaying the offensive in order not to complicate the coming naval conference.

Editorial comment on the article was widespread, and many editorials, notably those of the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Nation*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, suggested in varying terms that the Government should interest itself in the matter of Fascist activities.

Several leaders of the Fascist League of North America took notice of the article. According to the Providence *Journal*, Camillo Canali, general secretary of the League, said in a speech at Providence:

> There is nothing secret or subtle about the Fascist League of North America or about the Fascist organizations that Mussolini heads. Anyone has access to the league's records and can join our ranks. The Fascisti oath has been printed hundreds of times in this country and it speaks for itself. It contains nothing opposed to this country.
>
> When a child goes from his mother and is cared for by another, should he therefore forget all about his mother? That is the principle of the Fascist League here. We want to make men and women of Italian extraction good and loyal American citizens. But we also want to keep alive in them a proper love and regard for the land of their birth or the country of their fathers.

We regret that space is lacking to quote at length from this and many other comments on the article and the vital question with which it dealt, or to print any of the lively letters which we have received about "Our Island Universe, New York," "The Spanish Woman," and "Football on the Wane?" We hope to find room for some of these next month.

TAKE WITH YOU TO THE AUTOMOBILE SHOWS THIS THOUGHT: THE MOTORISTS OF AMERICA ARE BUYING FROM TWO TO FIVE TIMES AS MANY NEW BUICKS AS ANY OTHER CAR PRICED ABOVE $1200: SUCH PREFERENCE DEFINITELY PROVES LEADERSHIP

IN 1930 AS IN 1903

"When Better Automobiles are built... Buick will build them"

At every automobile show, from coast to coast, you will always find a keen, discriminating throng gathered 'round the Buick exhibit.

It was so at Madison Square Garden twenty-five years ago when Buick and 81 other makes of cars were on display—and it is equally true this year when only eleven of that original list survive.

Thinking motorists know that Buick is sound and substantial as a Government bond . . . that it sets the standard of performance . . . that it combines the newest of the new in style with the truest of the true in dependability.

Nor does America's interest in Buick wane when "the tumult and the shouting dies" and the shows are over.

Men and women pay Buick their highest tribute during the three hundred and more buying days of every year, as these facts testify:

First—The motorists of America buy *from two to five times as many Buicks* as any other car priced above $1200.

Second—Their preference for the new Buick has reached such heights that month after month, in state after state, they have awarded Buick *from 35 to 50 per cent of the total sales* of the fifteen makes of cars in its field.

Third—More than eighty per cent of these owners buy Buicks again and again, with the result that *they alone* purchase more Buicks than the total annual production of any other car priced above $1200.

Motorists have expressed this friendship for Buick, year after year, throughout a quarter-century . . . because its makers have always endeavored to keep Buick worthy of such friendship.

The builders of Buick cordially invite you to visit the Buick exhibit at any automobile show. There you will find conclusive proof that in 1930, as in 1903, when better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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The South Steps Forward

Asheville, Pinehurst, New Orleans, Atlanta and Ten Florida Communities Aggressive Advertisers

BY DON E. MOWRY

NEARLY six million dollars has been raised for community and industrial promotion during the past five years by Asheville, Pinehurst, New Orleans, Atlanta, and ten Florida communities. Of this sum, approximately three-fourths has been expended for advertising.

These are startling figures. They indicate that those communities which have been advertising have sensed the value of such a policy and have continued with it, on an expanding scale for the most part.

There is a growing tendency toward larger appropriations and operation on a plan which usually covers a period of five years. Programs of advertising embracing several communities or regions are now an accepted fact in this field of promotion.

Asheville and Pinehurst in North Carolina have raised a total of over $800,000 and have expended $560,000 for what are termed strictly advertising purposes. The objectives have been the attraction of tourists, vacationists, and residents, and industrial development.

Atlanta, featuring industrial development and industrial expansion, has appropriated for four years the sum of $1,250,000. The outstanding program of this city has been previously referred to in HARPER'S as one of the most striking in the South, and results have been commensurate with the advertising expenditures.

New Orleans, after conducting a previous advertising campaign, is now entering upon the third year of an annual fund of $142,000 to be devoted to a national industrial campaign. For the past two years New Orleans has proceeded with care and with regard to her economic foundation. A survey of the advantages of this Crescent City has been prepared and widely distributed. A well-balanced group of media has been employed, including national magazines.

Ten Florida communities (Clearwater, Fort Lauderdale, Fort Myers, Jacksonville, Miami, Pensacola, St. Petersburg, Tallahassee, Tampa, and West Palm Beach), typical of Florida activity during the past five years, report a total expenditure of $3,600,000 for community advertising and community promotion. The chief objective for all of these communities has been to draw tourists and vacationists; but agriculture is featured in the plans of seven of them, and industry is featured in six of them. All of these ten communities, furthermore, also desire residents, according to their own statements.

Of all these communities reporting for the year just past, five have larger appropriations, four have the same as the year previous, and three have smaller appropriations. Generally, the tendency toward larger appropriations is quite evident throughout the country.

Reports from eleven of the fourteen cities mentioned above show that $450,000 was expended for magazine advertising in the current year or a typical year. If the average holds good for the five-year period under discussion, this means about two million dollars expended in magazine advertising by these communities. One of the cities reporting in this group states that fifty per cent of its funds go into magazine advertising.

Not all of the cities report the sources of their advertising funds but four Florida communities obtain their entire budgets from a city tax; one obtains 80% and another 60% from the city tax; two report 20% from Chamber of Commerce dues, and one reports 20% from the county tax. One Florida city obtains all of its funds from voluntary subscriptions. Two communities, outside of Florida, obtain all of their funds on the voluntary basis, and still another Southern city secured 85% of its fund in a similar manner with only 15% from a city tax.

It is of importance to note that Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas and St. Louis have become outstanding examples of cities with industrial (and possibly commercial) community advertising appeals. Community advertising is certainly establishing its financial and budget structure as evidenced by the records of the past five years in the cities under consideration.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Why Sell Good Stocks?

By PAUL TOMLINSON

AS THESE words are being written investors throughout the length and breadth of the country are still breathless from the shock of the sharpest declines in stock prices in the history of our stock exchanges. Losses in the market value of stocks in three days of trading totaled billions of dollars, margin accounts disappeared almost in the twinkling of an eye, and thousands of people who had cherished dreams of fortunes won easily and without work have awakened to the hard reality, not only of vanished profits, but of vanished capital as well.

WHAT caused this unprecedented break in prices anyway? Money rates were comparatively low at the time, our banks were in excellent condition, business throughout the country was good, and there were no political clouds on the horizon. Were stocks in late October worth so much less than they had been a week or a month earlier? Nothing had happened which would seem to have indicated that this was so, and yet the rush to sell was so violent that prices fell more rapidly than they had ever fallen before. Much of the selling, of course, was forced. On the other hand, much of it undoubtedly was nothing more than an expression of mob psychology, with many holders of stocks selling because others were selling, and for no other reason whatsoever. Perhaps many stocks were too high; perhaps it was a good thing to bring them down to lower levels once more; at the same time it is distressing to observe how sheeplike many people are in such a crisis.

ORDINARILY, people are more likely to hold a stock on which they have a loss than to keep one which shows them a profit. This holds true in spite of what happened last October, when things happened which were not normal, and which were exceptions to the general rules of how stock owners behave. People are usually exceedingly hesitant about accepting a loss, but quick about taking a profit. "One never goes broke taking a profit," is an expression familiar to everyone, and to a certain extent it is true. On the other hand, it may often be better business to

take a loss than a profit, not a loss incurred because of panic, but one that is well-reasoned and sound.

HOW many of you who read these words do not remember among your friends and acquaintances many who bought United States Steel at less than par, American Telephone and Telegraph at under a hundred, Pennsylvania at less than fifty, or any one of a dozen or more of our premier issues at prices far below the levels at which they are selling now? How many of these people sold their stocks at prices far below current quotations? Perhaps they all made profits, but perhaps they would have been better off to-day if they had held on.

THE break of last fall had been predicted by a comparatively small group for two or three years, and it may be that the chance to say "I told you so," when it finally came, was compensation for the long wait. Doubtless there will be other breaks in the market, and more people will have opportunities to say they told us so; the fact remains, however, that this country to date has gone on steadily accumulating wealth and building up and strengthening its industries, and is more and more deserving of the reputation that no one can prosper who bets against the United States. Panics have come to us, and so have periods of depression, but these have been merely eddies in the stream, the main current sweeping consistently forward. Does anyone think seriously that the future will be any less prosperous than the past?

HERE is the point. If the country prospers its industries must prosper too, and if the country continues to prosper, continued prosperity will be

A MESSAGE *for* 1930

WE HAVE faith in the stability of business and agriculture in the United States — faith in the constructive leadership of the captains at the helm — and faith that the decade to come will be even more prosperous than the past three in this great century.

Those who agree with us are *now* investing their surplus income in sound American securities. We invite you to do the same and offer for your service the complete facilities of our organization.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

ESTABLISHED 1888

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"But today he is building a reserve of sound securities"

LEO. T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin,* tells a very human story of a young man who tried the dangerous road of speculation . . . and then found a better way

"He sketched a whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time."

LEO T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, takes a prominent part in the business and civic development of Madison. Before becoming President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Mr. Crowley served as a director.*

"MR. B . . . was full of enthusiasm when he came to me," said Mr. Crowley.

"He had an opportunity to buy a considerable interest in a local merchandising corporation. To pay for his shares in the new venture, he wanted to sell a conservative bank stock.

"I was surprised. I knew that he had inherited a comfortable estate some years before, and he was supposed to be doing well in business.

" 'You ought to hold on to this bank stock, Bob,' I advised him. 'Haven't you got something else you could close out? How about your stock in that X . . . firm?'

"His face clouded. Hesitatingly he confessed that the firm in question had suffered great reverses. It was doubtful whether he could recover half his investment.

"Then he went on to sketch an amazing story of small misfortunes. A whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time.

" 'This bank stock is all I've got left that's saleable. I've got to use it to come back,' he said desperately.

"I was unable to change his purpose. He went into the new corporation, and lost the remnant of his inheritance when the business failed for lack of capital.

"I have seen many others make the same mistake as Mr. B...Indeed, I have come to feel that *adhering to a plan* is the most important rule in conservative investment.

"Incidentally, Mr. B ...has learned his lesson. Today he saves a definite part of every salary check, and he is gradually building a reserve of sound securities, according to a plan of investment we worked out together."

* * *

Like Mr. Crowley, prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are recommending, above everything else, safety as a first principle of sound and far-sighted investment. They feel a deep responsibility toward their depositors who come to them for advice.

In all sections of the country, bankers choose for recommendation to their customers and for their own investment needs Straus offerings—including real estate, railroad, municipal, public utility and foreign bonds.

Send for this booklet—As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet A-1109.

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the lot of industry. If this is so, is it not reasonable to suppose that the stocks of these prosperous industries are going to increase in value with the passing of the years? Some years will be better than others, naturally, but the investor is not, or should not, be interested in anything but what is called the long pull. The speculator wants his profit, and when he has an opportunity to take it he may be wise to act quickly, for only too often his investment structure is built upon the sand and can be carried away with an ebbing tide of prices; he cannot wait for the flood again. But the investor, the man who buys good stocks and pays for them, can watch the tide of fluctuating prices with more or less equanimity, confident that through the years the trend is going to be in his favor.

EVERYWHERE one goes the story is told of So-and-so, who bought some well-known stock, say ten years ago, and the statement is made, "Just think what he would have made if he had held it instead of selling and taking his profit." The world is full of might have beens, and the investment business crowded with if's. Now, no one knows anything for sure, and it hurts a man's pride to hold a stock which at one time showed him a larger profit than it does at present; if the company is a good one, however, and presumably investors buy into good ones only, the price will come back, and meanwhile the income is no less. Further, a man with a profit is often put to it to find something to which he can change advantageously. Certainly there is no reason for changing merely because a profit exists.

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Additional information may be obtained from bankers and investment dealers, or from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

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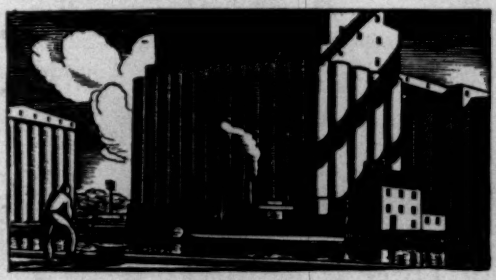

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EVERYONE likes to make a profit, and almost everyone wants to translate a paper profit into cash, lest it elude him. It is true, nevertheless, that when you own a stock which over a period of time has established its value, and reflected that value in the price of the stock, you have something which has proved itself, and when you change you run the risk of acquiring something less tried, and less established. The majority of investment bankers would probably agree that the most successful investors are those who have chosen only the highest grade issues, and kept them.

WE hear of bargains in stocks. Bargains, however, are not always selling for the fewest dollars a share. A stock that can be purchased at, say, twenty dollars a share is not necessarily cheaper than one selling at two hundred; when a stock sells at twenty the presumption is that it is worth twenty, and similarly the presumption is that an issue selling at two hundred is worth that much. Would it be good business to sell the two hundred dollar stock and buy the twenty dollar issue? It might, and of course ten shares of twenty dollar stock mean ten dollars' profit for every point of advance, whereas one share of the two hundred dollar issue means only one dollar for each point advance. On the other hand, when a stock is selling at two hundred dollars a share that fact is pretty good evidence that it represents an equity in a sound, well managed, and exceedingly prosperous business. This being the case, isn't it reasonable to suppose that on such a foundation a still more successful structure can be reared, one that has a tremendous advantage over the other whose success remains to be proven?

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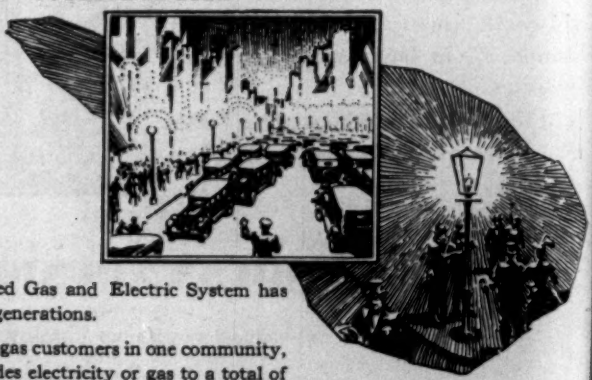

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THIS is the age of big business. The big fellows absorb or eclipse the little ones, and while the big ones grow bigger the little ones disappear. Now when a corporation has grown big and successful its stock has undoubtedly advanced in price; high priced stock is evidence of success. Is it wise to desert an enterprise when it has proved its worth? Can one decide arbitrarily that when a certain point is reached there is nothing more to expect? That has not been the history of business in this country, and there is no reason to suppose that things are going to be any different in the future. Many of us seem to feel that when a stock goes up there is but one course to pursue, and that is to sell and take our profit; on the other hand, isn't it equally fair to suppose that an advance in the price of stock may be a forerunner of a still further advance? If it is true that money makes money, then isn't it true that the corporation with money is in a position to make more? When it makes money its stock goes up; when it makes more its stock will keep on going up.

THE man with a profit is in a very comfortable position. He has a stock which yields him a higher return than can be secured by those who buy at present prices, and there is no human being who dislikes the feeling of having driven a shrewder bargain than his fellows. Advancing prices indicate not only increasing earnings, but the possibility of larger dividends, still further increasing the yield. A man in business doesn't resign when his company becomes prosperous and he is making more and more money; why should an investor sell stocks of prosperous corporations which show steadily mounting earnings? During the October panic

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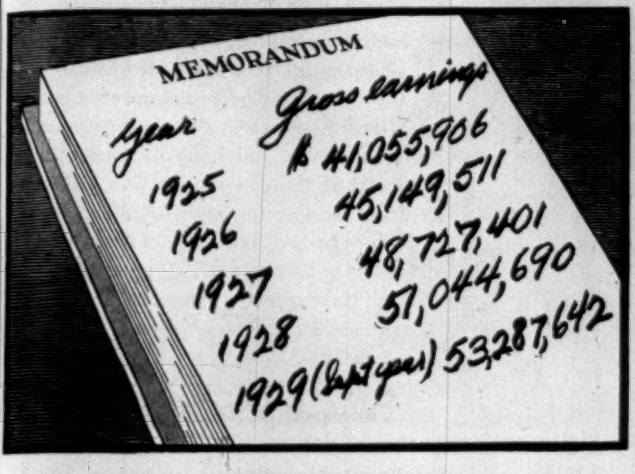
How to Figure the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



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investors were sacrificing stocks unthinkingly, with no regard to earnings or equities whatsoever. On one of the worst days two large corporations declared extra dividends, certainly good evidence of sound condition and satisfactory earnings, and yet the price of these issues continued downward with the others. Of course numerous owners were forced to sell, but many who owned their shares outright and might have watched the proceedings from the comfortable standpoint of unaffected spectators rushed to dispose of their holdings along with the rest. The future, it is safe to predict, will show how short-sighted they were.

ALL of this is not to say that the proper procedure for investors is to buy good stocks, put them away, and forget about them. Every wise investor keeps in touch with his investment holdings, and is always as fully informed about them as possible. It may be prudent to take a profit, or it may be advisable to take a loss; there is no set rule about investments. A profit, or a loss, is not, however, in itself a sufficient reason for selling good stocks. The tremendous declines last fall had little to do with the value of many of the issues affected; the fact that prices catapulted downward did not mean that the corporations they represented were going to pieces. And similarly an advance in the price of a stock does not mean that the corporation has reached the limit of its potentialities. In so far as common stocks are concerned there is, in theory at least, no limit to what they may be worth. People who bought United States Steel at ten and sold at fifty probably thought that fifty was all the stock would ever be worth; if they had any other opinion why did they sell? And yet there are plenty of people ready nowadays to pay several times that

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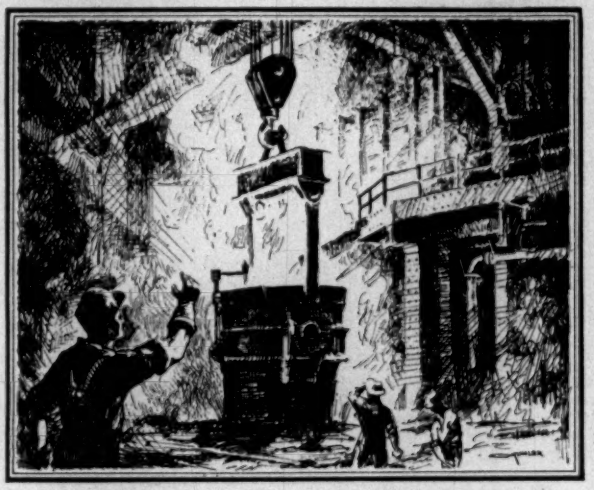

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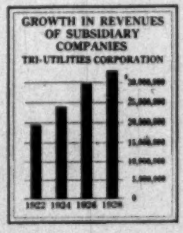

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Investment Information

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THE HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE OF TOMORROW: An economic study of the new Hudson River Bridge in its relation to the communities served. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SOUND POLICY FOR INVESTORS: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors s offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

INFORMATION ABOUT NEW ENGLAND will be gladly furnished to those interested by the First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

(Continued on third page following)

much for a share of Steel common. It would be interesting to know what price these recent purchasers think the stock will eventually be worth. And of course what applies to United States Steel applies with equal force to many others.

UNDER panic conditions the behavior of stock prices means much less than when everything is normal. It is what a stock does over a period of time that counts; and over a period of time some stocks show a steady upward trend, and others sag lower and lower. The issues that sag are the ones to watch, those that keep going down against the general trend of the market. If upon investigation the trouble promises to be permanent it will be prudent to sell as quickly as possible, and reinvest in something good. Sell the poor stocks, not the good ones. Losses tend to grow, and so do profits. Plenty of investors hold stocks which it will pay them to hold as long as they live. Why sell good stocks?

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